

12850

..THE..

Carmelite Review

A CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount
Carmel.

PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA WITH THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL
AUTHORITY.



VOL. IX.

NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA.

1901.
CARMELITE FATHERS,
MT. CARMEL COLLEGE
NIAGARA FALLS
ONTARIO, CANADA

Vol. IX, 1901==List of Contents.

I—OUR LADY OF CARMEL, AND THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

	Page.
1—A Miraculous Cure	139
2—The Scapular Festival (Sermon) by V. Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C.	235
3—The Scapular, A Safeguard, by J. A. Post, S.J.	353
4—Blessings of the Holy Scapular	355

II.—POETRY.

1—Jesus—By Enfant de Marie	1
2—Dixi, Custodiam—By Francis W. Grey	2
3—Epiphany—By Sister W., O.C.C.	23
4—To the Lover of My Soul—By Enfant de Marie (St. Clare's)	27
5—The New Year—By Enfant de Marie	27
6—Maria Rosa Mystica—By J. William Fischer	33
7—The Divine Child and the Passion Flower—By Enfant de Marie	35
8—St. Dorothea, Virgin Martyr—By Enfant de Marie	36
9—God Bless our Pope	47
10—Averte, Oculos Meos—By Francis W. Grey	65
11—A Lenten Monologue—By Eleanor C. Donnelly	69
12—An Evening Hymn to the Virgin—By J. William Fischer	70
13—Good Night—By Alonzo Rice	82
14—The Angelus—By J. William Fischer... ..	91
15—Invocation—By S. H. Wimmer	98
16—Easter Morning—By Eleanor C. Donnelly	103
17—An Easter Lily—By James William Fischer	104
18—From Shade to Sun—By Caroline D. Swan	104
19—May 1901—By Enfant de Marie	137
20—A May Song—By J. William Fischer.....	138
21—Mater Purissima, Ora Pro Me—By Amadeus	138
22—Before the Tabernacle—by Edwin Ruthven	171
23—Obviabit Illi Sicut Mater Honorificata—By Francis W. Grey	199
24—Blessed Benedict, Pope and Confessor—By Enfant de Marie	200
25—Feast of Mount Carmel—By Enfant de Marie (St. Clare's)	205
26—Tibi Servire Libertas—By Francis W. Grey	238
27—St. John Baptist Before King Herod—By Eleanor C. Donnelly	239
28—Mary—By Enfant de Marie (St. Clare's)	240
29—An Altar Thought—By Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's	254
30—Benedicta Filia Tu, a Domino—By Francis W. Grey	258
31—The Hidden Beauty—By Enfant de Marie (St. Clare's)	273
32—Unculled Flowers—By Enfant de Marie (St. Clare's)	304
33—Prayers to the Heart of Jesus—By Marion E. Hoban	304
34—The Memorare—By Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's	305
35—Musings—By Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's	305
36—Triumph of Our Lady of the Holy Scapular—By Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.....	307
37—Some of St. Teresa's Sayings—By Eleanor C. Donnelly	332
38—Jesu, Save Us, We Pray—By Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely C.P.V.G.	341

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

39—The Rosary—By Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely C.P.V.G.	343
40—November—By J. William Fischer.....	355
41—The Lesson of the Dying Lamp—By Eleanor C. Donnelly	375
42—A Fragment—By Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's	384
43—Our Lady of the Holy Rosary—By Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's	386

III—FICTION.

1—One of His Brethren—By Francis W. Grey	8
2—"For the Christ Child's Sake."—By E. Carmel Hendry	18
3—A Labor of Love—By Caroline D. Swan	51
4—By the Right Way—By Francis W. Grey	71
5—The Madonna of Mailleras—From the French	105
6—The Cost of a Soul—By Caroline D. Swan	215
7—A Tale of the Indian Days—By J. William Fischer	241, 275, 314
8—Our Lady of the Roses. Translated from the French by A. Leblanc	257
9—With Both Hands—By Caroline D. Swan	308
10—Frank's Christmas—By C. J. A.	379
11—For Love's Own Sake—By J. William Fischer.....	387

IV—DEVOTIONAL.

1 A Little Crown for the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus—By Enfant de Marie	8, 56, 92, 120, 180, 221, 247, 299, 346, 401
2—Kindness—By Enfant de Marie	93
3—Our Lady of the Sacred Heart—By Enfant de Marie	200
4—The Purity of the Blessed Virgin—By Enfant de Marie	226
5—Leo XIII. For a Perpetual Remembrance	207
6—Efficacy of Devotion to the Holy Prophet Elias	227
7—An Apparition of the Prophet Elias... ..	237
8—The Love of Mary	300
9—Rosary Gems—By Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's	333, 365
10—Saturday Dedicated—By Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.....	399

V.—HAGIOLOGY.

1—Two New Carmelite Martyrs, Blessed Dennis and Redemptus	152
2—A Scholar of the Fourth Century—By Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O.S.A.	208

VI—FESTIVALS OF THE YEAR.

1—The Three Magi—By Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C.	15
2—The Rosary	330

VII.—HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

1—From Jerusalem to Jericho—By Very Rev. A. M. Blakely, C.P.V.G.	3
2—Reminiscences of Mt. Carmel—Translated by Sue X. Blakely	24, 48
3—Under the Turk—By Very Rev. A. M. Blakely, C.P.V.G.	37
4—Jericho—By V. Rev. A. M. Blakely, C.P.V.G.	127
5—The Dead Sea and the Jordan—By V. Rev. A. M. Blakely, C.P.V.G. ...	139
6—Ancient Egypt—By Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A.	143
7—Jerusalem—By V. Rev. A. M. Blakely C.P.V.G.	172
8—Establishment of the Carmelites and Their Labors among the Indians in Tucker, Mississippi—By Rev. Augustine Breck	344
9—Notes on a trip to the Holy Land—By Rev. A.M. Blakely, C.P.V.G.,	356, 376
10—Progress of the Christian Church in Canada—By W. W.	366
11—Catholic Progress in the Last Century.....	400

THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

VIII—OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

- 1—Boys' and Girls' Department—By Martha J. F. Murray ...66, 99, 169, 201

IX—MISCELLANEOUS

- 1—Another Milestone Passed—By Rev. S. J. McDonald, O.C.C. 6
2—Some Aspects of Ancient Benevolence—By F. X. McGowan, O.S.A. . . . 83
3—The Parish School 222
4—The Pope and the Orders 295
5—Universality in Miniature—By Rev. S. J. McDonald 342
6—True Education 361
7—Observations—By Rev. Stephen McDonald, O.C.C. 399

X.—SUMMARY OF THE RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER.

- 1.—Summary and General Declaration of the Rule of the Third Order of Mount Carmel 121, 159, 176, 249, 281, 329, 348, 385

XI—EDITORIAL NOTES.

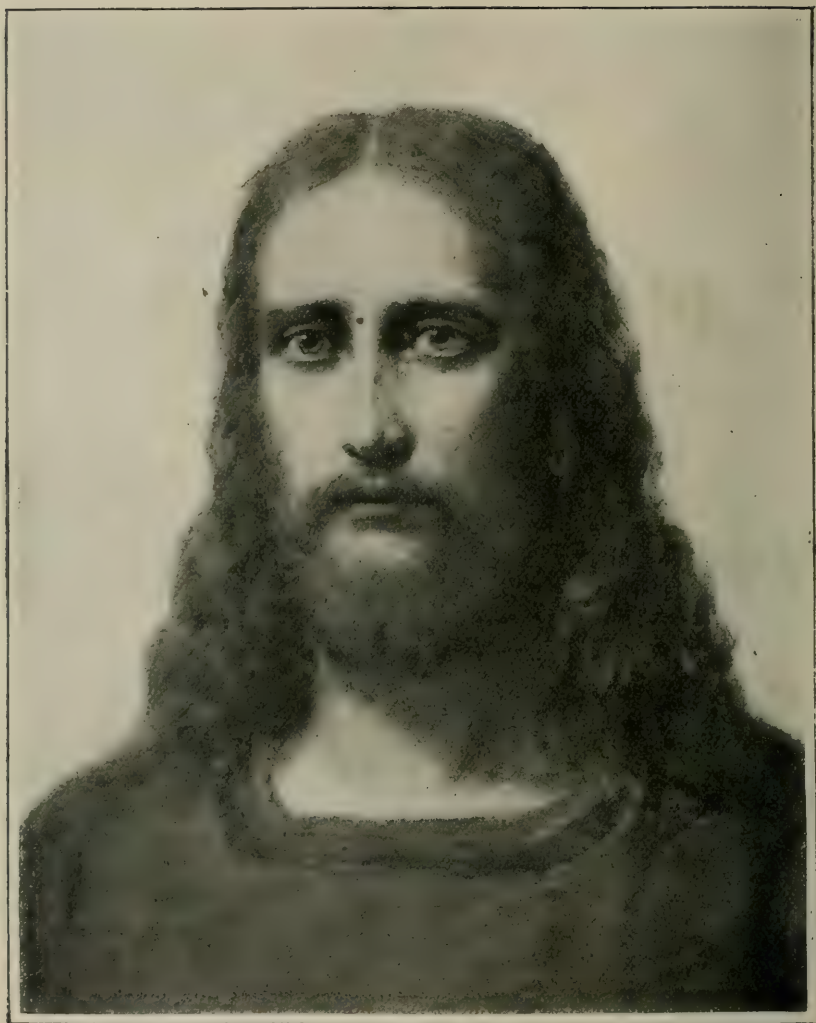
- 1—By the Editor..... 28, 57, 94, 164, 181, 229, 259, 334, 367, 402

XII—PUBLICATIONS.

- 1—New Books Reviewed 33, 67, 101, 203, 238

XIII—ILLUSTRATIONS.

- 1—Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer 1
2—Our Infant Saviour and His Blessed Mother 35
3—The Christ Child 69
4—Easter Morning 103
5—Help of Christians 137
6—The Last Supper 171
8—Our Lady of the Scapular 205
9—Portrait of Leo XIII 206
10—The Assumption 239
11—St. Cecilia's Parochial School, Englewood, N. J. 248
12—Our Blessed Lady 273
13—St. Teresa 307
14—The Queen and Saints of Carmel 341
15—The Divine Child and Mother 374



Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer.

“We Thy people, and the sheep of Thy pasture, will give thanks to Thee forever. We will show forth Thy praise unto generation and generation,—Psalm LXXVIII, 13.

Carmelite Review.



VOL. IX.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JANUARY, 1901.

NO. 1

JESUS.

[These lines were written while the exceptional grace of Midnight Mass was still fresh, and His Name, like the incense of our Sanctuaries, lingered in the aisles of spirit, and soothed us with Its celestial odors.]

BY ENFANT DE MARIE, (OF ST. CLARE'S.)

O WHAT shall be the first sweet song
To greet this "Holy Year?"
O let it be an echo soft
Of Jesus' Name most dear!

"No thoughts can reach, no words can say" *
The beauties of that Name,
O Holy Spirit, touch my heart,
Its coldness now inflame.

And may our Saviour's Blessed Name
In spirit-aisles resound,
While steals celestial melody
His lowly Crib around.

O Splendor of the Father's light!
O King of realms above!
And yet, the Virgin Mother's Son,
How wonderful Thy love!

Thou "Father of the world to come,"
Where we may hope to rest,
Art lying now a gentle Babe
So calm on Mary's breast!

She murmurs low Thy glorious Name,
And knows our God Thou art,
She contemplates with wondrous light,
Thy meek and humble Heart.

O Jesus! Name "like oil poured out!" †
O mystic, soothing balm!
O Precious drops of Infant Blood!
O Sacred, spotless Lamb!

* St. Bernard. † Cant. I. 2.

We pray Thee wash our sinful souls
 In this pure Blood Divine ;
 And in this holy, glad New Year,
 Make them for ever Thine.

As changing seasons come and go,
 —Like wavelets ebb and tide—
 O may the memory of Thy Name
 Within our souls abide.

When shades of death have gathered round
 At close of life's sweet day,
 With Thy loved Name upon our lips
 O may we pass away

To that bright land of restfulness,
 Of joy, and peaceful calm,
 To sing before "the crystal sea,"
 Glad praises to the Lamb !

DIXI, CUSTODIAM.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I SAID : " I will take heed
 Unto my way : "
 Jesu ! my going speed
 From day to day.

I said : " I will keep ward
 Upon my tongue : "
 So let Thy praise, Oh Lord !
 By me be sung.

I said : " I will refrain
 My lips from speech : "
 Lest it should be in vain
 O ! Jesu ! teach,

Teach me Thy silence : keep
 My tongue from ill ;
 Help me, awake, asleep,
 To do Thy Will.

Keep Thou, my lips, my heart,
 My every thought ;
 Jesu ! Thy grace impart
 So dearly bought.

I said : " I will take heed : "
 Take heed for me ;
 I shall be safe indeed
 If kept by Thee.

From Jerusalem to Jericho.

From "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," etc.—Prepared Especially for
The Carmelite Review

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

OUR carriages announced, we set out from Casa Nova, and were presently speeding along, outside the walls, toward the "Gate of St. Stephen," whence, crossing the Torrent of Cedron and passing between Mount Olivet and the Valley of Jehosophat, we kept on until we reached Bethany, which is about two miles distant from Jerusalem. Here we halted in order to visit the places for which this little ruined village is celebrated: namely, the tomb of Lazarus; the site on which stood the house in which he lived with his sisters, Martha and Mary, and which was the scene of their hospitable entertainment of our Lord and His disciples, as described in the tenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel; and finally the "House of Simon the Leper," immortalized by Mary Magdalen, who, whilst Jesus was at table under its roof, broke an alabaster box of precious ointment and poured it upon His head (St. Mark, XIV.). Of these three venerable objects only the first is still extant. In order to reach this sepulchral cave, which was approached originally from the side of the hill in which it was excavated, we were obliged to mount to the summit of the latter, and then to descend an almost perpendicular flight of stone steps, twenty-four in number and badly worn, leading directly to the anti-chamber of the tomb, in

which, it is said, Jesus stood when He bade Lazarus come forth. The reason of our forced detour on this occasion arose from the fact that the Mohammandans, about the early part of the fourteenth century, built a mosque in such a position as to enclose the primitive entrance of the sepulchral vault; and as they refused to allow any but their co-religionists to make use of it, the Franciscan Fathers—the guardians of the holy places—were compelled to pierce the hill from above, and to make a species of shaft, in which they placed the stairway already mentioned. About the period just mentioned there was a church standing on this hallowed spot, which, indeed, was an object of veneration from the beginning of Christianity. St. Jerome, writing about the end of the fourth century, tells us that there was one in his day, and Bernard, surnamed the Wise, makes a like statement in 870. But this latter sanctuary is believed to have been destroyed by the ferocious Hhakem, and to have been rebuilt in 1103. These several churches were dedicated to St. Lazarus, and many of the bishops of Jerusalem were buried in them. Now, however, there is but little to show that they ever existed, if we except some scant ruins of the basilica erected by St. Helen, consisting of a portion of the apse and some remnants of the mosaic pavement,

both entering into the construction of one of the hovels of this miserable hamlet, once the flourishing "burg" which Jesus and His disciples loved to visit. But we have descended the dark stairway by the aid of our lighted tapers, and are now standing in the chamber sanctified by the presence of the God-man, and rendered forever memorable by the miracle which He wrought there at the tearful prayer of His two most devoted and faithful friends, Mary and Martha. What tongue can express the emotions of our hearts during those rapturous moments! We seemed to see the majestic form of the Saviour, and to hear His fervid cry to His heavenly Father: "*Father, I give thee thanks that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always, but because of the people who stand about have I said it; that they may believe that thou hast sent me.*" (St. John, XI. 41-42.) Alone, He, the author of life, stood here in presence of the dead, whilst the sorrow-stricken sisters of the deceased, surrounded by the friends and neighbors who had accompanied them, waited tremblingly without. "And Jesus wept," says the Beloved Disciple (St. John, XI. 35.);—a fact which caused the Jews in attendance to exclaim, "Behold how He loved him!" (Ibid., 36.). "Then," continues the evangelist, "He cried with a loud voice: Lazarus, come forth! And presently he that had been dead came forth." (Ibid., 43-44.). With what reverence and devotion did we not kiss the walls of this thrice holy spot, pausing before the altar erected there to invoke Sts. Mary, Martha and Lazarus, and thrilled to our inmost souls by the august memories that crowded upon us. *

In another moment we were in the tomb itself, which is reached by a further descent of three steps. It is of the same size as the anti-chamber, namely, three yards in length by as many in width, but its vaulted roof is somewhat lower. Around its walls, excepting that of its entrance, are three stone benches, destined originally to receive the bodies of the dead who were to be interred there. Whether these are the identical couches of our Lord's time—one of which was occupied by the remains of Lazarus—it would be difficult to say. But the thought came quite naturally that provision had been made in advance for the last resting place of the sainted trio whose names are inseparably interwoven with this sacred shrine, and who, having been so tenderly devoted to one another in life, had doubtless so arranged that they might not be separated in death.

Visitors are cautioned against remaining more than a few minutes in this tomb, so unwholesomely damp is it; but before I left it I managed to secure a bit of stone from one of the walls—a treasure which, needless to say, I shall preserve as a precious relic as long as I live. With minds deeply impressed by the sacred recollections which came upon us so vividly within these hallowed precincts, and with hearts touched by the sweet manifestation of human affection given there by Jesus, we silently groped our way up the steep, narrow stairway, and found ourselves once more in the light of day. There being little else of interest in Bethany (for I will not stop here to speak of the once flourishing Benedictine Nunnery, of which some ruins still remain, nor of the great Monastery which also existed there in the happier times), we re-entered our

* NOTE—A Solemn High Mass is sung every year upon this altar on the feasts respectively of Sts. Lazarus and Mary Magdalen.

vehicles and continued on our way to Jericho.

After riding quite a distance, and at a grade which verified in all its literalness the text: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho," our guide brought our carriages to a standstill, and invited us to scale the eminence which towered above the roadside on our left,—a veritable mountain of white chalk, honey-combed with suspicious-looking caverns, and so cut up into ridges by the torrential rains which fall betimes in that region, as to make its surface anything but pleasant or safe for pedestrianism. From the summit of this height we had a view of the river "Carith," which hundreds of feet below rushes on towards the Jordan, and whose waters were the beverage of the Prophet Elias during his sojourn in these parts. ("And the word of the Lord came to him—Elias the Thesbite—saying: Get thee hence, and go towards the East, and hide thyself by the torrent of Carith, which is over against the Jordan. And there thou shalt drink of the torrent: and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there. So he went, and did according to the word of the Lord: and going, he dwelt by the torrent Carith, which is over against the Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the torrent." (III. Kings, XVII. 2-6). This is truly a weird spot, a profound solitude, unbroken save by occasional caravans or by bands of marauding Bedouins; and we would have felt ill at ease but for our mounted escort of these same children of the desert, armed as they were to the teeth and looking savage enough to frighten away even their own kith, some of whom loomed up on the

horizon from time to time, only to disappear, however, as mysteriously as they had come, on receiving the signal that our convoy was under the protection of the sheik of their tribe, resident in Jerusalem,—an aegis which no Bedouin would think of violating. One object of special interest which claimed our attention on this halt was an ancient monastery, now inhabited by Greek schismatic monks, and which for picturesqueness surpasses anything I have ever seen of a similar character. Across the torrent mentioned above, and midway up the perpendicular wall of rock, which rises to a great altitude on the side of the valley opposite that on which we were standing, we beheld this marvellous structure clinging, as it were, to the precipitous surface, and apparently inaccessible. But a closer inspection with a powerful field-glass showed it to be resting upon arches upheld by columns some fifty feet in height, the entrance to the cloister being effected, we were told, by means of an invisible stairway leading from the vale below to its first floor. A reflection naturally suggested by this and similarly placed religious institutions of the "Orthodox" Church—some of which crown the summits of mountains, whilst others are in the depths of forests, and still others on islands in the sea—is, methinks, that, whatever may be said of the interior spirit, etc., of those who inhabit them, their rigorous adhesion to the idea of monasticism as expressed by the Greek word *monos*, or *monaxos*, i.e., solitary, retired, *et al. sim.*, is all that could be desired even by such fleers from the haunts of men as a St. Paul the first hermit, or a St. Anthony the Abbot. Having seen all that was to be seen in this wild, romantic spot, we clambered down the rugged sides of the chalky

mountain (though, owing to the unevenness of the ground, we were far from walking a *chalk line* as we did so,) and started once more for our objective point—Jericho.

But ere we had proceeded very far, we were stopped again, and were not sorry to find ourselves this time at the "Good Samaritan Inn," built, the proprietor would have us believe, on the site of the incident recorded in the parable of that name. (See St. Luke's Gospel, chapter tenth.)

Here we found "refreshments for man and beast"—this latter portion of our party needing the same more perhaps than we did; for though there had not been much *up-hill* work for them to do, they were flecked with foam and quite jaded, by reason of the excessive heat which prevailed. We ourselves were glad to get into the de-

lightful shade of the large, cool and airy "salon" of the hostelry with the historic name, and were pleasantly surprised to learn that its modest bar was well supplied with soda water, lemonade, and other mild beverages wherewith even the most devout pilgrim might quench his thirst without hesitation or scruple. (I won't say anything here about certain mysterious black bottles which were produced from divers capacious wallets, a portion of the contents of one of which found its way into my glass, "*just*"—as my generous Samaritan would have said, had he been an Irishman,—"*to take the color of death off the water.*")

A grateful rest of about half an hour found us ready to resume our onward march, and this time it was to Jericho without further interruption.

Another Milestone Passed.

BY REV. STEPHEN J. McDONALD, O. C. C.

AWAKENING New Year's morning we find ourselves in a new century, the twentieth of the Christian era. Beyond our own knowledge of the seasons united with the testimony of our time pieces, there is nothing strange and novel to advise us of the fact. Nature cuts no capers in celebration of its birthday, the sun looks as commonplace as ever, nor does the moon give any sign—except perhaps in the imagination of its votaries—that it has entered upon another century-run. Nevertheless our minds are naturally impressed by the consideration that another hundred years have dwindled into a mere chronicle, and that we are speeding on-

ward over the course of time towards the happenings stored up for us in the new century. It touches, moreover, a chord in our memory which, by its sympathetic associations, sends us back through the long series of centuries that now exist only in history's pages, and are peopled only by the children of our fancy. As these centuries pass one by one in review before our mind, we are able to read the chapter-headings of a work as yet unwritten, a history of the human mind. We have histories of wars that ruined and established dynasties, that have changed the maps of nations or have obliterated them completely; we have the history of inventions and the history of the

progress of education. But these works give us but a long series of facts and events arranged chronologically without once referring to the great active principle, the human mind, from which these happenings flowed. There is logic in history, it is true; but this logic is not apparent in the bare enumeration of facts. We must go deeper, must search behind the cold words of the phlegmatic historian if we would discover the law of cause and effect in activity.

There is no such thing as a century in nature; but we are so accustomed to speak of periods of time, of months, years, and decades, as if they were concrete existences, that we usually end in regarding them as such. They are mere inventions of man adopted for convenience in recording facts and events, and are no more independent realities than are the different systems of weights and measures. Still, as the centuries recorded in history pass in review, we note that each one of them is remarkable for something peculiar to itself, for some tendency of the human mind to devote itself to developments of a certain order; and this tendency we see pervading the whole race.

It is owing to inattention to this fact that a great many people speak almost contemptuously of our forefathers, who lived and paid their tribute to nature when civilization was in its early teens. They look upon this, their own blessed age, with conscious pride; they boastingly note its points of superiority over passed times, and with an innocence that would bring tears of vexation to the eyes of a saint, speak of ancient master-minds as men whose upper story was but half developed. The wonders worked by steam and electricity so completely fill their shallow

minds that there is no room left for a thought of progress of any other kind. Steam-cars running with lightning rapidity over the land, water-craft, secretly propelled, gliding noiselessly through their element, electric cars, which, like stimulants in the human system, keep the population of our large cities in circulation, slender little wires flashing intelligence from continent to continent, all make an overwhelming appeal to their poor minds, and almost lead them to believe that science is gradually doing away with some of the disagreeable effects of Original Sin.

But this is all material progress, and has developed in our times simply because the human mind received an impetus in that line in the beginning of the century. If this impetus, this accidental suggestion, if we may so call it, had come sooner, are we not to suppose that the same results would have been had? What if it had come in the thirteenth century, and the sublime minds of that age had applied themselves to harnessing Nature's forces? Would we not be justified in asserting that the results would have eclipsed those of the present day? At that time man's mind was progressing rapidly in another line, and did not have time for steam engines. What if Aristotle had undertaken to solve the rapid-transit question in Greece? Wouldn't he have surprised the old pagans!

Thus, if we glance at the different phases of progress recorded in history, we find that mankind does not advance in two lines at the same time. One age gives itself up to the art of warfare, another to philosophy and historical research, the next to literature, poetry and the higher arts; one yields itself to selfish luxury and

apathy, whilst the other prys unrelentingly into Nature's secrets. And as in all other cases, so also in this, after too much indulgence comes re-action; the mind becomes tired of keeping to one line of thought, and after a while rebels and throws it aside for something new. Mankind revolts against prevalent ideas; and after, as history can bear witness, this revolt assumes the form of bloody revolution, laying waste whole countries, destroying at one fell blow the results of many peaceful and prosperous years, and inflicting deeper wounds than centuries can heal.

History will repeat itself in our times, at least, let us predict, before the close of this new century; there will be a revolt, and now-prevalent ideas will be cast aside for others. But will the change come? Will it be a gradual one? Or will the mistakes of our times have to be washed away in blood? These are questions which would puzzle even American politicians. Affairs will change, however; we cannot expect to foist our ideas on a self-willed posterity. And certain it is that we are now in all seriousness doing and thinking many little things for which we will be heartily laughed at by the children of A. D. 2001.

A Little Crown for *the* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

PATRON—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.—*1st Friday in January, 1901.*

BY ENFANT DE MARIE—ST. CLARE'S.

AS this century has been consecrated in a special way to the Adorable Heart of Jesus, we trust a few simple thoughts for every recurring first Friday, will be acceptable to our readers. We intend associating with them, some one or other of Its saintly lovers as a model for imitation, and an intercessor with Jesus for the virtue designated. The patrons chosen, may not always belong to that month in which we have placed them, but this matters not, for in the wide realms of God's eternal Kingdom, there are no fetters of time or space.

An eminent writer (Aubrey De Vere) calls the saints "divine works of art," and the great Jesuit annalist, Father Ribadeneira, says: "The saint is His image, His temple, His friend, and His child." In this opening month, when rays of light shine over the mysteries of Bethlehem, we are especially attracted to the silent lessons of humility, simplicity, meekness, and look up to

the sweet Saint of Annecy who so perfectly reflected these in his soul, and so assiduously labored that they should illumine his Order of the Visitation. May he obtain for us these child-like virtues, so dear to the little Babe of Bethlehem! Let us contemplate the Divine Infant—"no room" for Him but a stable! circumcised as if a sinner, offered as a victim—flying from His creatures who "received Him not," to Egypt. The year is unfolding its unwritten pages, and we know not the vicissitudes, joys, sorrows, veiled by God's wisdom and love, but awaiting our acceptance. O what need there is to enter that meek and humble Heart and unite ourselves to all its dispositions, and say with generosity, confidence, abandonment: "Behold, I come to do Thy will!"

When kneeling before Him at Exposition and Benediction, let us pray thus:

Sweet Lord Jesus meek and humble!
By Thine own dear name Divine,
And Thy Bethlehem Blood-shedding,
May this year be wholly Thine!

One of His Brethren.

The Story of a Christmas Dream.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE Reverend John Smithson, Rector of Middleton-Mendip, a strict "Evangelical" of the old school, was sitting, one memorable Christmas eve, in his study, trying to think out his sermon for the morrow's Feast. Trying, he was tired, for he had been, day after day, for many days past, visiting his sick parishioners, of whom there were but too great a number, in this wet, foggy, unhealthy weather. So that, try as he would, he could only think of his people, not of Christmas joys or Christmas lessons, and, tired as he was, could not fix his mind on the task before him; no less a task, as he honestly believed, than that of setting before those committed to his charge "the full meaning of the Incarnation."

The fire burned cheerily in the grate, for his sister, who lived with him—he being a bachelor—took good care of him; his arm-chair offered welcome rest and comfort to his tired body, so it was not to be wondered at that he fell asleep. And, as he slept, this was his dream:

He stood, he thought, in the humble room of a Jewish maiden, whose face, familiar to him from many masterpieces of art, was that, he knew, of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. He watched her at her tasks and at her prayers, and saw that, in work or in devotion, she was indeed, the crown and model of all women. Suddenly, as he watched, a brightness greater than that of the eastern sun at noon, a brightness such as that which must have

shone on Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, filled the little room, with a splendor as of heaven itself. And, in the midst of the brightness, he became aware of a presence. Nor he alone; the fair maiden was, he saw, conscious of it, too; the presence of an angel. Then, as he listened wonderingly, reverently, the angel, bowing low in reverence before that lowly maiden, as bows the ambassador of a monarch in the presence of a Queen, spoke to her, in words, familiar to him, indeed, yet whose meaning he had never till that moment, rightly understood: "Hail! full of grace, The Lord is with thee! Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb. Fear not, for thou hast found favor with God."

This, then, was the beginning of the Incarnation. A Jewish maiden had found such favor with the Most High God that He had sent His angel to call her. "Blessed among women;" "full of grace:" to tell her how "this should be," and how "That Holy One," who should be born of her, was to be called. "The Son of God." Once more, in the mind of this Christian minister, familiar words and phrases assumed a fuller, truer, deeper meaning. For this was what Isaiah had foretold: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, Emmanuel, God with us." This, then, was what was meant when it was written of this Virgin, that of her "was born Jesus."

And in his dream, behold! Gabriel having delivered his message of stu-

pendous import to the Blessed Maiden, turned to him, and said: "Understandest thou what thou hast heard and seen?"

It was but yesterday, nay, but an hour ago, that he would have answered, confidently, yet reverently, "Yes, I understand." But, now, some strange, new realization of his utter failure, hitherto, his utter inability—surely not unwillingness!—to understand this mystery, as God would have him understand it, made him reply, humbly: "Nay, I understand it not, teach me, I pray thee."

And to him thus the archangel: "Lo! I am Gabriel, that stand in the Presence of God. And to me was the commandment given by the Voice of God Himself: 'Go thou to earth, to a city of Judea, that is called Nazareth, to Mary, a maiden espoused to Joseph, a carpenter, and greet her thus.' Lo! thou hast heard my message; thou hast seen what honor it hath pleased God to render to His handmaid, art thou afraid to pay her reverence who hath found such favor with God that of her shall be born Emmanuel, God with man, God made man; such reverence as thou hast seen me pay."

What could the Rector answer? Who was he, that he should refuse to reverence her "of whom was born Jesus;" whom the King of Kings delighted to honor? Rather, from his heart he would repeat the message sent by God by the lips of Gabriel, His archangel, to this lowly Jewish Maiden: "Blessed art thou amongst women!"

Then his dream changed. He seemed to be travelling on a rugged, stony mountain pathway in company with an elderly Jewish carpenter and his young, fair wife. They appeared to be in haste, yet, even so, the carpenter,

Joseph of Nazareth, never urged the patient ass on which sat Mary, the fair hand-maiden of the Most High, beyond its speed, or beyond its endurance. Presently they came to a walled mountain town, passed through the arched gateway, where, in the cool shadows, sat the venerable elders, fathers of many sons, and, therefore, not ashamed to speak even to their enemies in the gate. Through the narrow streets they hastened, as the sun sank towards the West, till they came to a house, near the northern gate of the little town. And, as the hoofs of the patient ass clattered over the stones, there came to the door of the house one clad in the dress of the priestly sons of Aaron, and, with him his wife, stricken in years like himself. Then, as she helped her cousin, Mary of Nazareth, to alight from the ass, Elizabeth, the wife of Zachary the priest said, with reverence not common from an elder wife to a younger: "Whence is this to me that the Mother of My Lord should come to me?"

"The Mother of my Lord." The Rector of Middleton Mendip was no lover of controversies that do nothing but engender strife and bitterness between "brethren in Christ;" yet had he, more than once deemed it his duty to protest against giving to the "Virgin Mary" the title "Mother of God" according to the fashion of "apostate Rome" and of "the corrupt Eastern churches." And here, the cousin of the Maid of Nazareth, Elizabeth, wife of Zachary the priest, had but now greeted the wife of Joseph the carpenter as "Mother of my Lord;" Mother, that is, of God Himself; Mother of Emmanuel, "God with us," had paid her reverence as to an honored guest. Nay, had he not heard her testimony as to the miracle wrought by the mere

voice of the Mother of her Lord? Truly, God had "perfected praise" by the joy of the unborn child of promise. Who, then, was he to cavil at her title: "Mother of My Lord?"

A second time his dream changed. It was a winter night, a night of radiant moon and stars, and yet of bitter cold. The streets of the little town in which he stood were thronged with strangers, late as the hour was, strangers who seemed to be seeking shelter, difficult to find, if not wholly impossible to obtain. And, as he stood and watched, knowing, even in his dream, that all these had come up to be taxed, according to the decree of Cæsar Augustus, there passed him two whom he seen last at the house of Zachary the priest, in the hill country of Judea; Joseph the carpenter, and Mary his wife. They, too, were seeking shelter for the night; shelter for the Blessed Maid in the hour of her miraculous maternity, the joy of which he could read in her pure face even in the winter moonlight. But the inn was crowded, nay, many had been turned away, hours earlier in the evening. Friends, they seemed to know of none, yet, in their need, God did not forget His handmaid, and His faithful servant whom He had made head of that household where The Word made Flesh was shortly to dwell for thirty years. Out of the crowd about the inn came forth a shepherd lad, stared for a moment at the carpenter and his young wife, then said, not unkindly:

"There is a stable in our field, hard by, if ye will go with me, peradventure it will serve, for want of better shelter. Methinks the world hath come to Bethlehem to-night." Then Joseph the carpenter thanked the lad, and Mary, the Maid of Nazareth, smiled on him. And in his dream, the dreamer said:

"Oh that I, too, might render even such a service as this to the Mother of my Lord! Might bid her welcome, with her faithful spouse, not to a stable, but to my house!"

Thereat, for a while, they were lost to sight. But, suddenly, on the cold night air there broke a sound as of angel voices, singing; and brighter than moonlight, or the sun at noon, there shone a glory over a little stable in a field. And lo! the angel song was one he knew, yet never understood, till then: "Glory to God in the highest: on earth peace, to men of good will!" Then, when the voices sank to silence, when the heavenly radiance vanished from the midnight sky, the dreamer found himself standing by the little stable. And, over it, held, as it seemed, by the hand of an angel, there shone a star more fair than any mortal eye had seen ere that night: within were Joseph, Mary, and her new-born Babe—Emmanuel, God with us; The Word made Flesh. This was the completion of the Incarnation. He had heard the message Gabriel brought from God; heard how Elizabeth had welcomed the Mother of her Lord. Even so, now, he knelt with Eastern sages and with shepherds, to adore his God and theirs, made Man for him and for them. Then, here, and at last, he understood the full significance of this stupendous mystery of God. Understood, at last, how, when God's time was fully come, He sent His great archangel to win the consent of His Handmaid, who had found such favor with Himself. How the Holy Ghost came upon her, how, in a word, she, the Virgin long foretold had given to The Word of God flesh of her substance, had brought forth a Son—Emmanuel, God with us—that He should be "the First Born among many brethren."

For this, also, he understood, at last, that since He, the First Born, was made Man of the substance of His Mother, Mary, so we, who are His brethren in virtue of His share in our humanity, must be her children, too. If not, then how His brethren? He is not ashamed to call us so, but this, at least, He asks of us, that we should own her for our Mother, too, of whom He was made Man for us. This, so the dreamer realized, was the full meaning of the Incarnation; for this God chose His Handmaid and gave her favor in His sight; for this Gabriel and Elizabeth paid her the reverence due to the Mother of God made Man; "of whom was born Jesus." What more could God have caused to be recorded of her than this: that He had sent forth His Son, born of a Woman, and that Woman, Mary the Maiden of Nazareth?

But, though, as he deemed, he had learned his lesson, he had more to learn ere he might awaken and tell, to his wondering parishioners, this, "the whole counsel of God," in the matter of the Incarnation of His Son. Once more, his dream underwent a change. Once more, he was in the midst of a great company of men and women, returning, so he gathered from their talk, from some feast in Jerusalem. And, in the company, were Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, with Mary his wife, "of whom was born Jesus." And He? Why was He not with them? Then, as he watched them, he heard them asking, first one and then another of their kinsfolk and acquaintances: "Have you seen Him? When did you see Him last?" At last, they came to him, the dreamer, and said, "He whom we love is in Jerusalem, perchance in peril from His enemies; wilt thou not go with us and help us to find Him?" Then, in his

dream, he put one hand in that of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and the other in that of Joseph, the carpenter, for had they not asked him to go with them and help them to find their Darling? Was this, too, part of the lesson he was to learn from this strange dream? These two, that loved their Darling so tenderly, so devoutly, were they not the first to go and seek Him, when, through no fault of theirs, He was separated from them? He, too, was fain to seek his Lord, and they had asked him to go with them. How was it possible that they should "come between his soul and Christ?" Would they not rather lead him straight to that dear Lord whom they loved so well, so truly? Was this, then, the true meaning of the "communion and fellowship of the saints;" that they go with us, accompany us, as it were, hold our hands, when we set out to seek their Lord and ours? Surely it must be.

They reached Jerusalem at last, and, through the streets and lanes of the Holy City, these three, Mary the Mother, Joseph, her husband, and this brother of the Lord, wandered, seeking Him. And, in his dream, the Rector, forgetful of that which he knew, shared their anxieties and fears, even as, so it seemed to him, they would have shared his—would share them, if he would but ask them to do so. Was this, also, implied in that phrase, "the communion of saints," of which, till now, he had formed so imperfect, so inadequate a conception, a communion founded on a common love to the One Lord, shared in by all the members of the one family, whether in earth or in heaven? Once more, surely it must be, since we are, as St. Paul says, "one body in Him, and every one members one of another." Further, "if one

member suffer, all the other members suffer with it." He was now suffering with Mary and Joseph, would they not, in a very real sense, suffer with him, in any time of trial since even Christ, the Head, shares in the griefs and sorrows of all His members, of all His brethren? How, then, should those who love Christ be indifferent, the one to the other.

It was in the Court of the Temple that they found their Darling, after three days of anxious search and enquiries. And, as he had shared their anxieties, so now the dreamer shared the joy of Mary and Joseph at this blessed finding of Him they had lost. "Son," said the Mother, "why hast thou dealt thus with us?" And the answer: "Knew ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Neither in question nor in reply was there any reproach: the question told of the Mother's sorrow and anxiety, in which Joseph had shared; the answer told her why their Darling had allowed such trial to come upon them, whom He loved so well.

Then came the journey to Nazareth; and, in his dream, the dreamer was holding the hands of his Brother, Christ, and of Christ's Mother Mary, while Joseph walked beside his spotless spouse. His Brother, Christ, Christ's Mother, Mary: if Christ were, indeed, his Brother, was not Christ's Mother his Mother as well? And, when they came to Nazareth, the Holy Family would fain, it seemed, have had this new member of it to dwell with them, nor was he loth to stay. Rather, he would willingly have stayed there, all his days, with Christ, his Lord, for Brother and example, obedient to Mary and to Joseph, even as He, their Creator and his, was subject unto them.

But his dream changed, yet once more. Again, he was traversing the streets of the Holy City, in the midst of a surging crowd, who appeared to be all hurrying to one particular gate of exit from the walls. Years, so he was somehow conscious, had passed since he had spent the evening and the night in that fair Home of Nazareth. Some terrible tragedy, it would seem, was being enacted. Why, or what it was, he could not tell, he was simply oppressed, possessed by some sense of terror, of awful expectation, of guilt, as partaker in some stupendous crime. Then, all at once, he found himself outside the city gate climbing a rugged path that led—whither? He knew, ere he had asked himself—to the Hill of Calvary.

Then there fell upon his soul, as over the whole face of the land, a darkness "that might be felt," and, in the darkness, he was conscious that he stood by the Cross of his dying Lord, stood close to the Sorrowful Mother, with His head in hers, listening to her sobs, that seemed nigh to break her heart, to her anguished whisper: "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" John, the beloved disciple, was there, too; Mary Magdalen, kneeling at the feet of her Lord, and wiping them, as of old—but from blood, this time, not merely from the dust of the highway—with the hairs of her head, and kissing them, as she had kissed them in the house of Simon the Pharisee. But it was on him, the dreamer, that He spoke and said: "Son! behold thy Mother." And it was he, in his dream, that "took her to his own," to be his own Mother, even as she was Mother of the Lord he loved so dearly, to love, to cherish, to obey her in all things after the example set him by her

Eldest-Born, his Brother.

And, with that, he woke, and knew that it was a dream. But, if so, it was none the less real and true to him, and he set himself, honestly, and as in the sight of God, to account for it, as best he might. Then he remembered a letter received, not long before, from an old friend, who had "gone over to Rome," and had used, as he now recalled, much the same line of reasoning in respect of the honor due to the Mother of The Lord as had been shown to him in his Christmas dream. And, since dreams are, in some sense, the outcome of our thoughts, our memories, or our imaginations, and attract or repel us according as they appeal to, or anatomize our true selves: this dream, so he reasoned, since it had seemed to be in accord with all that was best in him, even though so contrary to all that he hitherto believed: must be, he thought, a true dream, a dream sent for the very purpose of teaching him the lesson which, he felt, he had already learned from it.

Then, on his knees before his Lord, he went over, one by one, the passages of Holy Writ that tell of the mystery of the Incarnation; from Isaiah's prophecy to the message of Gabriel, from the Visitation to the Finding in the Temple, from the Home at Nazareth to the Cross of Calvary. But, in the light of his dream, the familiar words assumed a new and deeper meaning; "Emmanuel, God with us," was to be born of a Virgin, therefore, she was,

really and truly, Mother of God. And what more could God have caused to be written concerning her than this: "Of whom was born Jesus?" Since the Most High, her Son, had paid her such honor as to take flesh of her flesh and to be born of her, a Man for us, our Brother, must not the measure of our reverence for His Mother be that which He has set us?

This, then, was the "whole counsel of God" in the matter of man's redemption, that this pure virgin was to have her place, her share, in this stupendous mystery of the Incarnation of The Son of God: she who found favor with God, was made full of grace, more blessed in her likeness to her Son, in her love to Him than ever in her wondrous motherhood. This, "the whole counsel of God," he resolved, at whatever cost, to declare to his parishioners on this blessed Christmas morning. They would misunderstand, misjudge him: let them; his duty was evident, and he would fulfil it.

Thus, by a dream, in which He learned that we cannot love our Eldest Brother as He would have us love Him unless we love His Mother as He loves her, obey her, as He obeyed, reverence her, as He revered, honor, as He honored, was this "one of His brethren" brought into "the household of God," the Church of God, wherein all are brethren of "The First born among many brethren," and children of that Mother "of whom was born Jesus."

What can I wish for on this earth below?

What can I wish for in the heavens above?

In this dear mystery my heaven I know;

Here at the altar I have all I love.

Thou art my treasure, Jesus! and with Thee

My heart must be.

The Three Magi.

BY THE REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

ONE of the highest and to us most important feasts, which the Catholic Church celebrates is that of Epiphany—the Appearance of our Lord.

There are three feasts celebrated in the one. 1st. The adoration of the Magi. 2nd. The Baptism of our Lord. 3rd. The changing of water into wine at the wedding in Cana. The sixth of January is the historic day for these three events, and there is an intrinsic connection between them.

Water had in the flood destroyed mankind, it was to be the means of reconciling mankind with God, and the firstlings of the new mankind from paganism were the three Magi. And this reconstruction was to begin with the reconstruction of marriage. Pagan marriage was like water, but was to be ennobled and elevated into the dignity of a sacrament—the water was changed into wine.

At present, however, we shall concern ourselves with but one point, the three Magi. In popular language we hear them mentioned as The Three Kings. Were they really Kings? In the present acceptation of the term we could hardly call them so, but among the patriarchal people of the East, the head of the family, beside being its priest, exercised also royal functions, especially the power over life, and hence can appropriately be styled a King.

Who were the Magi? Venerable Bede gives their names as Balthasar, Melchior and Caspar. The ecstatic Sister Catherine Emmerich calls them respectively, Mensor, Theokeno and

Seir. Bede gives no information of the source of his nomenclature. But it is quite possible to reconcile the two statements, when we remember, that the ancients used to give names to express a certain quality in the person named, and that in translating from one language into another, personal nouns were also translated, so that we find for instance in the Jewish history the Assyrian names of the Kings of Assyria rendered by equivalent Hebrew names.

According to Sr. Emmerich, Mensor, whose color was brown, was a descendant of Job, Theokeno descended from Abraham's wife Ketura, and Seir was of a progeny of people who had left the Jews, when they adored the golden calf in the desert. As at the time a number of Egyptians left the country with the Jews, it is probable that the progenitors of Seir were Egyptians, sons of Cham. Thus Mensor would be a Japhite, Theokeno a Semite, and Seir a Chamite, and the three would stand before us as the representatives of the three principal divisions of mankind. The custom to make the three Magi appear in the cribs as white, brown and black, seems to be founded on tradition and probably represents a fact. Our Lord had come into the world for all men, and when His star called the pagans, it was natural, that it should summon representatives of all of them.

These three Magi had formerly lived far apart, though united by frequent interchange of messages. But when they saw the Star of Bethlehem for the first time, about fifteen years before

the birth of our Saviour, or at the time of the birth of the Blessed Virgin, the star showed them the picture of a virgin, holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a pair of scales, weighted by grapes and wheaten ears. The miraculous apparition made the Magi leave their abodes to follow the leading of the star, and where their different ways met, they resolved to abide and await developments.

Five years later the star appeared to them again, and in the last five years they saw it often and in it symbolical figures. The final blessing of Jacob and the prophecy of Balaam had prepared their minds for the coming of a great ruler among the Jews, and when finally on Holy Eve they saw the star more brilliant than ever, containing the picture of an Infant, they knew that the prophecy must be fulfilled, and they set out immediately to seek the new-born King of the Jews.

The Gospel tells us how they found the Child and His Mother, worshipped at the Crib, offering gold, frankincense and myrrh, and how they, admonished in a dream, went back to their own country by another route, and in obedience to the instructions received from heaven, they dwelled together at the place from which they had started on Holy Eve, until they should receive another message from the King of the Jews.

This message came, when in the third year of His public life our Lord paid them a visit. Seir was dead, but his body well preserved. Theokeno was paralyzed by old age, Mensor received our Lord in solemn procession, weeping for joy. He wished to accompany Him back to Palestine, but our Lord directed him to tarry in his present abode, until one of His Apostles after His Resurrection should visit

them. Three years after the Ascension, St. Thomas on his way to Hindostan visited and baptized them, and according to his advice they moved to the Isle of Crete, whence their relics were brought to Italy and rested in Milan, until Barbarossa destroyed this city, and his chancellor, the Archbishop of Cologne, sent these holy relics to his own cathedral, where they are kept and highly venerated at the present day.

Thus far we give the account as Sr. Emmerich gives it in her visions. These visions can claim but a human faith, but so many of her prophecies were verified, so many of her descriptions were proved to be entirely correct, that we do not hesitate to also accept her statements concerning the Magi as substantially true.

The three Kings declare, that they came from the Orient, that is a country east of Palestine. Which country was it? Clement, and Cyril of Alexandria, St. Chrysostom and St. Leo thought of Persia, others refer us to Chaldea, others to Mesopotamia, but it is most probably "Happy Arabia" from which they came, as Justin, Cyprian, Tertullian and Epiphanius maintain.

In ch. LX. 6. of Isaias it was foretold, that the inhabitants of Saba, Madion and Epha, would come to adore and offer gifts, and in Psalm LXXII it is said: "The Kings of Tharsis and the island offer gifts, the Kings of the Arabs and of Saba bring oblations."

Saba, Madion and Epha, three sons of Abraham through his wife Ketura, were separated by their father from Isaac, the son of promise, and travelled eastward into Arabia Felix. (Gen. 35. 6.) Thus the point of conveyance of the several roads of the three Magi lay in Happy Arabia, from which they could reach Bethlehem in

thirteen days, notwithstanding the slow progress of eastern caravans, whilst the other countries mentioned above are too far distant, to allow the journey to be completed in that space of time.

Tharsis was probably on the Persian gulf, and the Arabs to-day yet call their country an island, though it is a peninsula.

A difficulty might be raised concerning Saba, because the Queen of Saba, (Sheba) who visited Solomon, is called an Æthiopian. But this word was applied indiscriminately to all people of swarthy complexion, just as the wife of Moses, who was a Madianite, was also called an Æthiopian. Thus also the Red Sea was named the Arabian, not the Æthiopian gulf, and yet the Psalm LXXII. after speaking of Tharsis and the island continues: "and before Him the Æthiopians shall prostrate themselves."

How did the Magi know, that the newly appearing star heralded the advent of the King of the Jews?

1. They dwelled in the mountains of Moab, and it was in these mountains, that Balaam uttered his famous prophecy: "A star rises out of Jacob." They must have known of this prophecy.

2. The Erythræan Sybil had this prophecy: "Divinamque Magi stellam coluere recentam monstratusque Dei præcepta sequentibus Infans est in præsepi," that is: "And the Magi venerated a new divine star, and the Child shown to those that obey the commands of the God, lies in the Crib."

3. God's grace illuminated their minds, and rendered them certain as to the meaning of the star, and prepared as their hearts were, they did not hesitate to follow the star and call it "*His* star" when they arrived in Jerusalem.

Another question remains to be solved: What kind of a star did the three Kings see?

Both ancient and modern enemies of the faith tried everything in their power to disprove the biblical account, and they want to make us believe, that the star in question was either a comet or a newly discovered star. Also to-day the astronomers tell us of a "Star of Bethlehem" which appears only at rare intervals, and is said to have been visible at the time of the Nativity of our Lord. But these attempts are futile, because.—

1. Other stars are in the skies, this one was poised in the air.

2. Other stars have a circular or elliptic motion, this one moved in a straight line.

3. The other stars continue to exist, whilst this one ceased to be as soon as the Kings arrived in Bethlehem.

4. The other stars shone only during the night, this one lighted the way both day and night.

5. Other stars never lose their light, this one disappeared as the Kings approached Jerusalem, and reappeared when they had left that city.

6. It was by far more brilliant than the other stars. Hence we have to conclude with S. Chrysostom, S. Augustine, S. Basil, S. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez, that the true star of Bethlehem was formed by angelic action out of luminous air, and conducted on its path by the angels.

This is perfectly appropriate, for angels in person had called the Jews, and angels working through the star, expected by the astronomers and astrologers of the East, called the Gentiles, so that the whole world through its representatives should do homage to the new-born King of heaven and earth, and summon all to offer gold to the King, frankincense to the high Priest, myrrh to the Man.

We ought also to join in the worship of the Kings, offering to our Lord and Saviour the gold of our love, the frankincense of our prayers, and the myrrh of our penance, for what these Kings did in our name, we should ratify and continue.

For the Christ-Child's Sake.

BY E. CARMEL HENDRY.

FATHER HARLEY, the pious and zealous pastor of a large congregation in New York City, was seated, on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December, 189—, in the handsome parlor of the residence of one of his parishioners.

His companions were two ladies; one advanced in years and evidently an invalid; the other, as could be seen at first glance, her daughter; and both bore upon their countenances the impress of woe. The elder lady, sad as she appeared, was far from wearing the look of profound dejection that clouded the younger's sweet face; and it was apparent from the anxious looks the mother cast upon her child, that this greater grief of her beloved one sorely oppressed her maternal heart.

"I am deeply grieved, Mrs. Rossiter," Father Harley said, breaking the silence that had lasted quite a moment, "to find you at the end of a month still so profoundly wrapped in grief. When I called last week and heard that you confined yourself to your room, and refused to eat, and would not try to compose yourself to sleep, but walked the floor all night, my heart bled for you in your anguish; and I determined to call again on my first leisure hour and see if I could say anything to comfort you. This morning, I concluded to defer my visit no longer, although this is perhaps the busiest day of the year with me, for an idea in regard to you entered my mind, and I wished to lose no time in acting upon it. I am encouraged to find that you are going about again."

"I am deeply sensible of your kind-

ness, Father," said the lady, turning her sorrowful face toward the good priest, "and believe me, I appreciate it thoroughly; but what comfort can you or any other mortal offer to an unhappy woman bereft in three months of the best of husbands, and of her only child."

Said the priest:

"I could speak of the virtues of your partner; of his devotion to his religion and his docility from his earliest years to its teachings; all of which give us the comforting assurance that sooner or later he will enjoy the blessed presence of the God he so faithfully served; and I could add that your little Robert had been taken to re-join his devoted father in the realms of eternal peace before the spotless robe of his baptismal innocence had been sullied, or he had tasted of the bitterness of those sufferings inseparable from our human existence, and I could refer to your prosperous circumstances which save you from the cruel privations and miseries many have to endure in addition to a cross often even heavier than yours."

Mrs. Rossiter's countenance did not change. She looked past the speaker, out of the window, with an almost stony expression of misery.

"I will not attempt, however," Father Harley continued, "to dwell further upon these truths, as no doubt your many sincere friends have already laid them before you. I am only going to suggest, that as your boy went to Heaven during Advent, in fact, while the novena in honor of the Holy Infancy was being performed by many devout persons, that you should adopt

in memory of this dearly beloved child, an especial devotion to the Divine Infant; and let it be a powerful motive to incite you to renewed vigor in the discharge of your duties, especially the one that urges you most at present, of resigning yourself to God's holy Will. Let your watchword in this regard be: 'For the Christ-Child's Sake.' "

The lady's face softened as her pastor spoke these words. Her head sank upon her breast, and tears flowed down her cheeks.

"The spell is broken I hope, my good child," said the priest arising. "I am glad to see those precious tears, the first you have shed since your last sorrow befell you. I must go now. Think of my words, and may God be with you!"

When the priest, after a short conversation with Mrs. Craven, Mrs. Rossiter's mother, had taken his leave, the former lady seated herself beside the poor childless young widow, and placing an arm around her and drawing her close to her side, waited until her spell of weeping was at an end.

"Mother," said the mourner presently as she dried her eyes, "I am going to Confession this afternoon."

"Oh, my darling, how glad I am to hear you say that!"

"Yes, and I am going to look out for some especial good work to do 'for the Christ-Child's sake.' By the way, we have always sent Christmas gifts to Sarah's nieces and nephews since she has been in our employment, and this year I overlooked it with everything else. How disappointed the little things will be!"

"I have prepared a number of presents, Agnes, in your name, as well as my own, for these children, and Sarah is to take them to her sister's house

this afternoon. None of the poor whom you are accustomed to remember at this season has been forgotten. I found your list and saw that every one received something. You are free to go forth and find new fields to conquer."

Mrs. Rossiter smiled a wan, sad smile, so different, as her mother reflected, from her former sunny one that used to completely light up her sweet face.

Although she relapsed from this time until after lunch into a deep melancholy, Mrs. Rossiter did not, to her mother's great satisfaction, depart from her resolution of approaching the Sacrament of Penance, but in due time left the house for that purpose.

When she reached the church and completed her preparation, she found a confessor who had but few other penitents, so, in a short time, having received absolution, she was kneeling at the altar railing making a devout thanksgiving. She had observed before that Father Harley was busy, with several assistants, in one of the side altar spaces, placing the figures which formed the representation of the stable at Bethlehem, and when she arose to leave the church, she found the pious work had been completed. She paused to admire the gas jet forming a star which threw its bright rays over the scene, and tears gathered in her eyes when their glance fell upon the life-like waxen figure of the Child in the Crib, for it recalled the first days of her little son's life so soon to be extinguished.

She lingered a moment or two in going down the aisle of the church to say a few words to a friend, and when she finally passed out to the steps, she found a crowd there composed for the most part of laughing boys clustered around a policeman who held by the

arm a weeping girl of about six years. The child carried, pressed fondly to her breast, the waxen image of the Divine Infant which had lately lain in the Crib.

"Don't be too hard on the creature, policeman," said an elderly woman, who was hurrying down the church steps ahead of Mrs. Rossiter. "She's too little to have much sense, and most likely she thought it was a doll."

"No, no, no!" wailed the child. "It's Robbie, my little brother. They told me he was dead, and I wouldn't see him any more, and there he was, sound asleep, and I just took him."

"You mean you hooked him!" cried one of the boys.

"That's too thin, Missie," said another, "you just swiped the doll so you could pawn it."

The officer looked puzzled. He turned first to the old woman, who, however, started to go on her way, and then to Mrs. Rossiter, to whom he remarked:

"I hate to take the kid to the station-house, ma'am. She's little more than a baby, and it would scare her most to death. Can you help me out, ma'am."

Mrs. Rossiter turned away coldly. What could she have to do with this dirty, ragged, thievish child that had been vicious enough to steal from a church? She was on the point of replying coldly to the policeman that he must do his duty, as she could not aid him, when the child began to cry:

"I say, sir, it's Robbie, my brother. I used to carry him about for mother all the time, till they said he was dead, and took him away shut up in a box. Oh, my Robbie! my Robbie!" I've found you again.

"Robbie!" Mrs. Rossiter's heart began to throb fiercely at the mention

of this name that had also been that of her precious boy.

"In memory of Robbie and for the Christ-Child's sake," she whispered and, placing her hand on the child's arm, said to the officer: "I will see that the figure is restored to Father Harley, and have the child taken to her home and punished by her parents for being so very wicked as to steal."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the officer, in a relieved tone. "I don't think the little ragamuffin knew any better. I wouldn't say much to her folks about it. Some of them vicious people would like as not teach a child to steal, and then beat it nearly to death if it was caught at it, to make believe they were honest and opposed to such doings."

Mrs. Rossiter, leading the child rather gingerly by the hand, went into the pastor's house. Father Harley, who was passing through the hall on his way to the confessional, stopped to greet the lady, and, on hearing the story, graciously forbore to speak severely to the child; but took the figure and said he would replace it as he went into the church.

The little girl moaned piteously on having to give up her treasure, and Mrs. Rossiter lead her into the street, and entering a confectioner's near at hand, bought her a paper of candy.

The child stopped crying and began to devour the sweets with the greed of one who was starving.

"That child is almost famished," said the confectioner, who knew Mrs. Rossiter as a customer. "Here, Sissy, take this; it's better for you," and he handed her a large piece of gingerbread, which she also ate with a ravenous air.

"Where do you live, little girl?" asked Mrs. Rossiter, as they were leaving the store.

"No place, ma'am. Mamma's dead ; you took Robbie away from me ; and Mrs. Daly was afraid of the constable and runned away, and now I can't sleep in any one's room. The landlord said if he caught me in the house he'd send me off to prison."

"I think I'll take her home and let Sarah find out about her," said Mrs. Rossiter to herself. "It's too bitterly cold to go about much, especially as this child's wretched clothes do not protect her against the weather."

Mrs. Craven uttered an exclamation of dismay, when, a few moments later, her daughter entered her room ushering in the poor waif.

"Oh, take her away, Lucy ; she's so unpleasant in those miserable rags !" she said irritably, when Mrs. Rossiter had finished her account of how the child had been thrown upon her mercy. "I question your prudence, my love, in having brought her into the house. These depraved alley children are very deceitful and tricky."

"Mother, I befriended this poor object in obedience to Father Harley's suggestion 'For the Christ-Child's sake.'"

"Oh, daughter, forgive my hardness of heart. Your docility in following that good man's wise counsel edifies and consoles me. Let me aid you in comforting this poor little creature. There's Sarah's knock at the door. Come in, Sarah ! and look at this child that Mrs. Rossiter had compassion upon and brought here with her. Mrs. Rossiter gathered from what she says that she has no home nor friends. When you go to your sister's this afternoon with the presents, won't you ask her to lend us some of little Connie's clothing to put on this child until we can have her an outfit made."

"I be only too glad to do it,

ma'am," said Sarah, who had been Robbie's devoted nurse, and had grieved sincerely when the bright, beautiful boy had closed his laughing eyes forever. "She's a nice looking youngster, only you can tell she's been fearfully neglected. Let me take her down to the kitchen, and cook will show her the parrot to amuse her until I come back, when I'll bathe her and put on the clean clothes I'll borrow, and I'll be bound you ladies will hardly know her." When Sarah again led the child into the room she was indeed so improved in her appearance that she looked like another child. Sarah had thoughtfully provided a doll for her, and seating herself upon a chair between the two ladies, the child began to cuddle this and croon a lullaby to it.

"Dear me, who is singing a cradle song?" said a genial voice beyond the portière, and then there was a loud knock on the frame of the door.

"Oh, come in, doctor," cried Mrs. Craven. "You will rejoice to see a great improvement in your patient this afternoon."

"Has this little lassie brought it about?" said the doctor entering and taking the small stranger up, doll and all. "Why, Amy Malvern, is it you ? How came you here, pet ?"

Mrs. Rossiter explained.

"I am conscience stricken !" exclaimed the doctor, "to think of my remissions toward the child of my old friend. This tot has good blood in her veins, for she came of a fine old race. Her father and I were college friends, and her mother was an educated, refined woman. The father toiled bravely to support his wife and child, and to pay the premiums on a life insurance for their benefit. When he was taken away from them, they were cheated out of the payment of this, and the poor woman had to toil like a slave to support herself and Amy here, and a baby boy that was born a month after its father's death. This infant died of whooping cough six months ago, and the mother contracted pneumonia in November last and succumbed to it. I was taken down with the same malady the day she died, and when I recovered,

my affairs had got into such confusion that in trying to readjust them I forgot many things, this child's welfare among the rest. Her parents were good people in their way of living, but irreligious. When the baby was dying I begged its mother to let me send a priest to baptize it, but she refused, so I administered the Sacrament privately. When she was dying herself she would not see a clergyman. This child has never been baptized. What a good thing it would be if she could be trained up in the true faith."

"From what she said she has neither home nor friends," Mrs. Rossiter remarked. "I suppose we had better send her to Sister Martin at the asylum."

"They are greatly crowded there just now," the doctor answered, "what would you ladies think of adopting the child?"

"Oh, never, never!" both exclaimed in a breath.

"Excuse me," said the doctor, seeing how repellant his well-meant suggestion had been to his friends. "We will now talk about those headaches of yours, Mrs. Rossiter, and I will see Sister Martin to-morrow. Perhaps she can squeeze Amy in somehow. His last words were unheeded. Mrs. Rossiter had crossed the room and was looking down into her mother's eyes.

"Mamma," she said, "what do you think of our laying aside our great repugnance to performing the act of mercy the doctor suggested, and doing it 'For the Christ-Child's sake?'"

Mrs. Craven hesitated a moment, then said: "Doctor, my daughter is willing to give the child a home; and I will not stand in her way."

"You are both doing a rare act of charity, my dear friends, and I hope you will be rewarded by the child proving a comfort to you."

"I don't expect that," said Mrs. Rossiter. "Sometimes the more you do for such children, the greater is the ingratitude they show you; and the child's behaviour in the church this afternoon does not promise very well. I shall be contented to care for her without expecting any reward."

"Her carrying away the figure from the church," said the doctor, "can be explained by the fact that she was perfectly devoted to her baby brother, and never wearied of attending to him. Her mother told me she never could have got on with the child without Amy's assistance. When he died, she cried after him for a week. No doubt she wandered into the church, and seeing a resemblance in the waxen image to Robbie, who was as beautiful as an angel, felt she had recovered her brother and must take him under her care."

"Perhaps that was the case," said Mrs. Craven. "I hope so, at least. We will give her every advantage, so that if she does not develop into an upright character, we will not be to blame."

True to this promise, the good ladies tested the child with judicious kindness, bestowing upon her among other favors that of an excellent education at a celebrated convent school. In return for their charity, Amy testified the greatest affection for them. She was their faithful, devoted companion, attentive to anticipate their slightest wish, and in their last illness—for they both died upon the same day—their loving, unwearied nurse. When she was left alone, though so well provided for that the world offered her many inducements to remain in it, she joined a religious community, of which in time she rose to be the Mother Superior. She was very zealous in spreading devotion to the Infant Jesus, and succeeded so well in inspiring her Sisters, and the pupils under their care, with this phase of piety, that the crib displayed in the convent chapel at Christmas time was one of the finest in the city through their united efforts. It was the subject of many a gentle jest among the good Religious that if any one wanted a favor from Reverend Mother, they were sure to obtain it, if they only took the right way of approaching her on the subject, and that was, to plead for the granting of their desires "For the Christ-Child's sake."

EPIPHANY.

[Original lines composed, and also type-written, by a Carmelite Sister of St. Louis, Mo., who is totally blind.]

HE is fairer than the break
Of a joylit blossom-day,
Like a sunbeam just awake
On his whisps of golden hay.
On their camels strong and fleet,
And in haste from homes afar,
To the lovely Infant's feet,
Ah—allured by the Orient Star—
Come three Gentiles good and wise ;
But their Star beam'd ne'er so bright
As the Babe of Heaven's eyes
Filling all their souls with light ;
Ah—with the peace of Christmas night—
In its glory wreathing light !
When they kneel to offer Him
Of the riches they have brought,
Then the tears their eyes that dim
In His happy smiles are caught ;
But with tears of entrancing bliss
They are worshipping their God,
With each sweet adoring kiss
Touching Earth's most beauteous Bud :
Ah—devotion's fervor now
Pressing lips and cheeks and hair,
Dimpled hands and hallow'd brow,
And each kiss a honey'd pray'r—
Ah—a sanctuary so fair
Grows the cavern full of prayer !
Royal treasures they unfold
Round Him on the rocky floor,
Gifts of incense, myrrh and gold
Through His showered blessings pour ;
Then their faith's inspired song
In a softened voice they sing ;
For His hallowed reign they long,
Whom their love hath crowned our King :
Let us follow them to-day,
Ah—allured by the Star above
To the Christ-Child's Crib—to lay
In His hands our hearts of love ;
Ah—by the Bethlehem Star above—
Drawn to Jesus filled with love !

Reminiscences of Mt. Carmel.

[Editorial correspondence by Rev. Dr. A. Heiter in the "Aurora and Christliche Woche" of Buffalo.]

Translated from the German by S. X. Blakely, of St. Marys, Pa.

HAVING arrived at the holy mountain whose every spot is replete with sacred and endearing memories, we rested upon the very place where Achab at the bidding of the Prophet Elias sent to all the children of Israel, and gathered together the prophets unto Mount Carmel: "The prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred." Elias wished them to be present at a wonderful occurrence that they might thereby be convinced of the folly and sinfulness of their idolatry. Three weary years had passed without a drop of refreshing rain having fallen upon the parched and arid earth—and the sorely tried sufferers had well nigh given up in despair. Calm and majestic, the Prophet stood before the assemblage whom he thus addressed: "I only remain a Prophet of the Lord, but the prophets of Baal are four hundred and fifty men." Then he further spoke, bidding them procure two bullocks, one of which the false prophets should choose for themselves, cut it in pieces and put it on the wood, but put no fire beneath it. Call upon the names of your gods. I will take the other bullock, dress it, and lay it upon the wood, but put no fire under it. I will call upon the name of my Lord, and the god that shall answer by fire shall be God." And all the people answering said: "A very good proposal." Then they called upon the name of Baal from morning even until noon, but no fire came from heaven for their

sacrifice. But for the Prophet Elias came the brightest fire which consumed the holocaust, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, not a vestige of the altar remained. The people, awe-stricken, fell upon their faces and cried out that the God of Elias was indeed the true God. And Elias said to them: "*Take the prophets of Baal, and let not one of them escape!*" And when they had taken them, Elias brought them to the brook Cison, and killed them there." Then Elias went to the top of Carmel and prayed. Afterwards he bade his servant to look towards the sea and to return with the word of what he had seen. The only word was "nothing." But after the seventh time he said: "Behold a little cloud arose out of the sea like a man's foot." And Elias said: "Go up and say to Achab: "Prepare thy chariot and go down, lest the rain prevent thee." And behold the heavens grew dark with clouds and wind, and there fell a great rain. And Achab getting up, went away to Jesrahel. And the hand of the Lord was upon Elias, and he girded up his loins, and ran before the king till he came to Jesrahel."

According to the generally received tradition, the place of the miraculous consuming of the offering from heaven—and the fearful punishment inflicted upon the wicked idolaters by the Prophet Elias was *Elmohraka*, five and a half leagues, in a southerly direction from the Monastery of Mount Carmel. El Mohraka lies 500 metres above the level of the sea, 300 metres above

where Cison enriches and beautifies the whole vast plain from Esdrelon to the city of Jesrahel. Water, we knew, was very near, and, indeed, a few minutes later we were favored with a most charming glimpse of the sea. From this point Achab could reach Jesrahel that same evening.

Mount Carmel is the home of the Carmelite Order, the cradle of that magnificent foundation where learning and holiness have ever gone hand in hand. The principal monastery lies at the point of the promontory near Kaipha. Here, after unconceivable trials and hardships, resulting from the bitter annuity of the Turkish government, the monks had the gratification of seeing arise a little church, unpretentious it is true, but where in, from time to time, one of their number could administer to the spiritual wants of the scattered flock. There are no Catholics in the vicinity, and the key to the little edifice is entrusted to a Druse.

These people, like the Bedouins, from one of the Turkish dependencies, are a warlike race, constant feuds in progress amongst themselves, and are fond of freedom, but have a strong vein of cruelty in their nature, for since the time of the Mammonites in Lebanon, persecutions on the part of the Druses were frequent and bitter. They are neither Christians nor Mahomedans, and their religious services are conducted with so much secrecy that it is hard to say what they do believe. At all events they are a healthy and strong race, being far superior to the Bedouins and Turks in that regard.

We were supplied from the nearest village with two of its inhabitants, who kept vigil by our tent most satisfactorily. Women and children came and went, and offered fruit and water

for sale. Many specimens of fancy work and curios were also held up to be purchased. There is no scarcity of interesting antiquities here. No mendicants made their appearance.

Towards evening a sudden tumultuous noise awoke the echoes. The entire village sent forth its men, women and children. Like a wild herd they came crashing up the mountain. The clash of fire-arms was heard, and everything gave promise of an approaching skirmish. In a half hour back came the surging mass in triumph to the spot where they had passed us on the mountain, leading a cow as a trophy of their victory. I felt peacefully inclined upon this special evening, and was in no mood for an encounter with the Druses.

Slumber refused to be wooed, notwithstanding my efforts. So procuring my favorite cigarettes, I sat before the tent with the two Druses, all smoking, as the hours sped on. I was in a contemplative mood, and my thoughts wandered back to the last of the prophets, the great Elias. In fancy I saw to the very edge of the vast plain from here to Esdrelon, and admired the wonderful old man who, in his declining years, ran every step of the miles that lay between, and that before the fleetest horses of the royal Achab. What would have become of me had I been called upon to perform such a feat? During the period of time which I ever loved to devote to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, how many thoughts were wont to wander to the mystic mountain whose every spot is linked to some holy legend, and now behold me seated there where, since the time of St. Elias until now, it has played so important a part in the history of the world, in the training for the good of mankind.

Most assuredly the history of the Carmelite Order has its origin upon Mount Carmel and with the Prophet Elias. It is not to be understood, however, that he was the Founder of the Order in the same way as was St. Benedict the Founder of the Benedictines. The Carmelite Order grew and flourished during the time of the Crusades, but a community of holy solitaries dwelt upon the mountain since the time of St. Elias. They were devoted to honoring the Blessed Virgin, and their existence there can be traced in an unbroken line since the days of the Prophet.

An ancient tradition informs us that long years before our Saviour was born upon earth an altar was erected, where the Virgin Mother—(*Virgo Paritura*) was honored, at this very place, and that the little cloud which Elias saw arising from the sea in the form of a man's footprint, was indicative of that Virgin-Mother's advent upon earth later on. This occurred nine hundred years before our Saviour was born. Behold therefore the important role played by Mount Carmel in the Sacred Scriptures. A role which, apart from the beauty of its scenery, can scarcely be understood. Its selection in preference to other sites seems difficult of explanation.

In the numerous caves, with which Mount Carmel is so bountifully supplied, dwelt the successors of Elias and his disciples, the hermits of the Old and New Testaments, and it is most probable, and in unison with the spirit of the Sacred Scriptures, both the Old and the New, that those holy men would honor the Virgin of whom Isaiah wrote; "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bring forth a Son, whose name shall be called Emmanuel."

These pious hermits were among the

earliest to receive and acknowledge the glad tidings of the Gospel. They diffused the same with zeal throughout the vicinity, and honored *Mary Immaculate* at the same altar, centuries before which their predecessors had knelt in wrapt devotion and fervent prayer.

In the year 412, John, Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave the hermits a rule, and so brought them within the limitations of a religious community. Many holy men lived here in the first centuries of the Christian era. The saintly Marcissus in the first, afterwards Patriarch of Jerusalem, the holy Spiridion in the third, afterwards Bishop of Cyrenus. The saintly Euthymius in the fourth, Cyriacus and Jacob in the sixth.

In the eighth century we behold the Cœnobites of Mount Carmel standing forth, a vast army, thoroughly equipped for the service of the Church. They ministered to the spiritual wants of souls both in Palestine and outside of that historic spot. In 1155 St. Berthold built the first Monastery over the grotto of St. Elias, and this was the parent stem from which all other branches grew. After him St. Brocard guided the solitaries of Mount Carmel upon the perfect way. St. Angelus was with them at the same time, and some years later St. Simon Stock, General of the Order founded at Rome the celebrated Confraternity of the Scapular whereby the Carmelite Order became known all over the world.

Behold us now up the steep ascent scarcely six miles distant from the Monastery, and yet we had to go down the mount and cross the brook, or "torrent" Cison in order to reach the street leading from Kaipha to Nazareth. This route is shorter and more pleasant than that which, going directly across the mount, is full of caves and fissures. The first part, however, was not so pleasant, although the street was good enough. Fortunately, it was immediately after the rainy season, so that we were not incommoded by dust, as were the luckless pilgrims who came along later.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THE LOVER OF MY SOUL.

A PRAYER IN HONOR OF THE HOLY NAME.

BY ENFANT DE MARIE—ST. CLARE'S.

O JESUS, the Father's Splendor !
Bright source of eternal light !
O Jesus, Thou King of Glory !
Most Wonderful, Lord of might !
Dear Lord, have compassion upon me ;
Listen now to my heart's desire !
And grant I may ever love Thee,
And ever to Thee aspire.
"Zealous Lover of Souls," our "Refuge !"
"Good Shepherd !" Thou seekest mine !
Sweetest Lord, I beseech Thee take it,
And make it for ever Thine.
May my heart bear the mystic impress
Of thy Sacred, loving Name,
O trace it in golden letters,
Illumed by love's living flames !
Another most precious favor
And bliss, wilt Thou grant to me,
Through Thy glorious Name O Jesus !
To die with the love of Thee.

NOTE—"Thy Name and Thy remembrance are the desire of my soul." While the remembrance of a Midnight Mass and the melody of Jesus' Holy Name still linger in the aisles of Holy Church, this prayer was breathed by one to whom that Sacred Name is, (to use St Bernard's expression), "honey to the lips, music to the ear, joy to the heart." I have arranged it metrically for the harp-strings of Our Lady's Review, trusting that its echoes in far-distant hearts, may soothe them with the sweetness of Jesus' Most Holy Name—E. DE M.

THE NEW YEAR.

WHAT will the New Year bring us ?
Spring with its early flowers,
Light of the golden Summer,
Rest in the Autumn hours.
Pathways of varied beauty,
Life-streams that ebb and flow,
Blossoms and verdure fading,
Whiteness of wintry snow.
What will the New Year bring us ?
Sorrows or holy rest ?
Blending low notes so plaintive,
Softly with gladness blest.
Ah ! may the New Year bring us
Nearer to God each day,
Rising in faith and longing
Far from the earth away.

—E. DE M.

Editorial Notes.

What is a Friar ?

People devoid of faith and, in most cases, of morals, love to have a whack at the friars. In connection with political and military doings in the far East the word "Friar" of late often passes over the key-board manipulated by the cable-man. And this awful Friar—loved by good men and hated by bad men—who is he ? At the risk of embodying a lengthy quotation into this page we willingly give place to an able apologist. He deserves a hearing. His name is Santos G. Lopez. Writing in "La Fe Catolica" of San Antonio, Texas, this able writer asks the question, "What is a Friar ?" Mr. Lopez speaks particularly of Franciscan Friars, and the same applies to the other three orders of mendicants, viz., the Augustinians, Dominicans and Carmelites. Before giving us his own unvarnished description of a Friar, the writer truthfully says that "the world at large does not know, though it troubles itself about them a great deal. If it has any conception of them at all it is a coarse and ridiculous one, formed after hearing or reading the vaporings of their enemies. In the minds of some people the Friar is an indolent glutton, who became a Friar merely for the purpose of living at the expense of a charitable public. According to them the Friar is ignorant, ferocious, vile and, in short, the embodiment of everything low. According to others, the Friar is an unscrupulous and cunning diplomat ; a man who is a profound judge of the world and the human heart, and has more knowledge than any one else ; one who is sometimes the author and at other times the tool of schemes that are dark."

This is indeed the description of the Friar given us on the platform and public places ; we read the same in our novels, newspapers and magazines—and at times in the productions of the clever man who writes the advertisements for up-to-date (Catholic ones at times, sad to say !) newspapers. The esteemed apologist we have now in mind tells us that "such descriptions of an honored class in the Catholic Church are evidences of the low and crafty hearts and minds of their traducers." What then is a Friar ? We cannot improve on the words of Mr. Lopez. Let him have a hearing. Here is his definition of a Friar :

"He is a Christian, who in the prime of life, when the most flattering prospects beckon him, moved by a certain instinct which Christians call vocation, chooses to walk on one of the thousand roads of life which leads to Solitude, Subjection or Obedience, Chastity and Privation or Poverty ; and this, too, when others are aching for diversion, liberty, luxury and fortune, and ridicule him as a fool for not joining them. The Friar knows that he is born to love and serve God in this world, and to see and enjoy Him in the other. For that reason he looks for solitude and retirement. In that solitude, for such is his monastery, his subjection is absolute, his poverty complete, and his chastity scrupulously exquisite. I am not drawing on my imagination in saying this ; for having lived some time with some Franciscan Friars, I found that they were more than ordinary men of flesh and bone ; in fact, that they were walking virtues in coarse habits. Knowing, therefore, what true history and decent people say of them, and what my own experience showed me, I cannot for the life of me, picture them to myself as those that ignorant malice paints the Friars. I have said that he is a

Christian who in the heyday of his life leaves the world and its pomps, in order to devote himself to the service of his God. A close investigation of his life and customs will show this; and a rigorous trial will confirm what I have said. The youth who but yesterday was the son of a noble family, in the convent of the Friars is on an equality with the son of the laborer or the farmer. Worldly rank counts for nothing with God, how can it be considered among those who equally seek but God? A year in the novitiate, and a few vows solemnly pronounced at the foot of the altar have made of the young man what he is; a simple Friar."

Model Unions.

Assisted by their bishops and priests the Catholics of Germany are trying to revive the once famous guilds—or societies of Catholic workingmen. In the olden days these guilds went far to aid in the social development of the people in England, Germany and other European countries. Modern trade unions pose as improvements on the old guilds. But comparisons are odious. "The old guilds," to quote an English newspaper, "were friendly societies of both masters and men, banded together for the promotion of the interests of their trade and of their native city, for the protection of the poor, and for the glory of the Church. No divergence between the interests of master and man was dreamt of, and no one who could not show the record of a clean life as a son of the Church, and as a proficient in his trade, was admitted to membership. The designations 'apprentice' and 'journeymen' had then an exact and actual meaning. What do they usually mean nowadays beyond conveying an idea that the individuals to whom they are applied have followed a trade for an uncertain period, perhaps with as much inclina-

tion for absorbing what they are shown as a sieve has for carrying water?"

A Beautiful Pen-Picture.

A gem worthy to be preserved is without doubt the admirable definition of "What is it to be a Catholic?" pronounced at a society convention by Father Louis A. Tiernan, an esteemed Cincinnati priest. Every word of his definition is too good to be lost. In answer to the question proposed by himself, he said:

"Read the answer in the lives of the men and women who for 1900 years have trod the ways of heroic virtue in the footsteps of the Crucified. Go study it in the calm and peaceful heroism of the early Christian martyr, who laughed at the threats of tyrants, and prayed for his executioners as his life went out beneath the horrors of the tortures which he bore with joy rather than betray his God. Seek it up and down the ages, in every rank and station, from the monarch on the throne to the peasant in the field. Seek it in the hearts of nature's noble men and women, where it shines with a beauty and a lustre all its own, and elevates their hearts above the ties of kindred and of country, even to the Eternal God Himself—the centre and source of true Catholicity. Seek it and find it in the supernatural lives of men and women living to-day, living not alone in cloistered solitude, not alone at the foot of God's altar in constant adoration, not alone in the priestly robes, but even in the busy world of noise and wild distraction, in the marts of trade and in domestic cares, where the lots of most of us are cast. What is it to be a Catholic? It is to rest secure in the possession of eternal truth, in the certainty of being right, in the priceless privilege of not being blown about by every wind of doctrine. It is to live with the sunshine of divine hope warming the human heart, and enlightening the human soul. To be a Catholic is to love God above all things and your neighbor as yourself. It is to live in a disposition, at least of the

highest charity; charity toward our neighbor; charity that stops not at mere theory, not a mere speculation of profession."

"Jesus Christ, yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever!" To Him our King Immortal do we render homage and consecrate our hearts in this first year of the new century. To Him also do we the children of Mary dedicate these pages. Through Mary the "Queen of the Universe" do we offer her Son, the King of Kings, all our works and undertakings!

"Queen of the Universe."

From the last number of *Dominicana* we read some very interesting correspondence concerning the "Congress of Mary" at Lyons in France. This great gathering of our divine Mother's clients is now a thing of history, nevertheless to some of our readers it may be of interest to know that the great congress after declaring that the nineteenth century deserved to be called "the age of Mary," expressed a general wish in a resolution that "after the consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart, the consecration to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of *Queen of the Universe*, should follow; that a feast called that of the Universal Royalty of Mary be instituted, to be celebrated each year, with a proper office. It might serve for the closing of the month of Mary and also to perpetuate the remembrance of this consecration, in the same way that the procession on the Feast of the Assumption perpetuates the consecration of France to Mary by Leo XIII., who is also petitioned that he would add to the Litany of Loretto the invocation: *Queen of the Universe, pray for us!* The congress also expressed the wish that

the Litany of Loretto be enriched with the invocation: Queen of Purgatory, pray for us!"

Century of the Sacred Heart.

The past century was indeed the century of Mary. The twentieth century is christened as the Century of the Sacred Heart. "Never, perhaps, has our Lord more deserved than in the evening of 1900 the beautiful Messianic title, 'Pater venturi sæculi—' 'Father of the coming century,' said the Jesuit Father Coubet to the pilgrims gathered together at Paray-le-Monial. "He is its Father, since He is its benefactor and its King. It is fitting, then, to offer Him the first fruits by an exceptional homage. What a beautiful spectacle, the strengthening vision of which will dominate the entire twentieth century, when at New Years in all the cities and towns, great and small, generous Christians met, as it were by appointment at the Holy Table, to offer to our Lord the twentieth century, and say to Him, 'Lord, you are its King.' You will comprehend, dear children, this appeal which I make, not only to you, but to this great crowd, and to the hundreds of priests about, and outside the audience, to all generous hearts who will hear its echo."

Souls That Are Starved.

The noted author of "My Maryland," James R. Randall, writing to the Catholic Columbian, said lately: "Not long since I met two very attractive Protestant ladies, one a married woman, and they were telling me that in reality they had no specific religious attachment. They had been in New York and missed few of the public entertainments, but never, during that period, entered a church. One

of them said: "Oh, I am tired of preaching. There must come moments when these ladies feel the necessity of a spiritual life, and they have not found it in mere pulpit discourses and choir-singing. They have Catholic relations, but I do not know that their minds have ever been drawn to the Church where there is that supernatural blessing so essential to humanity journeying to eternity, the Real Presence and the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. How many are there who, like these gifted ladies, are nominally Protestant, but really nothing in a religious sense."

A Disrespectful Posture.

A critic in one of our Catholic papers, in a rather sarcastic mood, tells how some people kneel in church. The writer says that "kneeling in church has become quite an art. The method in vogue in dozens of cases is a kind of loll; a spread-eagling of one's self in a ridiculous manner. There is absolutely no necessity of anyone's seeking support from the seats; there is no need of spreading the elbows out on the back of the seats in front so as to compass as much space as possible. The seats are not there for use while kneeling; a bench is put there for that purpose. There is no necessity of our measuring our elbow reach. There are plenty more suitable places for such gymnastic exercises. A 'respectful posture on bended knees,' which is the attitude of prayer, does not call for any such lazy and indifferent looking stretching. Kneel up straight! resting the hands on the pew in front if necessary. There is no one so weak as to find this posture difficult. We are in church but a very short time during Mass, and the kneeling portion of that time is infinitesimal."

Leo XIII. tells the world in his encyclical that "it is rather ignorance than ill-will," which keeps multitudes away from Jesus Christ. There are many who study humanity and the natural world; few who study the Son of God. The first step, then, is to substitute knowledge for ignorance, so that He may no longer be despised or rejected because He is unknown. We conjure all Christians throughout the world to strive all they can to know their Redeemer as He really is. The more one contemplates Him with sincere and unprejudiced mind, the clearer does it become that there can be nothing more salutary than His law, nothing more divine than His teaching."

Christ and the Century.

The great encyclical on "Jesus Christ, Our Redeemer," which our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., gave to the world at the close of an eventful century, was most opportune. It seemed "eminently fitting," to quote the Sacred Heart Review, "that at the close of the century, the nineteenth since His birth, the Church of Christ, through its visible head, should be found asserting its belief in His infinite power, wisdom and goodness, and should address to an unbelieving generation a noble, dignified and zealous appeal to behold in our Lord 'the way, the truth, and the life.' The latter days of the nineteenth century were marked by vagaries in beliefs, and multitudes were led hither and thither in search of the peace which the human soul is forever demanding. Many think they have found the secret of this peace in spiritism, in philosophy, in intellectual culture, and in a thousand and one fads and follies; but in the face of these loudly-heralded

panaceas for the ills that afflict humanity, the Church, true to its Spouse, Jesus Christ, and to His teachings, holds Him up as the true and only hope of the world. Says the encyclical: 'God alone is life. All other beings partake of life, but are not life. Christ from all eternity and by His very nature is 'the life,' just as He is the Truth, because He is God of God. This is true of the natural life,—but . . . we have a much higher and better life, won for us by Christ's mercy, that is to say, the 'life of Grace' whose happy consummation is the 'life of glory,' to which all our thoughts and actions ought to be directed."

"This is the Christian teaching," says our esteemed contemporary. "The Church from the beginning has always taught it. The Church teaches it now with the same unerring certainty as in the early days when pagan Rome and all its gods were arrayed against the Gospel. Christ was then the centre of all Catholic teaching. He is the same to-day. The passing centuries have made no change in the Church's doctrines. Like the first pontiff, Peter, Leo XIII. asserts the divinity of Christ and the crying need of increased faith and hope in, and love for, the 'Light of the World.'"

Worthy of Consideration.

During the last century the Church gained great numerical strength in America. Nevertheless a number fell away from the true faith—the causes of this loss as given by an observant writer are worthy of perusal. They are:

1. Catholic families settling in places many miles from church or priest.
2. Mixed marriages.
3. Neglect of religious instruction and deficient education at home.
4. Reading of bad papers.
5. Staying away from the church to evade contributing towards building churches and keeping up schools.
6. Catholic children compelled by

limited means to leave home to secure a living.

7. Occupations where there is no chance to hear Mass on Sunday.

8. Emigrants who had little faith when they left Europe.

9. The absence of solid Catholic literature from the average Catholic home.

10. Not enough priests. This cause is gradually disappearing.

11. A false idea of social position. This cause is confined principally to women of fat purses and little brains.

12. Not being taught Christianity and the beginnings of theology in the mother-tongue.

13. The oft-repeated attempts to introduce and keep alive foreign customs, manners, modes of thought, etc., which tend to make the Catholic religion appear as an exotic, instead of being racy of the soil.

14. Intemperance.

15. Want of activity in Catholic church circles for young men and women.

16. Briefest and best. A summing up of all—the world, the flesh and the devil.

To all our readers the Editor of the Carmelite Review wishes a Happy and holy New Year.

Our readers will, we hope, pardon any delay on our part in acknowledging the receipt of subscriptions. Many things prevent us in being as prompt as we would wish to be. There is some delay in sending out our "Catholic Home Annuals" which we give as premiums, but you will get the same in a reasonable time.

From Rome we just learn with pain that the assassin's blow has been aimed at the person of our esteemed and most respected Prior-General, Father Bernardini. His sufferings were intense and his condition serious for some hours, but now, thanks to Our Lady of Carmel, he is at present out of danger. May our Lord protect and preserve him to us for many a decade in the new century!

MARIA, ROSA MYSTICA!

I.

Beneath a Cross,
A Flower, pierced
By Calv'ry's deep thorn glows;
It mourns the death
Of One it loves—
That bleeding, blood-red Rose.

II.

Sweet from a Cross
Around a Flower,
A Face lights up the way;
A Saviour's smile
Yon Rose transforms—
A Lily of the May.

—J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

Just as this number of the Carmelite Review was going to press our glad festal "Glorias" were suddenly hushed in order to chant a prayerful "Requiescat" on the departure from this world of a venerable Brother of our Order—the Reverend Cyril Knoll—the news of whose demise was flashed from the far West on Christmas Eve. Father Cyril entered religion in the young days of the nineteenth century, and with that dying century he went into eternity to receive the reward of a long life devoted to the glory of God and of the Queen of Carmel. But a couple of years ago he celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination, and now, let us hope, he is crowned amidst the jubilant choir of Mary's children. We regret that time and space forbid a more detailed account of this fervent and model Friar. Only last summer our Fathers, assembled in chapter at Niagara, publicly recorded an expression of esteem and fraternal love towards him, and now it is our sad office to ask of our readers a fervent prayer for the repose of the soul of Cyril Knoll—the Father and Founder of Carmel in America.—R.I.P.

Our friends who travel over the Michigan Central Railroad will be glad to learn that that popular road has now been equipped with an automatic electric signal system which ensures absolute safety in addition to speed and comfort.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We thank the good and zealous Father Slattery, of St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., for the use of the plate which appears as our frontispiece in this issue.

The Catholic Almanac of Ontario for 1901 is a very interesting and useful publication. It contains a complete list of the Canadian clergy and, with copious illustrations, gives the reader some interesting chapters of Canadian church history. Price 25 cents. Address the Publisher, 510 West Queen St., Toronto, Ont.

The excellent and timely translation of the large and small Catechisms of the learned Jesuit, Father Groenings, will be a boon to the catechist. These books are practical, and are so arranged that the dullest child can easily grasp and retain in memory the essentials of Christian doctrine. The Publishers are the Messrs. Benzinger Brothers, New York.

A beautiful holiday book—especially suited as a gift book—is the "Little Lives of the Saints" for children. It contains some splendid full page illustrations. Bound in cloth—price seventy-five cents. Address the publishers, Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay St., New York.

Some splendid new works of fiction can be had from B. Herder, So. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. "Guy's Fortune," by M. B. Eagan, (Price \$1.00) is well worth the reading.

The Sisters of Charity, in Philadelphia, have just published the Life of the late Sister Mary Gonzaga, compiled and written by the well-known authoress, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. To the many friends and benefactors of St. Joseph's Asylum the present volume cannot fail to be deeply interesting, considering the long period of years Sister Gonzaga so ably presided over the time-honored institution, universally known and beloved by all classes for her benevolence, kindness and true charity to the orphan as well as to the sick and poor generally. The survivors of the late Civil War will no doubt also be pleased to possess a memorial of the one who so kindly ministered for a time at Satterlee Hospital. All proceeds arising from the sale of the work are specially intended to aid in defraying the expenses incurred in maintaining a largely increased number of poor children. The Sisters therefore hope for a ready sale of the book, which can be obtained at the Asylum, 700 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price,

\$1.25. It is a beautiful pen-picture of the real Sister of Charity as she exists to-day.

Messrs. Wm. H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay St., New York, have just published "Around the Crib," a Christmas story, handsomely printed and bound, with five half-tone illustrations. Price (post paid) 50 cents. A pathetic interest attaches to this pretty Christmas volume, which consists mainly of translations from the French. These have been made from stories by Father Henri Perreyve, the brilliant young French priest whose early death was a severe blow to the cause of religion in France. The stories have all the spiritual delicacy and fragrance, peculiar to their saintly author. They were rendered into English by Father Bruneau, S. J., and his friend Father Thomas Ryan, a young priest of New York, who was ordained just as death was knocking at the door. He entered into eternal life while the first glory of his priesthood illumined him. Apart from these touching incidents, this book has a literary and spiritual interest, which will charm readers and give a new beauty to the Christmas festival for young and old. The author has woven the stories from his own rich-colored meditations on the memorable days that gave a Saviour to the world. Their simplicity makes them comprehensible to children. Their depth of emotion will touch less susceptible hearts. A year before his death Father Ryan had written a poem of great insight and charm called "A Letter of One of the Magi." It was thought best to include it in this collection. Also in this volume is added a poem on "The Flight Into Egypt," written some years since by a seminarian of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. It adds one flower more to the garland which is entwined "Around the Crib," a holiday gift which your friend will appreciate.

This is Pan-American year. You will not fail to see this great exposition in Buffalo. Your visit will be incomplete if you do not include a visit to the Hospice of Mt. Carmel and other things worth seeing at Niagara Falls. Consult with your ticket agent and see that you travel to the Falls (whether you live East, West, North or South) by the popular "Niagara Falls Route"—the MICHIGAN CENTRAL, a railroad proverbially known to give you swift, safe and comfortable transportation.

PETITIONS.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

Work for husband; conversion of a son; restoration of health; special request.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

Mary A. Maher.

Rev. Fr. Laughlin, of Brooklyn.

Patrick Conroy, Port Hope, Ont.

Hannah Hickey, died Nov. 7th, 1900, at Bornholm, Ont.

Cath. O'Neill, died Dec. 12th, 1900, at Niagara Falls, Can.

Miss Annie Hauley, Katie Maher, Bridget Codey, Mrs. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Maher, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sister M. Josephine O'Neill, died Dec. 1, 1900, at Convent of St. Joseph, Ont., in the 76th year of her age and 42nd of her religious life.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

Scapular names received at Falls View, from: St. Philomena's Church, Rudolph, Wis.; Metaghan, N. S.; St. Mary's Church, Ticonderoga, N. Y.; St. Patrick's Church, St. John, Nfld.; Chepstow, Ont.; St. Finnan's Cathedral, Alexandria, Ont.; St. Patrick's Church, Taberg, N. Y.; St. Ann's Church, North Annisville, N. Y.; Taylorville, Ill.; Dixie, Ont.; Germantown, Pa.; Grimsby, Ont.; Notre Dame, Ind.; Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Convent of Good Shepherd, Buffalo, N. Y.

Names for registration have been received at Carmelite Priory, Pittsburg, Pa., from: Holy Cross Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Immaculate Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Abbey of Gethsemani, Nelson Co., Ky.; Jesuit College, Denver, Colo.; St. Agnes' Church, Bennet, Pa.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny City, Pa.; St. Peter's Church, Rondout, N. Y.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; Paris, O.; Fifield, Wis.; Freehold, N. Y.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



OUR INFANT SAVIOUR AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER.

(AFTER THE PAINTING BY SICHEL.)



The Divine Child and the Passion Flower.

(A Reverie.)

BY ENFANT DE MARIE—ST. CLARE'S.

O DEPTH of lustrous meaning in those eyes
That sadly gaze upon the mystic flower !
Dark shadows swiftly gather round the Child,
Low voices murmur of His Passion hour.

Yes ! shadows from the moon-lit olive trees
Where He will kneel in agony alone,
And see ! the petals of this flower enfold
A spear and nails, as emblems of His own.

The Virgin-Mother's tender, watchful gaze
Is resting on that far-off vision now,
His robe, as in the vintage time seems dyed,
A thorny circlet wreaths that Infant-brow.

Her heart is wounded as with sword of pain,
And yet in peace (like His) so deep and still,
These sweet hearts beat in unison of love
And calm submission to the Father's will.

The joyous Christmas-songs have died away ;
But softly, with a plaintive, touching power,
These echoes linger of a legend old,
Our Saviour gazing on the Passion-flower.

Fair blossom ! thy symbolic imagery
Is traced for us by master-hand divine,
And seems to whisper, with a pleading voice :
Bear impress of His Passion like to mine !

The brightest flowers of this lovely earth
In woodland, lane, or shady garden-bower,
No lesson teach more dear to Jesus' Heart
Of patient suffering—than the Passion-flower.

ST. DOROTHEA, VIRGIN-MARTYR.

Feast February 6th.

NOT in the glowing Summer-time
 When fairest flowers unfold,
 Nor yet when Autumn-beauty tints
 The woodland trees with gold.
 The earth was clothed in wintry garb
 Of pure and snowy white,
 When Dorothea's soul went forth
 To everlasting light.
 A virgin fair, a "Gift of God," *
 Spouse of the Lamb Divine,
 Around her youthful martyr-soul
 The mystic palms entwine.
 How gladly, for the love of Christ,
 She welcomed earthly pain !
 And turned away from fleeting joys,
 Eternal bliss to gain.
 She heard the bitter, taunting words
 Of one a witness there ;
 "O Dorothea ! send sweet fruits
 And fragrant flow'rets fair
 "From that bright garden of your Spouse,
 The land beyond the skies."
 She meekly answered, "I will send
 Choice gifts of Paradise."
 The shadows of the evening-hours
 Were deepening into night,
 Swiftly an Angel-form descends
 In robe of shining light.
 "Behold, O Theophilus, here
 From gardens far away,
 The fruits and flowers sent by her
 Who died for Christ to-day."
 A ray of golden light illumines
 The darkness of his soul,
 And mystic truths of holy faith,
 Before his gaze enroll.
 He gladly chose the narrow path
 That Dorothea trod,
 He, too, will shed his blood for Christ,
 The loving Saviour-God.
 Sweet are the fruits, and fair the flowers,
 That bloom in fields above,
 But, Oh ! the sweetest are for those
 Who suffer for God's love.

—ENFANT DE MARIE (of St. Clare's.)

* "Dorothea"—"Gift of God"

Under The Turk.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LATE MASSACRES BY THE TURKS IN MACEDONIA, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SIMILAR BARBARITIES IN BULGARIA.—RETROSPECT OF THE VICISSITUDES OF CATHOLICITY IN THE LATTER COUNTRY.—MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ITS PEOPLE, ETC.

OUR readers will need no introduction to the writer of the following article, namely, the Very Rev. A. M. Blakely, C. P., having become acquainted with him through his contribution to our magazine, entitled "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," etc.—Father Blakely, who represents the American province of his Order in the Bulgarian mission field, gives a striking portrayal of the history and mode of life of the people for whose welfare he and his brethren are laboring, and touches incidentally on cognate topics. Here is what he says :

Recent dispatches from the Orient have appeared in the public press of this country relative to the acts of fiendish barbarity committed by the Turks against the Christians of Macedonia within the last few weeks. On December 20, the "Pittsburg Daily News" published the following report :

"VIENNA, Dec. 20.—Further details of the massacre of the Christians in Macedonia by Mussulmans are received from Salonica. Horrible outrages have been committed. In the village of Bituch, in Northern Albania, a horde of Mohammedans crucified every male Christian in the place, fixing them to trees with stakes driven through the hands and feet. Many of the women were outraged, and all were carried off to the Mohammedan harems. Children were chopped up before their parents' eyes.

"At Gruma, south of Bituch, women were violated in front of their husbands and fathers ; the men were terribly mutilated, having their ears, fingers, toes and limbs cut off. Many Christians were drowned.

"At Ribaritz the entire population was massacred, after the victims' flesh had been sliced off. At Banishka a bonfire was made of 20 Christians. At Genevitza a priest of the Melumkovics was tied in a sack and thrown into the river.

"The ringleader of the Mohammedans is the fanatic Haiduk Islam, who boasts, of having slaughtered 200 'infidels' with his own hands.

"The Servian consul at Mitrovitza estimates the number of Christians killed at 470 men, 110 women and 430 children. He places the number of Christian women outraged at 385. The Turkish authorities are indifferent to the outrages, though they were committed in the sultan's domain."

Our blood runs cold on perusing these horrible details, and we ask ourselves how it is that Christian (?) Europe and enlightened America can look on unmoved, while an innocent people, whose only 'crime' is their attempts to free themselves from the most brutal despotism known—that of the Moslem—is being subjected to every species of maltreatment by these demons in human form, and that, too, with all the refinements of cruelty with

which the followers of the "False Prophet" are, alas, but too familiar. "The Pittsburg Post" of December 19 gave a lengthy dispatch from London, from which I make the following extracts, the purport whereof will soon manifest itself:

"LONDON, Dec. 18.—Osman Pasha, son of the late Ameer of Kurdistan, has come to London to enlist the friendly offices of Lord Salisbury in an uprising of the Kurds he intends leading against Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. The neutrality of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain, it is stated, has been assured.

"Osman declares that an army of 100,000 Kurds and Armenians is ready to take the field under his banner and wage a fight for independence. He expects Russia to side with Turkey. St. Petersburg will therefore be omitted from his missionary tour of the European capitals, which has begun with his present visit to England.

"Speaking to your correspondent to-night Osman, who is a statuesque, soldiery man of 48 years, talked of his people's grievances and aspirations. He said: 'Abdul Hamid has hopelessly demoralized the Kurd nation. At his instigation we have become a race of murderers. Under the penalty of our own lives we have been incited to butcher and massacre the Armenians, with whom formerly we enjoyed the closest bonds of affection and friendship. When the last slaughter at Constantinople was ordered, my father, as chief of the Kurd troops, personally saved the lives of thousands of Armenians by hiding them away from the sultan's fury.

"We fear the sultan's inhuman excesses must inevitably bring him into conflict with some of the great nations of the world. We have determined to

strike for our freedom before such a crisis overtakes the empire. We shall have the support of Persia, and if the Czar keeps his hands off we shall achieve certain victory.

* * * * *

"Osman asserts that Abdul Hamid has instructed his ambassador in London to approach the British war office for the purpose of inducing it to reject the Kurds' overtures."

Will England listen favorably to the emissary of him whom Gladstone fittingly called "The Red-handed Monster of the East"?

I was in Constantinople but a few weeks prior to the frightful slaughter of the unfortunate Armenians referred to by Osman Pasha, and saw daily upon its streets bands of ferocious Kurds, their sashes bristling with daggers and pistols, and their eyes glaring in anticipation of the approaching carnage as those of a wild beast which has just scented blood. I heard later that 50,000 of these inhuman butchers had been called to the imperial city by the sultan, for the purpose of exterminating its Armenian inhabitants root and branch. No less than 4,000 of these unhappy people succeeded in escaping to Bulgaria and were quartered in the cities of Varna and Rustchuk, within the limits of the diocese of Nicopolis. The blood-curdling tales they told of what they had seen and endured, of the frightful indignities, torture and death inflicted on those nearest and dearest to them, would melt a heart of stone.

Is there no remedy for such a state of things? Will Christian Europe and civilized America still persist in turning a deaf ear to the plaintive cries of this sadly persecuted people? Must they

all perish ; and shall the brutal, immoral and grossly ignorant Turk enter into possession of the country which has been theirs by centuries of prescription ? Alas, with the decline of faith in once Catholic Europe, the Church's influence on the governments there is woefully diminished, so that all hope of freeing the Holy Land from the grasp of the infidel, or of putting an end to the abominable rule of the Turk, seems lost. Still, that which appears to be impossible humanly speaking, is not so with the "God of Armies," and while a renewal of the Crusades (in many respects undesirable) is not to be thought of in our day, a crusade of prayer the world over might move the Most High to intervene in behalf of His suffering children in the Orient.

In this connection, I consider it not inopportune to subjoin some facts concerning a people whose history appeals to the sympathies of the civilized world, namely the Bulgarians ; and I will do so in the form of an address which I delivered not long ago in the city of Erie, Pa., to the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, and which was afterwards published in the "Catholic Universe" of Cleveland :

ADDRESS.

"At the instance of your worthy president, kind friends and members of the 'Third Order,' I have chosen as the subject of my remarks to you on the present occasion a theme which is very near my heart, namely, the country of Bulgaria, in which, for a number of years, I have labored as a missionary, and to which I expect to return after having successfully accomplished the work that brought me back to my native shores. This, as you have learned from my appeal of last Sunday,

is the gathering of funds for the erection of a seminary in the diocese of Nicopolis, with the object of preparing Bulgarian youths for the sublime duties of the priesthood.

"In order that you may understand what special interest I, as a Passionist, have in a land so distant from that in which I was born and raised, I will premise here that our holy founder, Paul of the Cross, one of the greatest saints of modern times, laid it down in the Rules which he gave us, and which have been solemnly approved by the Church, that we must be ready, when called upon by the Supreme Pontiff, to undertake missions in infidel or pagan regions.

"It was in accordance with this point of that Rule that, on the demand of Pope Pius VI., our Fathers entered upon the barren and uninviting field of the northern portion of Bulgaria at a period when that entire country was still a Turkish province. This was about 120 years ago, namely in 1787. Up to that date the unfortunate country of Bulgaria had been under the barbarous and autocratic rule of the sultan for nearly four centuries, and was destined to remain the helpless victim of the greed, rapacity and blood-thirstiness of the followers of Mohammed until the Russo-Turkish war of 1878—scarcely a quarter of a century ago.

"In all, the enslavement of this unhappy people lasted 500 years ; and their history during that term is one of suffering and of horror hardly excelled by that of the wretched Armenians, of whom, within a few years past, not less than 300,000 have been cruelly butchered by the godless Turk, whilst countless others, regardless of age or sex, were made slaves or given over to a fate worse than death.

"Our people were decimated time and again either by wholesale slaughter or banishment; and those who were allowed to live, because of the momentary inaction of their implacable enemy, could barely subsist, being frequently robbed of their meagre belongings, except of such as they were able to conceal in some out-of-the-way spot on the approach of the despoiler. It was a common occurrence, for instance, for a band of marauding Turks to enter the miserable hovels of their victims, and, after having appropriated whatever struck their fancy, compel the trembling peasants to prepare a meal for them. Then, after having gorged themselves, they would say to their unwilling hosts: 'You have made our teeth work; you must now pay us for their labor.' And if from the scant savings, which thankless toil had perhaps enabled them to lay by, a goodly portion were not instantly forthcoming, torture of various kinds was resorted to until, forced by pain and fear of death, the demand of the brutal guests was complied with.

"You can imagine, my dear friends, what the effect of half a thousand years of such treatment must have been, and must be even to this day. Indeed, it has been remarked by travelers in Bulgaria, who have gone thither to study the nature of the soil, the customs of the people and the like, that the inhabitants seem to be under a spell—dazed, as it were, shrinking from contact with strangers, shy, timid and suspicious—as is the case with all those who have been trodden down and kept in servitude for a long period of time. All ambition or desire for betterment is apparently extinct. The mass of the people are seemingly in a profound lethargy, indifferent to what goes on around them, and

scarcely conscious of the fact that they have been wrested at last from the galling yoke of the infidel and restored to freedom. Would you believe it—and it is a feature that has often impressed me painfully—even children at play are strangely silent, not emitting so much as a cry of pleasure or interest during their simple games.

"What does this betoken, if not that the constant sense of fear which was born and bred in their terrorized progenitors, and which led the latter to seclude themselves in every possible way from their ruthless tormenters, has not yet been eradicated from the present generation, in spite of the fact that twenty-two years have elapsed since the chains of serfdom were stricken from their wrists? This innate fear, together with its cognate accompaniments, namely, suspicion and distrust, leads the Bulgarian to be wary of foreigners. It is with nations, in this case, as it is with individuals.

"When in their infancy, they hold back from those that are strange to them; and, because they do not know them, they imagine that some selfish motive underlies their offers of assistance and their professions of friendship. This state of things must necessarily retard the advancement of a young people, seeing that, being themselves unfamiliar with the useful arts, and unable therefore to develop the resources of their country, set on foot industries and the like, they cannot rise beyond the plane of mediocrity, if indeed they attain to that pitch itself. This is the case in Bulgaria, and more particularly, I may say, in the northern part of it to-day. The absence of outside influence, the lack of foreign capital, and the disinclination of a great majority of the

population to leave the groove in which their ancestors moved for centuries, have sensibly checked the progress which, under favorable circumstances, this young and vigorous people would have made. And this is all the more to be wondered at, when we consider the great natural advantages which the country possesses. It has as waterways, by means of which it could open up and maintain commercial relations with Europe and Asia, the lordly Danube and the Black Sea. Its soil is, for the most part, rich and fertile, and therefore capable of producing frequent and abundant crops. Wheat, corn and other cereals can be raised with ease. Immense fields of roses in the southern districts are converted into delicious perfumes, while the climate is very favorable to grape culture; and where wine is made, it is found to be of excellent quality.

"If with all these and other advantages, which time does not permit me to speak of this evening, foreign capital could but get a foothold, and if people from other countries were encouraged to settle in the principality, it is evident that Bulgaria would soon be among the most thriving places of its size in the world. Its area is 24,360 square miles, and its population is about 2,500,000.

"The length of this address would be entirely too great were I to cast more than a hasty glance at the past of Bulgaria; its occupation, for instance, by the Moesians, its first known inhabitants—a warlike people who strove long and hard against the encroachments of the Romans, and who finally united with the Gothic and Slavonic tribes against the Greek empire; the advent in the seventh century of its present race, a people of

Finnish origin, who were originally established on the banks of the Volga, but who conquered the Moesians and established the kingdom of Bulgaria; the loss by this latter of their language and customs, and, in the end, even of their racial identity, by reason of their gradual assimilation with the Slavonic inhabitants of the land.

"Suffice it to say here, that after having become the prey of the Greek emperors, and having been under their sway for a time, Bulgaria fell into the hands of the followers of the false prophet in 1393—that is, some 56 years before the fall of Constantinople.

"Would that the time at my disposal permitted me to describe at some length this deplorable event; how, in the neighborhood of the very city of Nicopolis, from which the diocese of that title takes its name, the brave King Sigismund, at the head of his troops, composed of Germans, Hungarians and the flower of the French nobility, was routed by the Saracen hordes; how the sultan Bajasid, infuriated by the losses inflicted on his army by the brave defenders of the cross, caused 3,000 of the prisoners he had taken to be cut to pieces in front of his tent, or how he exacted the enormous ransom of 200,000 gold ducats from their king, Charles VI., for the redemption of the French knights who had fallen into his blood-stained hands. But as it would be impossible to do justice to this sad theme within the limits of this brief address, I will only add that the rage of the brutal conqueror knew no bounds, and that from this moment until the partial deliverance of the country from the Ottoman yoke in 1878 (for Bulgaria is still tributary to Turkey, and its ruler, though chosen by the people, must be confirmed by the Sublime Porte with

the assent of the powers), the lot of the Bulgarians has been one which beggars description.

"The story of its woes has been best told by J. A. MacGahan, an Irish-American and a devoted Catholic, who was born in New Lexington, Ohio, and who, in quality of war correspondent of the London 'Times,' traversed the country both before and during the Russo-Turkish campaign, and by his masterly exposé of the atrocities perpetrated by the Mussulmans during the centuries of oppression, so stirred the civilized world and excited its sympathies, that Bulgaria was granted its autonomy, with the restriction mentioned a moment ago. The memory of MacGahan will be held in everlasting veneration by the Bulgarians. It has been said that they thought of choosing him for their ruler. But death defeated their aspirations in this respect, for he yielded up his life in the city of Constantinople in the year 1878, a victim of heroic Christian charity, having succumbed to typhus while nursing an American officer who had been stricken down with that dread disease.

(The remains of Jan. MacGahan, as he was familiarly known, were brought to this country pursuant to an act of the Legislature of Ohio, and were interred in the Catholic cemetery of New Lexington, O., with military honors, in presence of many leading men of that State. The then chief executive, Governor Hoadly, delivered the address at the grave.)

To this day, in the schismatic cathedral of Ternovo—a city once the abode of the ancient Bulgarian kings—a requiem service is held on the anniversary of the death of this noble Irish-American, and he is fondly styled by his grateful wards, 'The Bulgarian Liberator.'

"We will now turn our attention to the religious status of Bulgaria. Originally, that is to say prior to the ninth century, its people were pagans, and they first became acquainted with Christianity through the instrumentality of Greek captives, whom they had taken in war. Bogoris, or Boris, their sovereign, was baptized in the Catholic faith, but committed the great error of endeavoring to compel his subjects by main force to follow his example. This ill-advised step caused a revolution to break out against him, which he ultimately succeeded in repressing. For a time after this event, priests of the Greek rite exercised the ministry in the kingdom, but as they were tainted with the schism of Photius, the unlawful patriarch of Constantinople, Bogoris had recourse to Pope Nicholas I. and to King Louis of Germany, with the latter of whom he had established friendly relations, requesting both to furnish the nascent church of his realm with bishops and priests. The Holy Father answered the appeal of Bogoris by sending the Bishops Paul and Formosus; and the German monarch in like manner dispatched Bishop Ermenrich, together with a number of priests and deacons, who bore with them rich presents, namely, sacred vessels, liturgical works and a considerable amount of treasure. These envoys of King Louis did not remain long in their new sphere, however, because on their arrival they found those of Pope Nicholas in possession and the hierarchy already organized.

"Again, subsequent to the death of Pope Nicholas, which occurred soon after the appeal of King Bogoris to Rome, his successor in the pontificate, Hadrian II., raised to the episcopal dignity the brothers germain Cyril and Methodius, who had already, in quality

of priests, labored among the Slavonic tribes, that of the Bulgarians included, and destined them to prosecute their hitherto fruitful efforts in those regions. The first of these is justly regarded as the founder of the Slavonic literature ; and the Russian and Bulgarian alphabets are called after him to this day, to-wit, 'Cyrillian.' He also translated the Bible, divers writings of the Fathers and other useful works into the Slav tongue. These zealous missionaries had the advantage over their brethren of the Latin rite, in that, by consent of the Holy See, they performed the offices of the liturgy in the language of the people. Cyril died not long after his consecration, but his brother, Methodius, survived, and labored with great success among the Bulgarians. Both are inscribed as saints in the Latin and Greek calendars.

"It was, then, through the action of the head of the Catholic church and at the urgent request of the King of Bulgaria, that priests of the Latin rite came into that territory ; and it is said that, during their stay there, which, owing to the bitter opposition of the Greek clergy, was not of more than three years' duration, they completed the conversion of the country. The schismatic metropolitan, Photius, alarmed at the progress the missionaries of Popes Nicholas and Hadrian had made, claimed the Church in Bulgaria as rightfully belonging to his patriarchate, in which false assumption he was held by the imperial power. The protests of the Holy See against this unwarrantable usurpation were unavailing, and in the year 870 the few ecclesiastics of the Roman rite who had until then braved the intrigues of the Greek church against them, were ignominiously expelled, and schismatic bishops took possession. Thus, what

had so lately promised to be a flourishing branch in the vine planted by our Saviour, namely, the one true Church, was cut off from the parent stock ; and ecclesiastical history proves that His divine utterance has been fulfilled in this instance to the letter, viz. 'Unless the branch abide in the vine it cannot bring forth fruit.'

"The condition of affairs as just related lasted until the tenth century, when the Bulgarian hierarchy separated itself from the jurisdiction of the Greek patriarchate of Constantinople, still remaining in the schism, however. Though, even as late as the twelfth century, the correspondence which took place between King 'Kalo-John' and Basil, the archbishop of Ternovo, on the one hand, and Pope Innocent III. on the other, bore unmistakable witness to the union that once existed between their country and the Holy See, and, for a time, gave hope of a re-establishment of the harmony which long ago characterized their relations.

"Oh, that Bulgaria would but remember, now that church and state have achieved their independence—the one of Grecian ecclesiastical domination, and the other of Mussulman tyranny—that it was she herself who in the beginning of her existence as a nation sought, of her own accord, the light of the gospel at its true source—the See of Peter ;—and that it was Catholic Rome, in the person of the Supreme Pontiff, which was the first power to recognize her primates and kings !

"The time is certainly ripe for serious reflection on her part in this direction,—a remark which leads me into a brief explanation regarding her position in point of religious supremacy since her conquest by the Turks. In the tenth century (as I stated further back) she succeeded in freeing herself from

the rule of the Greek patriarch. But no sooner had she fallen under the Ottoman power (1393), than this prelate reasserted his jurisdiction, and the Sultan, on whom he depends for confirmation in office when elected, sustained him in this pretention.

"This supremacy of the patriarch of Constantinople over the Bulgarian church continued until the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78, when, owing to the hatred of the Bulgarians toward the Greek bishops and priests—who had tyrannized over them in the most shameless manner, extorting money from them under every possible pretext, even to the extent of refusing to administer the Sacraments to the dying unless 'paid in advance'—the people revolted against these odious hirelings, and put in their places bishops and priests of their own nationality. A little later the ancient Slav tongue was substituted in the liturgy for the Greek, which up to that time had been the language of the Mass, etc. These two acts brought down upon the Bulgarian hierarchy the thunders of the patriarch, who fulminated against it a sentence of excommunication. Hence, the Bulgarian church stands alone—being cut off from that of Constantinople and not united with that of Russia. It were, consequently, a favorable moment, methinks, for union with that Church whose head has always shown the deepest interest in it and whose powerful protection would strengthen it against the intrigues of the great Cossack empire, which is only biding its time to enslave it and to absorb it.

"But it would be a mistake to imagine that during the period which elapsed from the expulsion of the Roman clergy under Photius, (that is, from the year 870 until the present

century), there were no priests or bishops of the Latin rite in Bulgaria. The numerous commercial treaties, which had been established during the Middle Ages between the Republic of Venice and the Byzantine empire (and which were not interrupted by the triumph of Islamism in the Orient) dotted the coast of the Black Sea and the banks of the Danube with trading stations, which were accompanied in almost every instance by the erection of Catholic churches. Even in the interior of Bulgaria, which was traversed by the tireless Venetians, divers colonies of our brethren in the faith were to be found. And in this connection I must notice a fact of special interest and significance. You know, of course, of the heresy of the Manicheans, called also Bogomilians from the two Bulgarian words *Bog*, God, and *milos*, mercy. Its adherents, who about the commencement of the thirteenth century were found in northern Italy under the name of Patarians, and in the south of France under that of Albigenses, or 'Bons-hommes,' were first called Paulicians. When in the early part of the twelfth century the Byzantine emperor, Alexius Comnenus, discovered the existence of this sect in his dominions, where it took its rise, he issued a decree of banishment against those who professed it, and transported vast numbers of them to Thrace, in the neighborhood of the present city of Philippopolis, where they were found later on by the Crusaders, and whence they spread over the entire Balkan peninsula, extending from here throughout portions of Italy and France. Now, what seemed a misfortune for Bulgaria in the advent of these heretics, resulted eventually quite otherwise; for they were nearly all converted to the true faith—in the

Latin rite,—and have, for the most part, remained unswerving in their allegiance to its teachings, in spite of the unrelenting opposition of the so-called 'Orthodox Christians' and of the cruel persecution of the Turks.

"In the year 1365 King Louis of Hungary, surnamed the Great, in order to repress the onward march of Islamism, which once more threatened Europe with invasion, took forcible possession of the city of Widdin, on the Danube, and of the surrounding territory, all of which is within the boundaries of the diocese of Nicopolis. Here he found great numbers of the Paulician heretics; and sending for missionaries of the Franciscan Order, which was established in Bosnia, had these benighted people instructed in the mysteries of our holy faith. Eight Fathers, as we learn from the annals of that Order, baptized no less than two hundred thousand persons in the space of fifty days.

"Now, the 'significant and interesting fact' to which I referred a little while ago, is that of the descendants of these very 'Paulicians'—call them Manicheans if you will—constitute the Catholic population of the Latin rite in Bulgaria to-day. Few in number, as compared with former times, because butchered or banished by the heartless Moslem, who for five centuries waged a ceaseless war of extermination against them, they number only some 30,000 in all Bulgaria at this day, of whom a little less than half belong to the diocese of Nicopolis.

"What they have endured for the faith has merited for them the protection of heaven amid all the terrible vicissitudes through which they have passed, and they have never been without the consolations of the religion they loved so well, though the

enjoyment of these was fraught with dangers of every kind and accompanied by persecution even unto death.

"Have we not here a picture which should appeal to the sympathy of all true Christians, and which reminds us vividly of the sufferings undergone by Catholic Ireland during the ages of oppression? Like the glorious children of Erin's great apostle, St. Patrick, these poor, hunted, down-trodden and martyred Bulgarians, too, have remained steadfast to the bitter end in the faith which is common to both.

"I have incidentally referred to the banishment or enforced exile of numbers of these poor people while Bulgaria was still under Turkish rule. As an instance of this I will say here, that whilst at one time there were fourteen flourishing Catholic settlements around the city of Nicopolis, which was formerly the episcopal see of the bishop of the Latin rite, there are now only four; for in the year 1726, 4,000 families were compelled to flee from their native soil to the hospitable shores of Hungary, where the Empress Maria Teresa welcomed them with truly royal magnanimity, giving them lands and assisting them in every way. There these exiles founded fifteen villages and the beautiful little city of Vinga; and, needless to say, favored as they were by the noble lady who had extended to them a helping hand in the hour of trial and adversity, they showed their gratitude—first to God, by increased fidelity in His service, and then to their royal patroness and her successors on the Austro-Hungarian throne—by becoming worthy members of society and staunch defenders of their adopted country. Churches and schools arose on all sides of them; they speedily took on the civilized habits of their new-found neighbors,

and finally became merged, as it were, into the people to whom they had fled for protection. Still, the love of fatherland was far from extinguished in their bosoms. This, too, was cultivated and nourished for nations, being handed down from father to son. And, consequently, when Bulgaria was granted its autonomy by the treaty of Berlin, soon after the Russo-Turkish war, many of their descendants sought its shores—liberal grants of land by the new regime, as also exemption from taxation and military duty for the space of seven years, being an additional inducement for their return.

“Need I explain to you, dear friends, how the constant influx of these people—all Catholics—is taxing the resources of our diocese to the utmost? You can readily understand that during five centuries of persecution and oppression, when neither priests nor the faithful were sure of their lives from one day to another, the erection of churches and schools, the establishment of a native clergy, or the providing of that most necessary feature of every diocese, a seminary, was utterly impossible. And now that we have freedom; now that under the guarantee of the constitution of Bulgaria we stand on an equal footing, at least theoretically, with the ‘Orthodox’ communion, which is the national religion of the country, the means are wanting for the effectuation of these indispensable improvements. Our Catholics are poor, being—with the insignificant exception of the small foreign element to be found in the cities, and consisting mainly of Austrians, French and Italians—of the laboring class, whose sole source of revenue is the product of their fields.

“These are the descendants of the ‘Paulicians,’ of whom I spoke a few moments ago, and they are divided into

two categories. The first are those who remained in the country in spite of the cruel treatment of their Turkish oppressors, and the second are the returned exiles whose ancestors fled to Hungary. The former inhabit what is known as the ‘Old Villages,’ their dwellings being wretched huts whose walls are composed of tramped clay, and which are thatched with straw. Their life is primitive in the extreme, for they have not even its simplest conveniences. They sleep on mats laid on the bare ground, eat out of a common dish placed upon the floor, on which they sit in Turkish fashion while at meals, and, indeed, whenever they sit; for chairs, as well as tables, are unknown among them. Each man has his knife, which must also do duty as a fork, inasmuch as the latter implement has not yet found its way into their humble homes. Meat they rarely have, their food consisting of ordinary vegetables, all boiled together and forming a species of pottage. Their dress is modest and of the commonest texture. One striking feature of the Catholic villages is that all the women are habited precisely alike,—not a ribbon, feather, flower or article of jewelry is to be seen on them. Hence vanity, which is supposed to be a natural weakness of the gentler sex, is out of the question. The men, too, have their peculiar costumes, so that on seeing them one can tell at a glance from what village they come.

“The villages of the second category present quite a different appearance from those of the first. The houses are more roomy and solid, the roof being of tiles. The external walls are constantly kept whitewashed, giving an air of cleanliness and thrift, while the interior of the dwelling is inviting because of the neatness and tidiness

which prevail throughout. Substantial beds and bedding, a full array of culinary utensils and plain but comfortable furniture complete the inventory. It is among this class particularly that we expect to find candidates for the priesthood. And, indeed, at the present time we have several youths, drawn from this source, pursuing their ecclesiastical course in the monasteries of our Franco-Belgian province.

The expense of sending candidates for the priesthood to such a distance from Bulgaria, however, as also the fact that during the long course of study necessary to fit them for the ministry, they are apt to forget to a serious degree their native tongue, has determined our bishop to undertake at all odds the erection of a modest seminary in the episcopal city of Rustchuk.

But, kind friends, I feel that I have trespassed on your kind attention too long.

"May the hardships undergone for the last 120 years by our bishops and priests, the sufferings and sacrifices which our poor people have endured

for the faith during the ages past, as also the extreme need of laborers in this portion of our Lord's vineyard—all which I have endeavored to describe to you in this address—prompt those whom God has blessed with the goods of this world to contribute out of their abundance towards the cause I am advocating. The Holy Father himself has blessed it, the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda has given it his full approval, and the right reverend Bishop of the diocese of Nicopolis, whose Vicar-General I have the honor to be, has commissioned me, with the sanction of the most reverend Father General of our Order, to labor for its promotion by seeking funds among the charitably disposed. All who assist me herein will share in the numerous Masses and prayers offered by the clergy of the diocese and by our humble 'villagers' as well, and may be sure, moreover, of a rich reward from Him who has said: 'Amen, I say, whatever ye shall do unto one of these, my least brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'"

God Bless Our Pope.*

Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning
dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the
ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only
sound—

CHORUS.

God bless our Pope, the great, the
good!
God bless our Pope, the great, the
good!

The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble till it fills
With echoes sweet the Seven Hills.
From torrid South to frozen North
The wave harmonious stretches forth,

Yet strikes no chord more true to
Rome's
Than rings within our hearts and
homes.

For, like the sparks of unseen fire
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to
heart,

These words of countless children
dart.

To homes and hearts of Saints above,
Which link'd with ours in thought
and love,

Repeating, bless the pilgrim's strain,
As showers enrich with borrow'd
rain.

* [An Irish Pilgrims Hymn, written in honor of our great Pope Leo XIII.—the "Lumen in Cœlo" of the nineteenth and twentieth century]

Reminiscences of Mt. Carmel.

[Editorial correspondence by Rev. Dr. A. Heiter in the "Aurora and Christliche Woche" of Buffalo.]

Translated from the German by Miss S. X. Blakely, of St. Marys, Pa.

(Concluded from January Number.)

NUMEROUS indeed were the caravans, and many the travellers who followed in our traces. There was also an immense landau full of pilgrims who landed at Kaipha, and from there went directly to Nazareth. Our readers will probably be interested in knowing that this vehicle was manufactured in East Aurora N. Y., by a German-American who is engaged in the business, and that to quite a successful extent.

We had scarcely gone a mile's distance along the street when the sea's vast expanse was unfolded to our enraptured view. Apparently so near was it to us that there seemed no doubt whatever of our reaching the harbor of Kaipha by ten o'clock. Eleven came, and still we were not there, nor for some time later. Kaipha lies at the foot of the promontory, south of the Bay of Akka, where Kiso gives its waters to the fathomless depths of the sea. There is quite a pretentious flow of water at this place. It was formerly called Helba—the Arabians now call it Haifa. In the middle ages it was an Episcopal See, and also quite a commercial mart, but it gradually lost its prestige, and only regained some of its importance in our own day, through the colony of the Templars.

Jaffa has its "Schwabens," so too in Kaiffa, they are established, and it can be proven that the Holy Land is, at this point, highly susceptible of cultivation.

Diligent and capable hands have wrought wonders with Carmel, and have developed Kaipha into a place of importance both for land and sea. Indeed we could not hesitate to call it a place of the very first rank. The German Emperor landed here when he made his pilgrimage, in anticipation of which, great preparations were of course made by the German Colony for a fitting reception to their Ruler. Now the pilgrim reaps the benefit of their loyalty. Since that time the harbor and the streets have been kept in good condition, but owing to the opposition of the Turks, the railroad to Nazareth has not been completed. The old part of the city bears the stamp of the East, but displays more cleanliness than is often evinced in the "dim, mysterious Orient." The more modern portion resembles an American city. Here the Templars, both American and German, have set up their Lares and Penates. Those who would enjoy the sight of beauteous gardens should tarry here awhile. We repaired to the dwelling of a former resident of Buffalo, now highly prosperous under the protecting ægis of the manufacture of *olive soap*. We thus had the opportunity of seeing the floral display, a wilderness of lovely flowers, a temple of which Flora would be proud, but which we would most joyfully deprive her of, to offer as a tribute to Our Lady of Carmel.

All the territory from here to the

foot of Mount Carmel and to the sea belongs to the German Colony, and is most advantageously situated. Even to the rear of the mountain the Swabians have penetrated, and have luxuriant vineyards and tastefully laid out gardens. Unhappily they came into collision with the monks, the point at issue being the right of possession, which entailed a long and tedious process before the Turkish authorities who, as is well known, are extremely slow, and averse to rendering a decision; of course the delay is more profitable to themselves.

Mohamedans, Jews and Christians are all represented among the population. The Catholics have a very pretty church which is attended by the Carmelite Fathers. The Sisters of Nazareth conduct a school for girls. The German "Palestina Verein" some time ago opened a Hospice at this place, with the Sisters of Mercy in attendance, a fortunate circumstance for the pilgrims, fearing the dangerous landing at Jaffa prefer to try the safer one to Kaipha. It was high noon when we reached the foot of Mount Carmel whence the way led up to the convent. Formerly the ascent was rather difficult, but the new path winds up the lofty height in a delightfully easy style. The monastery lies 150 metres above the level of the sea at the very edge of the promontory which rises abruptly out of the sea and presents a most magnificent sight. The highest point of Mount Carmel is 600 metres, its length about 18 miles, its breadth not quite six. The rapid pace of our steeds took us to the top rather more speedily than we might have wished, for the beauty of the scenery unfolds itself more and more vividly with every upward step. Only for the knowledge of what awaited us at the

plateau we would, despite the great heat, have lingered to take in the glories of the enchanting scene.

Mount Carmel is not destitute of foliage as are the other mountains of Palestine; neither is it rich in the forest trees which, luxuriant in their garb of green, adorn our woodlands and mountains in America, and enrich also the mountainous districts of Germany. *Such* foliage is not in the Orient. The springs are not as fresh and radiant as ours, and consequently that healthful and delightful freshness of verdure characteristic of the temperate zones is wanting here. An inhabitant of the western regions will, therefore, be slow to comprehend the description of the Oriental who, accustomed to his scanty foliage, goes into raptures over a green shrub, and designates each thorn-bush as a mighty tree.

Such a bush you must picture to yourself when mention is made of the "forest clad Carmel." This mountain it is true is more favored. Intersected as it is by clefts and fissures, the numerous springs which gush forth therefrom refresh the valleys to such an extent that when Spring—glad Spring—smiles over the land—everything presents a charming vista. The tender green of the shrubbery, the buds bursting forth to beauty and bloom, and the universal joy which pervades the heart is a something to be forever remembered.

Upon our arrival we found our tents already put up in the spacious court of the monastery, immediately in front of the light-house, formerly the villa of Abdallah Pasha. They would not have been needed here, as there was ample room at the Hospice, but we could not dispense with them, because we required them for our journey as far as Damascus.

The monastery of the Carmelites in its present form dates from the year 1828. It is a stately edifice, a regular fortress, and the finest convent in the Holy Land. Sad experience led the monks to erect buildings of such strength that from within their massive walls they could easily protect themselves against the attacks of the Mussulmans who more than once had stormed their monastery and deprived the inmates of life. When in the year 1799 Bonaparte laid siege to Acre, the monastery served the French soldiers as a hospital, and its cemetery as the burial place of the fallen soldiers. After the French left, the Turks made an assault destroying the building to the very last stone. Not a vestige of the foundation even was left. The rooms for guests are beautiful, also the spacious and well lighted halls. The pilgrim feels "at home" from the moment of his arrival. The cells for the monks are on the second story, so, too, are the library, the chapter room and the chapel. According to the prevailing custom in the East the roof is flat, and affords fine and extensive views. The Prior, a native of Malta, speaks English with sufficient fluency to carry on a conversation. Father Fingal is a Bavarian, but during our stay was not well, and was scarcely able to speak. Neither was the Prior in good health. I was surprised that the comparatively small community consisted for the greater part of invalids, so that it must be difficult to do the requisite work.

They suffer greatly from fevers despite the altitude and the proximity of the ocean. Probably this lamentable fact is due to the thickness of the stone walls, the masonry in the cellars, and the elaborate stone foundations. Beneath the building proper is a cistern,

which, throughout the entire year, is full of water. Then there are the massive walls and cellars around and beneath the cells; certainly they cannot escape being damp. Even the roof is of a structure through which no ray of sunshine can penetrate to vivify the house.

He whose life is to be spent within those walls can scarcely hope to escape the fever's blighting breath. The church is in the monastery buildings, enclosed and not visible from the outside. It is dedicated to our dear Lady of Mount Carmel, and is erected over the spot where in ages past away the altar, and later on the church, in honor of the Virgin Mother, (*Virgini Parituræ*) was discovered.

The pilgrim enters this holy sanctuary with feelings of the most profound veneration, the most ardent love. O! what a venerable, what a sublime temple to the ever-Blessed Virgin is open here for her devoted clients! The most ancient foundation of the Carmelite Order, to which was given the holy Scapular, a devotion honored and loved all over the world! Two stairways of ten steps each lead to the main altar, which is adorned with a lovely devotional statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child. Beneath the high altar is the grotto of St. Elias, where he, with Eliseus, dwelt. This is a natural cave, and has not materially changed since those ancient days. It is held in great veneration by both Christians and Mohamedans.

The altar is the only addition. Upon each side of the rotunda is a chapel, one dedicated to St. John, the other to St. Simon Stock. Everything is in the best order, beautifully kept, and the very air is full of devotion. Although comparatively modern, these spacious halls have grasped and retained the spirit of the dim and vanished past, centuries ago, and the fervent pilgrim feels himself united with the millions who, since the days of St. Elias, have honored and invoked Mary, the Immaculate, Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and its Queen.

A Labor of Love.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

“ I AM so glad Lent is here at last ! ” cried Mrs. Asquith, with a sigh of relief. Her pretty face wore a look of weariness, her dark eyes were evidently tired, and it was with a delicious sense of repose that she sank into a low willow rocker, bright with tufts of orange ribbon, before the open fire. The ruddy blaze sent out warm reflections, touching the hangings and bric-a-brac into richer tones of color and flashing out into flame again in the mirror opposite.

“ So am I, mother ! ” And Helen echoed her mother’s sigh. “ It will be beautiful to rest and have time to think. ‘ The whirl of the wheel,’ as Miss Dormer calls it, the presence of society with its duties—real and fancied—and its endless gaieties, is really something tremendous. I do think this season the worst I ever knew ! I meant to do some charitable work, but I really could not ! And my music-practice has suffered fearfully. I have hardly found time for my prayers.”

“ We will find time, now, my dear ! And we will read some of Fr. Faber’s books—the one on Bethlehem and the one that treats of the Precious Blood. The ‘ Imitation,’ too,—we may well study that, and pray for grace to learn its lessons.”

“ Perhaps grace will bud and bloom in our hearts when Easter arrives, just as the trees will. These few warm February days, which pierce the sharpness of winter with bright prophesies of Spring, start the willow-buds and the sap in the maples. Then, at the first warm rain, the buds begin to

swell. Winter turns over, in its dreaming, and half wakes, when the first thaw comes ! I love to watch the silent changes of the tree-buds ! It all resembles a spiritual process. It is like the soft, imperceptible unfolding of the soul’s life ! ”

“ Growth in grace follows the conditions of growth everywhere. It requires warmth of sun-power from on high and the beautiful waters of Holy Baptism. It begins with the love of God in Christ Jesus—goes on beneath the nurturing of that love, so infinitely tender,—and, finally, so bursts with bloom, that even the dull world wakes to its glory and fragrance. There is a sweet analogy between the soul and the opening blossom.”

“ The bursting into bloom is best seen at the South, in Maryland, perhaps, and in Virginia. There, February is the month of fruit-buds. The snowy splendors of plum and cherry-bloom and the exquisite pink of the peach orchards come when in northern Canada the snow fields are only just melting. Their February is like a Northern May-time.”

“ Yet the melting of our snows under higher suns and the gradual unchaining of the silver, snow-fed streams has its own beauty—a charm the South can never know. I wish you would bring my old book of clippings, Helen ! There is a poem in it, which describes very tenderly one of our early, mild days—what we call ‘ a melting day ’—a day when, perhaps, a warm rain honey-combs the ice of the rivers and spoils it for the ice monopoly, or a sunny one, when the big snow-drifts

waste away imperceptibly, while we rub our eyes and wonder where they have gone."

"Is not this the poem, mamma? The one by Ellen Frances Terry?"

"Yes! Please read it, dear. It is a favorite of mine."

Helen complied—her musical voice emphasizing every shade of the poet's thought.

A VISION.

Within the breast of Winter

A Spring thought stirs to-day

The sailless fleet upon the lake

Will all its anchors weigh

And, white before the gentle wind,

Float down the great blue bay.

Through all the dead trees' branches

The happy secret thrills;

A sudden memory of flowers

The wild wood hollows fills,

Though yet a solemn silence seals

The lips of these white hills.

Again quick life is beating

With sudden hope and power,

It matters not that joy must die

Within this one bright hour,

Quick fleeting as the glory born

Of meeting sun and shower:—

The icy squadron whitens

The water's blue in vain,

And days of wintry storm deny

The promise of the rain:

*The heart that once has dreamed of
Spring*

Cannot grow cold again.

"How beautiful!" cried Mrs. Asquith. "And, better than all, it is true. When the warmth of the great Christ-love has once stirred the human soul and the Holy Ghost has overshadowed it, the work of that love goes on divinely; no human force can chill or hinder it, save for a little time. Holy Scripture says: 'He that hath begun a good work in you will perform

it until the day of Jesus Christ.' It is a triumphal march of Love—now swifter, and now, it may be, slowed by obstacles—but sure as the progress of Spring. The moon of March, despite all clouds, becomes the glorious moon of May."

"The description of the early starting of the ice, in that bit of verse, is very natural, and not the usual hackneyed theme of the versifier. It shows observation. Sometimes the whole ice-floor will break up, and afterwards freeze again, blue and solid as at first—to all appearance. But its sentence was pronounced in that first thaw. Day by day

'The suns go shining up the sky,' their tender warmth touching it silently, invisibly, persistently, till it softens and grows unsafe. Men dare not travel on it; they can not trust it. Then a freshet comes, and, before we know it, it is all gone."

"There is often a sudden surrender, like that, to the love of Jesus. All at once the soul cries out, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' It is the close of a hidden process, of which we only see the outcome."

"Yes, mother! And that brings us back to our first topic—what are we to do, all through Lent? What would the Lord have us to do?"

"Our usual work surely; some self-denial and self-sacrifice, with the gathering up of our spare pennies for charities and missions. If there be any special task set for us, more than these, He will make it known."

Just then Helen's quick eyes espied the Professor, slowly coming up the walk. "Our good Professor!" she cried eagerly. "He will tell us about Lent."

It seemed a case of telepathy. No sooner had the ordinary greetings of

welcome passed than he turned to Mrs. Asquith with his rare smile.

"I am sure you and Helen are casting about for some Lenten work, just now," he began, "am I not right?"

Helen nodded a prompt assent. "Then," he continued, "I think I have some in hand. Some of the St. Vincent de Paul members have found a young fellow who seems to need a kind of help they can not give. His name is Osborne, Arthur Osborne. He is a handsome youth, but embittered,—apparently by some evil past,—and alienated from religion. He seems to have been a Catholic by birth and Baptism, but is now fearfully astray."

"But, my good friend, what can we possibly do? except to pray," returned Mrs. Asquith, with her wonted air of self-distrust.

"I do not know, precisely. It is only an intuitive feeling I have that you can solve the problem. I am sure that, to a man like him, lonely and friendless and heart-scarred, nothing on earth could be sweeter than the welcome of a home like this."

And the Professor turned his appreciative gaze upon the lovely room, beautiful with growing ivy and hot-house roses, its walls adorned with choice engravings, its furniture a very ideal of luxurious comfort. The fire-light flashed up into his grave face as he smiled approval, basking in its warmth.

"Yes," he continued, reverting to his topic, "he will like this! He wants tender treatment, just now. And Miss Helen's music, too!" he added, glancing at the piano. "There is another softening influence. Do not try to do anything at all with him, Mrs. Asquith! Just let these things speak for themselves."

Helen glanced at her mother with a

merry smile. "That is a compliment to us, is it not, mamma? To our taste, I mean."

But Mrs. Asquith looked serious and failed to answer the appeal. Finally she spoke, slowly. "We will do as you desire, Professor. Your faith and our poor efforts, combined, may possibly win the day."

"You are not sanguine, mamma," observed Helen. "Now, Miss Dormer would have been sure. That is her Catholicism. She says, 'Doubt is fog, but faith is sunshine.'"

"We will make the trial, my dear, even among our gray shadows. Our beautiful homes, if we have them, are given us in trust only, like all our other possessions, to be used for God's glory and His service. Perhaps we are selfish in wanting to keep them all for ourselves. Now, here is the stranger. The dear Lord seems to be sending him! So we will open our doors and perhaps he will open his heart."

The dark blue eyes, which were the charm of Helen's face, had nevertheless been slowly taking on an awe-struck soberness, a solemnity such as Mrs. Asquith's face had worn at first. This mother and daughter were alike in some ways, after all.

"O mother!" she cried, in a voice that was almost pain. "What can we do? The softening of the soul is God's work! His alone! We can not do it—*dare* not, even if we could!"

"Surely not, my child. But His grace is sufficient for us. It flows in great golden oceans about us all; it can vivify our little efforts and sweep them on to the silver shores of His kingdom. We are but the tossing seaweed. Our only merit lies in yielding perfectly to Divine impulsion."

"'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;

His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory, too!"

"As I take it," remarked the Professor, who had been listening intently, "the prayers and discipline of Lent are means whereby we seek to fall in closer touch with God, to drift into the splendid tides of His grace, to conquer our self-will and attain a sin-forgiven oneness with them. It is mystery, all of it. A mystery, surely, of Divine Condescension! How we, poor human souls, sinful and sorrowful, can become agents of His mighty working, and, as it were, channels of His grace, surpasses our comprehension. We can not enter that special realm of His activity, His mysterious softening of souls, without a sense of awe, as Miss Helen says. What a dignity, also! think of it! To be 'co-workers together with God!'"

"It is one of those mysteries which 'the angels desire to look into,' and which perhaps the Psalmist had in mind when he cried out, 'I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of His Hands!'"

"The process is viewless, whoever or whatever may be the agencies employed. We can only note results. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit.'"

"Yes, it is like the melting of the ice," cried Helen, eagerly. "The Christ-love and the Christ-warmth are resistless powers. And the Divine touch is always invisible, the fragrance of unseen flowers, floating over the soul. Take music, for example. Why does it stir and touch us and lift us up to Heaven? How can it do this? Do you know, Professor?"

"I know it voices the Divine har-

monies in the immutable Being of God," answered the Professor, in a tone of solemn reverence. "The certainties of pure mathematics do the same, and the circlings of the stars. Our questionings end and lose themselves there."

A silence fell on the little group. But Mrs. Asquith, coming out of her reverie, soon broke it.

"Your music, Helen dear," she began, slowly, "gives its own sweet solution to your puzzle; it answers your question as to God's mode of working through human agencies. When you play you are not, yourself, speaking to souls and originating power; He who speaks is the great composer, whose music-thought you only interpret. Yet without instrumental or vocal interpretation that thought, however great, would never reach men. It would remain a mass of written notes in a music-book, a simple score. It begins in God, as all good things do. He inspires the composer, a Palestrina or Handel, working through that composer's submissive faithfulness to inspiration; then, you become a secondary agent. Thus God works through His Spirit in His Church, and we are but humble secondary agents, crushed by the immense thought that we are set to be workers at all!"

"It is the very working of God in the world—is it not?—this saving and softening of souls? It was our Saviour's work."

"Yes; accomplished through His own sacrifice upon the Cross and His Precious Blood-shedding. It is also the Spirit's work, converting, melting, inspiring and sanctifying. So that all Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity are engaged in it."

"Yes," replied the Professor, "Our Saviour Himself declared, 'My Father worketh hitherto and I work!'"

"The spiritual books tell us much about all these things, yet I fancy what we think out for ourselves is better—that is, it helps us more!"—observed Mrs. Asquith, in her meditative fashion. "It is part of our Lenten work—or it ought to be—to consider these things, to ponder them in our hearts, as Mary did. For, if we venture to touch with infinite humility, upon the borders of Christ's own great work, the softening and saving of souls, we ought to bear in mind His direct word, as to many forces of evil, 'This kind cometh not forth save by prayer and fasting.'"

"Yes," asserted the Professor, "we must draw spiritual power from its eternal source, first of all. Horace, in his 'Ars Poetica,' speaking of poetry and the drama, declares: 'He who would make others weep must first weep himself.' The old Latin critic was right. He had reached the root of the matter."

"That is equally true of all preaching and teaching, and even of general religious influence. All true touch, all sweet impact upon other hearts comes of the overflowing fullness of our own. We must sink deep in the Christ-love to gain the Christ-touch. Our own penitence, our own clinging to the Cross, our own sense of forgiveness, our own fellowship in His sufferings, all that we gain of nearness to Him in our Forty Days of Lenten discipline will fit us to approach other souls, with better comprehension of their needs, and with more of Jesus in our yearning human love. What we have received 'of His fullness, and grace for grace'—that—and that alone!—we can outpour."

"But, mother," cried Helen, "how strange it seems that in the midst of His overflowing love, beside its glorious ocean, souls should stand embittered and look away; It is so sad. But we will pray that He may melt this one! We will

'Ask by the Cross that bore Him
And by her who stood beside,'

and, perhaps, our prayer will win an answer."

"Yes, dear. And there may be invisible help that we know not of. Miss Dormer would say there certainly was."

"I am sure she is right!" cried Helen with enthusiasm. "The Blessed Saints, out of their earthly experience, can not fail to aid us; the Blessed Mother, out of her acquaintance with mortal suffering, must surely sympathise; angels are sent forth to minister, out of the white glory. We are not left to make our feeble efforts alone."

"Even earthly fathers help their children," remarked the Professor gravely, "when they see their strength failing. If a wee curly-haired laddie wants to help father, does that father repulse him? Does he not, rather, praise and reward him for the love shown, though the actual help be only hindrance? Nor is the reward in ratio to the work accomplished—no, not all!—but to the child's affectionate obedience. 'If ye then, being evil,' said our Saviour, 'know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him.'"

"There is much unexpected sweetness," said Mrs. Asquith, "in the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. It comes to us with help and encouragement, like the shining of an angel's wing."

"I am trying to deal with young Osborne in the light of that dogma," replied the Professor. "And with God's blessing and your help, I look for success."

"And, mother, we have three broad facts to encourage us, also. Music does uplift souls, the Sun does melt ice, the Church does save men. We may touch and soften this soul. God grant it! And for his future your "Vision" poem makes all needful prediction:

"The heart that once has dreamed of
Spring,
Can not grow cold again."

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

PATRON—Venerable Claude de la Colombiere, S. J.—*1st Friday in February, 1901*

“Those who promote this devotion, shall have their names indelibly written on my Heart.”—Words of Our Lord to B. Margaret Mary.

THIS beautiful and consoling promise of our Divine Lord, ought to prompt us, when we kneel before Him at Exposition, to offer a fervent resolution that in this month we shall endeavor to promote knowledge and love for the Sacred Heart. We will look up to Venerable Pere de la Colombiere of whom our Lord Himself made choice, and designated His “servant” when revealing the treasures of grace to Blessed Margaret Mary. This “servant” of Jesus’ Heart was, we may say, a glorious conquest, a zealous Apostle, a perfect adorer of Incarnate love. He devoted himself to extending its kingdom, and suffered in this noble cause remembering that, in the words of his saintly penitent, “Love reigns in suffering.” What bright flames he enkindled during his brief apostolate! fulfilling “a long space,” and on the 15th of February, 1682, he went to the well-merited reward. Blessed Margaret tells us, he was “placed in Heaven by the goodness and mercy of the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Some there are who by the priestly or religious state, by authority, influence, and other means sanctified by grace, can extend far and wide the kingdom of God’s love. We bless Him for these holy reapers, but like Ruth in the field of Booz, would gladly gleam a few of the ears scattered in their path, and by our humble efforts, make the Sacred Heart more loved. A holy

writer says: “God seeing that this soul now breathes but for His glory and the service of her neighbor, increased her powers, her aptitudes, and her means.” His Divine Providence scatters many opportunities if we are watchful to discern, and fervent to avail ourselves of them.

A simple incident will illustrate this for our readers. A religious was asked, by one of her young pupils, to paint a little picture of the Sacred Heart, and the child added innocently: “Put my name on the Heart.” The Sister at once understood her meaning, and asked with a smile in what way she promoted devotion? The little one replied: I say, “May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be every where loved!” Who knows what this child-like, heart-felt aspiration may have done in the world of souls? The kind teacher, not only painted the desired picture, but frequently gave her “Promoter” opportunities of doing something amongst her school companions, for the Adorable Heart of Jesus, so we may trust the sweet name of this child “Agnes” gleams in the records of Jesus’ love.

Our resolution, then, to be laid at the feet of Jesus Christ for Benediction will be, that in our humble sphere we will try to gain for Him a little more love. It will be like the violet or snow-drop of early spring, drooping in humility, yet its fragrance will gladden the Divine Lover of souls and win the reward. Listen! Again He whispers:

“Those who promote this devotion shall have their names indelibly written on my Heart.”

Editorial Notes.

The Jubilee.

This year should witness a great revival of faith and devotion amongst Catholics, since the Holy Father has extended the Holy Year into the new century. The Pope has told us in his letter, and with truth, that the sole desire of the Church and "her sole aim in renewing this celebration" is to give "a salutary stimulus to men's mind," and, adds the venerable Pontiff, "with God's help, we are sure to attain it." The secular press in its anxiety to manufacture a reason for the Jubilee's extension displayed its ignorance by presuming it was done in order to augment the Peter's pence, little knowing or caring to know, that the Church glories more in the fact of the number of souls—than of dollars—saved.

This is indeed an "ample opportunity for obtaining the favors of heaven." No thinking man doubts that—during the last year—to quote the papal document—"multitudes of souls have been cleansed by salutary penance and renewed to the life of Christian virtue," and that "from this head and source the Catholic name has derived a fresh influx of faith and devotion all over the world." Too true, indeed, dear reader, for what gave occasion to these very words penned thousands of miles from the throne of Peter—words written with a desire to urge *you* to take advantage at this eleventh hour of this great spiritual banquet?

For a more detailed instruction as to the method of gaining the Jubilee, we can do no better than refer the devout reader to the Carmelite Review of February, 1900, wherein appears

the splendid Pastoral Letter of the present Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto, Ontario. Let the Jubilee then be, as the Holy Father says, "a fitting dedication for the opening of the new century," for, as the Pope concludes, there is "no better way in which mankind can initiate a new century than by availing themselves abundantly of the merits of the redemption of Christ."

One Honest Witness.

Every lover of truth must have been delighted with the unbiassed and authoritative letter which appeared first in Donahoe's Magazine, and later was reproduced in the Catholic papers from the pen of Rev. Joseph M. Gleason, who is with the American army in China. Father Gleason started in by saying that he tried hard and did his best "to get at the bottom of things," and he gave as he said "the result of my investigation." This was a relief in view of the contradictory reports circulated by an ill-informed and bigoted press.

Father Gleason wrote: "I have been three months now in North China, and after noting towards the end of July, the tendency to throw all the blame of this outbreak on the missionaries, I tried hard, I did my best, to get at the bottom of things, and herewith I have given you the result of my investigation. Of all the rumors started by London mission bigots and the American consul in Shanghai regarding French missionary priests forcing or interfering with Chinese courts in their cases, I have yet to find one proven. But even if one were proven, or a dozen were proven, there is an old saying that 'one swallow does not make a summer,' and this in no way could account for the Boxer

outbreak. People who arrive here are filled the first day or two with expletives denunciatory of the missionaries in general, and the Catholic priests in particular. You can't blame them. It is the result of their reading in a press that has no more stability than that of a soft boiled egg. These people rush to conclusions just as people do the day they arrive in the Philippines. If these persons remain a few weeks they discover that they did not know it all when they arrived, just as people discover in the Philippines. And a reaction sets in with them just as it has done with the American army here. Our men know who are the *true* missionaries, and they know also that they have not been the cause of the Boxers' uprising."

Domine, Salvum fac Regem !

All things human pass away, and grim death has of late strikingly shown that Kings and Queens are no exception to the rule. When a new occupant ascends the throne we are forcibly reminded of the duties and relations of ruler and subject. As Catholics we have a two-fold object in this respect and our path of duty is plain, namely, to pray for those in power like the people of old, who Holy Scripture tells us (I Kings X, 24) "cried and said: God save the King!"

Our second and most important duty is to follow the injunction laid down for us by the predecessor of the great Pope Leo XIII., namely, that we be subject "to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the King as excelling: or to governors sent by him" (I Peter, II, 13.). No honest man ever could deny the true and unshaken loyalty of Catholics who continually hear from their priests and teachers the admonition to "be subject to prince and powers, to obey at a word, to be ready to do every good work (Titus III. 1.)

The Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., who to-day rules over three million loyal subjects, voices the sentiments of his children. When Queen Victoria was about to appear before the immortal King of Kings, to render an account of her vast stewardship, the Sovereign Pontiff was quoted in the secular press as saying that "the liberal reign of the Queen, which has permitted the Catholic Church to increase in the United Kingdom, will leave an indelible trace upon all Christian hearts."

—"The King-becoming graces are justice, verity, temperance, stableness, bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness, devotion, patience, courage, fortitude."

—SHAKESPEARE.

A Great High Priest.

"Behold a high priest who in his day pleased God and was found just." (Eccl. XLIV. 16.). This was the text preceding the eulogy pronounced over the remains of the good Bishop Wigger of the diocese of Newark, N. J., by his worthy confrere in the Episcopacy, Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, N. J. In these few words of Holy Writ is contained the whole life of the lamented prelate. The Carmelite Fathers who for a quarter of a century have labored in the missions of New Jersey owe much to the example, kindness, justice and encouraging words of the saintly Bishop Wigger, and he will hold a conspicuous place in the daily Memento which comes from our grateful hearts.

He was a true Bishop, and to quote Bishop McFaul: "He was a great high priest—a Bishop in the Church of the living God. In the annals of the century we find many exalted positions; the mighty conqueror lay-

ing the foundations of empire, the statesman by wisdom and prudence building up nations to stability, glory, power, and material welfare of the people; orators whose burning words still thrill the human heart; poets that have touched a chord which makes the world kin; but no figure stands forth so full of majesty and power, and has done so much for material as well as for the spiritual welfare of humanity as the Catholic Bishop. Oh, how sublime is his mission, and how nobly he has performed it!" The memory of the just man shall remain for ever. *Requiem æternam dona ei Domine!*

A Time of Grace.

In his recent Bull "*Temporis quidem Sacri*" His Holiness, on Dec. 26, 1900—as is now generally known—has extended the privilege of the Jubilee to the outside world. Details as to gaining the Indulgences will in time be published for each diocese by our Archbishops and Bishops. This great Indulgence can be gained by the faithful wheratiithin half a year after the publicatn of the Bull shall visit at least on the a day on fifteen days the Cathed^{delity} parish and other churches named^{ons at} the Bishop, and shall pray for the ^{deign}ancement of the Church, the disappearance of heresies, concord between Catholic princes and the welfare of Christian people, and shall approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. The Paschal confession and communion are not to count for this purpose. Those who have visited Rome may again participate in the spiritual favors of the Holy Year. Where there are not as many as four churches in one place the Bishop can make a smaller number or even a single suitable church; but the visits must be not less than sixty.

Mary's Shrines.

No Catholic German family would care to be without one of the many excellent almanacs printed in the language of the Fatherland. The "*Regensburger Marienkalender*" is one of the best of these annuals. It is gotten out by Fr. Pustet & Co., of New York. We do not pen this as a free advertisement, for indeed the popular "*Regensburger*" (would that we had its counterpart in English) needs no advertising. One feature of this almanac is the prominence given to the pilgrimage churches or shrines dear to the heart of every devout German Catholic. In this year's almanac the reader will find a brief and interesting sketch, with a good photograph, of the Shrine of "*U. L. F. vom Berge Karmel bei den Fallen des Niagara*"—Shrine of Our dear Lady of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls. In the accompanying text the editor calls attention to the great Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls and the Shrine of Our Lady wherein so many favors have been granted by Heaven's Queen. The writer also emphasizes the appropriateness, and, indeed, one might say Providential design, in crowning Nature's great altar by erecting a throne here to the divine Mother. To translate the last words of the sketch spoken of, "the Order of Carmel is flourishing in the land, and time will enable its members more and more to spread the glory of its Queen and bring to the knowledge of all the wonderful shrine at Niagara."

Some Memorable Dates.

The important events of the past century, each of which will make a chapter for the Catholic historian, may be summed up as follows: The re-estab-

lishment of the Jesuits (1814); the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo (1815); the Act of Catholic Emancipation passed by the British Parliament (1829); the temperance movement set on foot by Father Matthew (1845); the conversion of John Henry Newman (1845); the accession of Pius IX. (1846); the re-establishment of the English hierarchy (1850); the definition of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady (1854); the Vatican Council and the definition of the Infallibility of the Pope (1869-1870); the spoliation of the Holy See by Victor Emmanuel (1870); the initiation of the Kulturkampf in Germany (1872); the accession of Leo XIII. (1878; Death of Father Galli, Prior-General of all the Carmelites, in Rome, May 1st, 1900.

Christ in the Home.

With the Apostleship of Prayer this month we pray for "The Family for Christ." If Christ abides there you will also find faith, charity, and all the virtues. You will find God-fearing people—you will find a Catholic journal, Catholic books and Catholic pictures. There is no room there for two opposite spirits. It is Christ or satan. If satan abides there—so does his spirit—in that home you will find a want of reverence for God's priests, for holy things and all that is good. Such homes have the spirit of the world—the atmosphere of the world, and the parlor-table is adorned with doubtful books and the pernicious yellow journals.

Canada lost a worthy son in the death of Sir Frank Smith. His good qualities were many, as his biographies have well noted. The Editor of the "Catholic Record" of London, Ont., a spokesman for many, says that the

deceased Senator was particularly "noted at all times for helping a deserving friend or a worthy object of charity." May he rest in peace!

Four and Sixty Years.

During the past Victorian age the Church of our forefathers has made great strides in regaining what it was unjustly deprived of during previous reigns. When the late Queen ascended the throne Catholicity was at a rather low ebb in the British empire. "To-day," says the editor of the *Pittsburg Observer*, "it is respectable and respected." In her long span of human life "the Queen beheld a host of Catholic intellectual giants—Newman, Manning, the Marshalls, Arnold, the unfortunate Mivart and many more. A Catholic it was, Lord Russell of Killowen, who attained, as Lord Chief Justice of England, a dignity second only to that of royalty itself, Catholic generals led her troops out to war, Catholic nuns received decorations at her hands for services rendered the realm, the

Consecration Versus Coronation.

During these days we are kindly reminded of what Cardinal Manning wrote concerning the consecration of English Kings. The words are very timely: His Eminence wrote:

"Nowadays we hear of coronations, but we hear no more of the consecration of Kings. But a coronation, even in the tradition of England, takes place in the old Abbey of Westminster, and with certain rites which remain, mutilated indeed, but taken chiefly from the ancient Catholic ritual. I will shortly describe what the ancient ritual was. The prince who was to be consecrated, for three days before, fasted as a preparation. On the day of his consecration he came to the sanctuary of the church, where the

metropolitan and his suffragans received him. He then, first upon his knees before the altar, made solemn oath to Almighty God to observe, and cause to be observed, according to his knowledge and his power, for the sake of the Church and of his people, law, justice and peace, according to the laws of the land and the canons of the Church. He then lay prostrate before the altar, like a Bishop when he is consecrated; the litanies were chanted, the same litanies which are sung in our solemn ordinations. Then, kneeling before the altar, he received the unction. He was anointed on the right arm, which is the arm of strength, and on the shoulder, typical of royal power; as in the prophecy, 'The Government is upon his shoulder.' He then received the sword with this admonition: 'Remember that the saints conquered kingdoms, not by the sword, but by faith.' After this, the crown was put upon his head, with the prayer that he might wear it in mercy and in justice; and the sceptre was then placed in his hands, in token of the authority of law. After that, the Holy Mass was celebrated; and in that Mass he received the Holy Communion of the Precious Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, from the hands of the consecrating Bishop. These solemn acts in themselves portrayed what were the relations of Christian law and fidelity between the chief rulers of nations and of kingdoms, and the sovereignty of Jesus Christ."

Indulged Prayer for 1901.

Most merciful God, grant us, through the intercession of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, that by the tears of our penitence we may expiate the guilt of the past century; and so prepare for the opening of the new century, that it may be entirely dedicated to the honor of Thy name and the kingdom of Jesus Christ Thy Son, Whom may all nations obey in one faith and in perfect charity. Amen.

[Indulgence of 100 years, once a day, till the end of 1901. Granted by Pope Leo XIII.]

With Father O'Neil, the eminent and beloved Dominican—now stationed on the Pacific Coast—we also say to our readers and friends at the opening of the new year and new century: "May you be blessed in the city and in the field; blessed in your children and in the fruits of the ground; blessed in your barns and in your stores; blessed in your coming in and going out; blessed in the works of your hands; blessed as a people holy to the Lord your God."

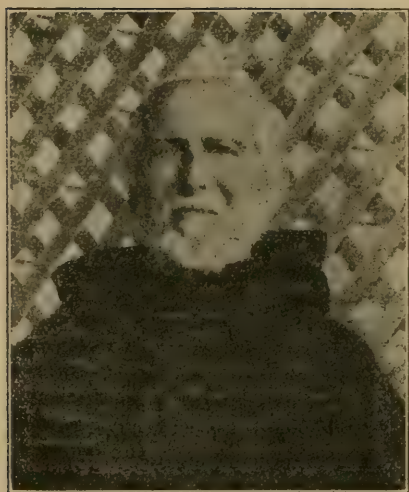
"The Christmas of the Gentiles, or the feast of the Epiphany," says the current Dominicana, "calls for our special and loving gratitude to God because of the divine gift of our precious Catholic Faith." In the words of Father Faber let us sing.

Oh, glory be to God on high for these Arabian kings,
These miracles of royal Faith, with Eastern offerings;
For Caspar and for Melchior and Balthazzar
who from far
Found Mary and Jesus by the shining of a star!

Let us ask these martyrs, then, these monarchs of the East,
Who are sitting now in Heaven at the Saviour's endless feast,
To get us Faith from Jesus, and hereafter
Faith's bright home,
And day and night to thank Him for the glorious Faith of Rome,

Father Lambert calls Father Doyle the Paulist to task for placing "the English-speaking races in the lead of modern civilization." "It seems difficult for men in our day," says an exchange, "to stop confounding material wealth and territorial expansion with solid progress and true civilization."

Sincerity and perseverance are the two stepping stones to success.



Father Cyril Knoll, O. C. C.

The Reverend Cyril Knoll, O. C. C., whose death we announced in the last issue of this magazine, was born at Schellenberg in Bavaria, on the 18th of October, 1813—the day of the great battle of Leipzig. He was ordained on the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1838. He spent the first ten years of his sacerdotal life as a secular priest in the diocese of Regensburg.

He soon entered the Carmelite Order making his religious profession June 9, 1850. He was shortly elected Prior of his Monastery. He obtained permission of his Superiors in Rome to come to America where he was to establish the first house of the Order in the New World. He landed in New York on June 8, 1864. He was pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa., for four years. In 1875 this Church was given over to the care of the Carmelites.

Father Cyril excelled as a preacher, was zealous in the sacred ministry and the care of souls, and devoted all his life and ambition towards the spread of the glory of Carmel and its Queen. As to the latter days of this venerable

Carmelite we can do no better than subjoin here the following words of one of his confreres, who witnessed the passing away of this saintly priest and model friar:

“Rev. F. Cyril Knoll died peacefully in the Lord on Saturday, Dec. 22, at 7 p. m. During the last years of his life it had been one of his greatest pleasures to sit of an evening facing the setting sun. But for some time back his eyesight began to fail, until he was almost blind. He felt this loss grievously, as it prevented him from saying Mass. He often commented on his growing blindness, and said that now the time had come for *his* sun to set. But he thanked God for having deprived him of his eyes only at the last period of his life, for, as he pathetically said, “He might have allowed me to grow blind years ago.”

“In February, 1900, he was on the point of death through old age, and received the last Sacraments. Then he rallied and did not weaken again until All Souls’ Day, when he again was anointed. The physician said he was too feeble to recover again, and the venerable old man only said that he was glad of it, as he desired with St. Paul “to be dissolved and to be with Christ.” He kept the Rosary in his hands day and night. On Saturday, Dec. 22, just after the night had set in, at 7 p. m., like a thief in the night, Death came. He had expected it. Many a time he had expressed his wish to die, after having received all the Sacraments on *Saturday* “in honorem B. M. Virginis.” His desire was literally granted.

“We had to await the next morning, as the night was pitch-dark and very stormy, to send off telegrams and death notices, and to make arrangements for his funeral on Monday—Eve

of Christmas. The casket arrived in the afternoon, just before Vespers, which are always held at 3 p. m. The congregation formed in solemn procession and conducted the body to the church. The next day, Dec. 24, at 10 a. m., a solemn requiem was sung. The Prior preached the sermon on the text "Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord." (Apoc. 14. 13). The whole countryside assisted at the funeral. The procession was the largest ever seen in this part of Kansas."

"The venerable deceased was born Oct. 18, 1813—on the day of the great *Battle of Nations*, at Leipzig. He was, therefore, 87 years, 2 months and 4 days old on the day of his death. He was ordained priest in 1838, and had celebrated the diamond Jubilee of his priesthood (60 years) two years ago, at which occasion the Holy Father sent him his special blessing. He retained the full use of his intellect to the very last, although he was unable to speak in his last hours. He died most calmly and peacefully without any agony or sign of physical suffering.—R. I. P.

In reply to a reader, (A. G. M.,) we beg to say that the Brown Scapular must be given separately, and there is a special formula for the investing, of which most of the reverend clergy are cognizant. After enrollment the Brown Scapular may be attached to the other four Scapulars.

A masterly article touching on "The War on the Religious Congregations in France" from the pen of the Rev. H. Prélôt, S. J., appears in the current Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Those who are anxious to imbibe true notions of things, and who may be tainted with false impressions created by

the secular press, should read Father Prélôt's splendid essay which is so timely now when the great Roman Pontiff has just made so magnificent an apology for the much maligned Religious to whom not only France, but the whole world, owes so much.

The patient reader will, we trust, overlook the fact that our February number is late in making its appearance. La Grippe respects no man, not even the printer.

Referring to the interesting life of General De Sonis—the Carmelite Tertiary—which appeared last year in these pages, a zealous priest in Michigan writes us that he was a member of "that sad army" which followed the great "Soldier of Christ."

His Holiness the Pope has granted a Plenary Indulgence to those who on the first Friday of each month during the year 1901, having confessed their sins and being truly contrite, shall receive Communion, and shall pray for some time for the intentions of the Pope.

The All Important Moment.

In the Sacred Heart Review we read of an incident from the death-bed of the late Chicago multi-millionaire, P. D. Armour, as told in the newspaper reports of the great magnate's demise. Gathered about the couch of death were the members of his family, "Mr. Armour's minister," and several trained nurses. The patient signified a desire to hear the Lord's Prayer read. The minister, for some reason, did not volunteer to repeat the familiar words, and apparently nobody else in the watching assemblage knew them; for the narrative goes on to say that

one of the trained nurses finally procured a Bible and proceeded to slowly read from its pages the brief prayer which is supposed to be on the lips of all, even of nominal Christians. Of this occurrence the San Francisco Monitor comments: "Verily, as somebody has said, the death-bed of the enormously rich is too often the most depressing and tragic of scenes."

True Socialism.

In his Encyclical issued January 18 last, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., urges on all Christians the necessity of charity and alms-giving. The Father of Christendom exhorts all Catholics to inspire themselves with these principles and to inculcate them. "They must," he says, "urge the people and workmen to shun everything invested with a seditious or revolutionary character, to respect the rights of others, to be respectful to their masters, and to observe sobriety and religious practices. Thus will social peace again become flourishing throughout the world."

The Church is the Mother of Saints.

The report of the Sacred Congregation of Rites has summed up the number of beatifications and canonizations of the past century. The list shows that the Pontiffs, Pius VII. (1800-1822), Leo XII. (1822-1829), Pius VIII. (1829-1831), Gregory XVI. (1831-1845), Pius IX. (1846-1878), and Leo XIII. have pronounced three hundred and ten beatifications, while the names of seventy-eight holy men and women were on the roll of saints. Leo XIII. has pronounced thirty-one beatifications and ten canonizations during his pontificate. Leo XIII. has taken particular interest in the martyrs who suffered under Henry VIII. and Queen

Elizabeth. Nothing, it is said, gave him greater pleasure than the beatification of Cardinal Fisher, Margaret Pole and Sir Thomas More. Two hundred and five out of the three hundred and ten persons beatified during the century were martyrs. Of the seventy-eight canonized, forty-six were martyrs, twenty-four confessors and seven virgins. Of the three hundred and ten beatified, two hundred and six died for Our Lord, most of them in Japan during the slaughter of the Christians there. The majority of the forty-six martyrs canonized suffered death in Tonquin in 1855, and later.

A Splendid Showing.

The financial report for 1900 of Holy Trinity parish of Pittsburg, Pa., which is in charge of the Carmelite Fathers, "is a splendid proof of the good work of the pastor and members of the parish," says the Pittsburg Observer. The regular incomes during the year were \$9,819.60; the extraordinary—Picnic, entertainments—\$4,186; house collections, \$1,760; other incomes, \$2,002.15. The total incomes were \$19,288.08. The expenses for the year 1900 were: For church, school insurance, taxes, gas, etc., \$6,622.90; interests paid, \$5,341.05; debt paid, \$2,881.50; extraordinary expenses, \$1,150.96. The total expenses were \$19,196.41. When the new church was dedicated the debts of the congregation were \$153,000. On January 1, 1901, the debts were \$116,258.99. The sum of \$36,741.01 has been paid during the last six years. The congregation numbers 360 families with 1,950 souls. Easter communions last year numbered 1,300. Four hundred and twenty school children attend the parish school. During the year 21,500 confessions were heard and

40,000 communions received. To reduce the debt of the congregation a building association has been organized in the parish. Each member pays weekly 5 or 10 cents. Nearly \$3,000 already are in the treasury.

Multum in Parvo.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., gave the following admirable summary of Christian duty in reply to a question put to him by an American journalist asking "What is the highest and noblest resolution of the new century?"

Said the Bishop:

"Let every citizen resolve to fear God and keep His Commandments; to love and follow Christ; to be reverent, devout, humble and chaste; to seek virtue rather than money, wisdom rather than knowledge, peace rather than pleasure; to hate vulgarity, pretense, cant, hypocrisy and lies; neither by word nor act to weaken within the worth and sacredness of human life, nor to corrupt public morals or deprave public taste or lower and pervert public opinion. Let him resolve to honor woman, to reverence the child, to protect the weak, to console the sorrowful; and finally so to live as to be able at any moment to render an account of his life to an all wise and omnipotent Judge."

A truly educated man aims at walking in that path which leads upwards to higher and nobler deeds.

The most contemptible of creatures is the one who aids the whims of the silly youth to lascivious wedlock for the sake of a fee.—Church Progress.

"Continuous contact with good tends to make us good." Hence the blessing of a Catholic school.

If you would know what culture you possess, find out what regard you have for the feelings of others.

Independence does not exist. He who is selfish is a beast of the lowest rank.

AVERTE OCULOS MEOS.

Turn Thou away mine eyes,
Lest I should see
Earth's vanities and lies,
And seek in them the prize,
That cometh but from Thee.

Turn Thou away mine eyes,
Lest I be fain
To find in earthly ties
The love that satisfies;
Nor to Thy love attain.

Turn Thou away mine eyes
From meaner things;
And bid my spirit rise
To seek, beyond the skies,
Thy self, O! King of Kings!

Turn Thou away mine eyes
From all but Thee;
Till, when the darkness flies
And all earth's splendor dies,
Thy blessed Face I see.

—FRANCIS W. GREY.

If you would help others, forget yourself, for self-interest destroys all good.

Some men are so spiritless that we feel as if we could whittle out better wooden men.

Right and wrong are neighbors, and the partition between them is of the finest gossamer.

"Noble deeds are born of noble thoughts." If you would abide in the realms of higher and nobler thoughts, learn to think.

There are many persons so absorbed in fault-finding with parish affairs and priestly functions, that they don't have even time to notice the contribution box on Sunday.—Church Progress.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the Incarnation is that the sin of poverty was changed thereby into a virtue.

Boys' and Girls' Department.

"Live Pure: Speak True: Right Wrong!"

We have only six words in our motto, but the faithful observance of them from a Catholic view-point, means the developing of our boys and girls into Christian men and women. The highest compliment that can be paid to any human being is: "He is a Christian gentleman," or "She is a Christian lady."

A prominent school in Boston, Mass., has "Helpfulness" for its motto. In the school life, this motto is kept continually in mind. Helpfulness! 'Tis a noble word. Our motto means helpfulness and much more.

"Live Pure." What does that mean?

"Speak True." What does that mean?

"Right Wrong." What does that mean?

Many years ago, the Church inaugurated a society called the Holy Childhood. This association supports missionaries in China, Africa, Australia, and many other places. It has baptized millions of babies in these countries. These missionaries baptize, rescue and educate the children of pagan parents. Many of these little children have been abandoned by their parents, and would have died from want of tender care, had they not been rescued by those good priests, who devote their lives to this work.

Who supports these missionaries?

The Catholic boys and girls of the world. Are all our boys and girls helping in this work? Are you trying to Right this Wrong? If not, why don't you join the Holy Childhood now? These missionaries leave not only their friends, but they abandon their countries as well. They go into strange, dangerous lands to preach and to save souls, in the name of Jesus.

You can help them in this great work, and, how easily! Each day, say one Hail Mary, and "Holy Virgin Mary, pray for us and for the poor little heathen children!" Each month

give one cent. Twelve members make a band. Any boys or girls willing to get up a band should send the names, addresses and dues, to:

REV. FATHER WILLMS, C. S. Sp.,
Director General of Holy Childhood
Association, Pittsburg, Pa.

The wars in South Africa, China, and the Philippines, and the grave political questions regarding Cuba, Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands, have at least done this good—the people of the United States have learned something more of geography. We talk quite familiarly now of Cape Town, Havana, Honolulu and Manila.

The thought came to me the other day, that now, since we know more about these countries, perhaps the Lives of the Saints who labored in those lands, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, may have for us a new interest. And, in reading the records of those brave soldiers of the Cross, having fresh in our minds the ravages of supposed civilized soldiers in this age, the love of Jesus Christ will be quickened within us. How proud we shall feel of our Saints, when we are brought face to face with the contrast between soldiers who do battle with fire and sword, for commerce and lands, and soldiers who do battle with the Cross and the Gospels to teach men and women to know and love the God who made them, and the Christ by whom they were redeemed.

Each month, "Just Among Ourselves," we'll have a quiet talk about some one of our soldier saints. The difficulty will be which to select, the army is so large. So many of us have for our patron St. Francis Xavier, I am sure next month's talk on this grand man will be of interest to us all.

How many know from what poem is taken our motto—"Live Pure—Speak True—Right Wrong."

MARTHA J. F. MURRAY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Life of the Very Rev. Felix De Andreis, C. M., First Superior of the Congregation of the Mission in the United States, and Vicar-General of Upper Louisiana," is an interesting book compiled chiefly from sketches written by the Right Rev. Joseph Rosati, C. M., First Bishop of St. Louis, Mo., with an introduction by the Most Rev. John J. Kain, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo. Published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.25 net. Don't fail to read it.

The current number of The Rosary Magazine contains some highly interesting matter. The illustrated articles on the Rhine Castles, and Congressional Library, are worth reading. Priests desirous of obtaining correct information concerning the Rosary and who are zealous for the best interests of their flocks, should not overlook this most excellent magazine. Address The Dominican Fathers, Somerset, Ohio.

A book that will be appreciated by a large circle of readers will without doubt be Miss Katherine E. Conway's new novel, "The Way of the World and Other Ways," now in its second edition. Readers of The Pilot will eagerly seek after anything from Miss Conway's pen. It is a story that fits the times. The work is satirical but good-humored. There is nothing stiff or stale about it. The author sees and hears real things and knows how to paint them. Those who read this book will be pleased and become wiser and better. To be had from The Pilot Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. Price \$1.00.

A new "Illustrated Explanation of the Apostles' Creed"—A Thorough Exposition of Catholic Faith—adapted from the original of Father H. Rolfus, D. D., by Very Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. S. S. R., has been put on the bookstands by Benziger Bros. It has been reduced to the popular price—one dollar. It will be a boon to the preacher and catechist. Its methodical and up-to-date arrangement should recommend this book to every Catholic reader. It will shed a flood of light on truth-seeking Protestants.

"A Round of Rimes," by Denis A. McCarthy, and published (at \$1.00 per copy) by the Review Publishing Company, Boston, Mass., has some musical verses which will appeal to all lovers of poetry. The burdens of life seem lighter after reading a page or two of this book.

The Ave Maria printed 26,000 copies of its Christmas number. That's a good number. "But such an excellent magazine should have 260,000 subscribers among the 12,000,000 Catholics in the United States alone," says the Catholic Columbian. In our opinion it ought to have half a million subscribers.

Always strictly pure, and of grades to suit all—is the altar wine now on sale at St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont. The reverend clergy should address the Rev. Theo. Spetz, C. R., for price-lists.

We recommend to our charitable readers the publications of St. Joseph's House, (727 Pine street) Philadelphia, Pa. If you want to know what good is being done for homeless boys, write to the zealous priest in charge—Rev. D. J. FitzGibbon, C. S. Sp.

FROM CATHOLIC EDITORS.

The Rosary Magazine, February 1901.

"The January number of The Carmelite Review is the first of the ninth volume. We congratulate the Carmelite Fathers on the success that has met their efforts to give to Catholics a readable magazine at a low price, and wish them increased success in the future."

The Pittsburg Catholic:

"The Carmelite Review closes its eighth year with a confession of thankfulness that 'we are still able to pay the printer.' The Review is always bright and interesting, and we trust it will have many added years to crown its work in the interest of Carmel, and always be able to pay the printer. That said, much is said."

WEARERS OF THE BROWN.

"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."—PROMISE OF B. V. M. TO ST. SIMON STOCK.

New Baltimore (Pa.) Priory has received Scapular names since our last number from: McCook, Wis.; St. Louis University, Mo.; Dane, Wis.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Names received at Niagara Falls Priory from: Boston, Mass.; Notre Dame, Ind.

Scipio (Kansas) Priory acknowledges names from: Wichita, Kas.; Lincoln, Neb.; St. Joseph, Mo.

Carmelite Priory, Pittsburg, Pa., acknowledges receipt of names from: St. Anne's

Church, Benrich, Pa.; Our Lady of Gethsemani, Ky.; Jesuit College, Denver, Col.; St. Ambrose's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Peter's Church, Rondout, N. Y.; St. Thomas Church, Cole Co., Mo.; St. Emilianus Orphan Asylum, St. Francis, Wis.; St. Bonaventure's Church, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Mt. Vernon, O.; Immaculate Heart Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Virgilius Church, Indianola, Neb.; St. Michael's Church, Clarion Co., Pa.; St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, Ind.; Fifield, Price Co., Wis.; Koelytown, Osage Co., Mo.; De Notre Dame de la Visitation, West Bay City, Mich.; Silver Lake, Mo.; Appleton, Wis.

PETITIONS.

"Pray for one another that you may be saved. For the continual prayer of a just man availeth much."—St. James V. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

For the "return of a long absent friend"; for an intemperate brother; conversion of a friend; prevention of a threatening scandal; for peace in a family; for all intentions of the Editor, and also all intentions sent to us, or to be sent before our next issue, which are not herein mentioned.

THANKSGIVINGS.

A reader in Beaver Falls, Pa., fulfills a promise to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and now publicly acknowledges having received a favor asked for.

L. A. C., Syracuse, N. Y., gives thanks for a favor granted from the Holy Infant of Prague.

K. H., Jarvis, Ont., has received a favor through Our Blessed Lady, and now returns thanks.

A reader in Brockport, N. Y., writes us: "I would not be without the magazine (The Carmelite Review) in my home." The same reader says she thanks Our dear Lady sincerely "for many favors received through her intercession during the past year."

A Buffalo (N. Y.) reader writes to us under date of Jan. 8: The cause of Our Blessed Lady, as well as that of the Catholic Church, is greatly promoted through The Carmelite Review, and the beautiful and instructive articles that constantly appear in its columns are refreshing to the mind and a constant encouragement to increase devotion to Our Blessed Lady. I heartily wish the Review every possible success.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently:

Rt. Rev. Winand Michael Wigger, D. D., late Bishop of Newark, N. J., born Dec. 9, 1831, died Jan. 5, 1901.

Miss Mary Faltermann, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Deloughery, Jarvis, Ont.

Mrs. Mary Beatty, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hugh Corbett, who died at Glen Roy, Ont., Jan. 2nd.

Mrs. Sarah Murdoch, Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. L. J. Kitzelberger, of Baltimore, Md., a kind friend and model Christian.

Matthew O'Grady, who died in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary McCool, who died lately at Manchester, N. H.

Mary D. Wadsworth, late of Queenston, Ont.

Ignatius Donnelly, brother of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, of Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Mary Agnes Gardiner, who died Jan. 22nd, in her 29th year, at Queenston, Ont., fortified with all the rites of Holy Church, and who was buried at Fairview, Niagara Falls, January 25th last. She was beloved by all who knew her. Her virtues were hidden from the world, but were of much value in the sight of heaven. Deceased was a zealous client of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and, as long as strength permitted, gave her time, energy and ambition towards the spread of good Catholic literature, especially this magazine. It is our prayer that the Queen of Heaven will hasten to procure a crown for this pure-hearted child of hers, and also bring solace to her much bereaved parents.

Mrs. Catherine Walter, of Leavenworth, Kansas, who died a pious death. Deceased was an old subscriber to this Review, and a zealous promoter of Our Lady's honor.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 160 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



The Christ-Child

—BY MURILLO.

[Detail from the painting of Holy Family in the National Library, London.]



A Lenten Monologue.

WORLD ! thou art gay as a golden dream
 Where pleasures dazzle and glories gleam ;
 The pomp of power and majesty,
 Riches and splendors are shrined in thee :
 Yet thine is the doom of the moth and rust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

Flesh ! thou art fair in thy pink and white
 Witching beauties that men delight :
 Eyes that sparkle and lips that smile,
 Silken tresses that souls beguile—
 Vain the spells of thy pride and lust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

Dark Sathanas ! whose cruel arts
 Wreck and ruin unnumber'd hearts ;
 Laugh and leer in thy fiery glee,
 Christ's dear grace shall vanquish thee !
 Out of thy snares, He'll snatch His just :
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

AN EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

SO sweet and low, so sweet and low,
Our whispered words to heaven flow ;
The last sunbeam has kissed the blue
And fast the night comes stealing through.

And Mother, now, we bend our knee
And raise our thoughts awhile to thee ;
Though night be dark we do not fear
For thou art near ; for thou art near.

We seem to feel thy presence rare,
Thy song comes stealing on the air ;
Its words are set in tones of love,
Breathed from above ; breathed from above.

Come, then, and bless thy wayward child,
The shades of night loom dark and wild
And o'er the pathway shadows throng—
The way is long ; the way is long.

And now, in joy, we offer sweet
Our deeds to-day with love replete
And beg thee through the weary years
To dry our tears ; to dry our tears.

And O fond Mother, while we sleep
Pray let thy love a vigil keep
And guard us safe till morning's light
For it is night ; for it is night.

By the Right Way.

The Record of a Soul's Pilgrimage.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I.—THE BEGINNING OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

THE Rector of Eastbury, All Saints, was a leader of the extreme "Catholic" party; his nearest neighbor, the Vicar of Meadowbrook, was an ultra-Evangelical, of the old, uncompromising school. To the Reverend John Huntley, Rector of Eastbury, his "brother-priest" of Meadowbrook was little, if anything, better than a dissenting minister, and Meadowbrook church a hot-bed of "heresy"; to the Reverend Henry Green, Vicar of Meadowbrook, his "fellow-minister" of Eastbury was certainly no better than "a Jesuit in disguise." And yet, thanks to the elastic "comprehensiveness" of the state church, they could each claim to represent her teaching and authority, and their respective parishioners could assist at High Mass at Eastbury, or at The Lord's Supper at Meadowbrook, or *vice versa*, according to individual predilection. In the one case, they would be taught Transubstantiation, pure and simple, and could visit the Blessed Sacrament reserved in the Tabernacle; in the other, they could be taught the barest Zwinglianism. And both priests would appeal, confidently, to Prayer-book and to Holy Writ, in support of their respective dogmas.

An impossible situation? Rather, I maintain, one that could be paralleled by a thousand similar ones. Certain parishioners of Meadowbrook, having Catholic convictions, walked the two miles to Eastbury, every Sunday, in

order to assist at High Mass; certain parishioners of Eastbury, of strong Protestant leanings, walked or drove to Meadowbrook, with equal regularity, in order to listen to "pure Gospel preaching" from the lips of the Reverend Henry Green. They would bow politely, cordially, in many cases, as they met on the road; what had theological views to do with social amenities? Bigotry is, surely, incompatible with good breeding; and "the right of private judgment" belongs to Catholics and Protestants alike—within the all-embracing fold of the "Church of England."

It was a condition of affairs that might have continued indefinitely, as it had continued for many years but for certain events which, suddenly, accentuated, not to say, embittered it to a degree which made its further continuance a moral impossibility. The Rector of Battleminster, three miles distant, had recently "apostatized"—"gone over to Rome"; the curate of Eastbury had followed his example. That was bad enough, in all conscience, but when Sir Robert Wainwright, the Squire of Meadowbrook Manor, a Protestant of even more uncompromising principles, if possible, than the Vicar himself, forbade his daughter to marry Colonel Ashby, because the Colonel was a member of the English Church Union, and had taken a prominent part in certain proceedings of that "obnoxious" body,—the match being, otherwise, unexceptionable—"Society" took sides, ac-

according to theological bias, with the Squire or with the Colonel, and former acquaintances, as they met on the road on a Sunday morning, hardly bowed to each other. It was worse than a contested election.

In this, however, the Rector of Eastbury had no immediate concern, except in so far as that the Colonel was his friend and church-warden, an active parish worker, and chief lay-member of those various "Guilds" which the extreme clergy know so well how to make use of. The Vicar of Meadowbrook naturally sympathized with his crony, the Squire; but, strenuously as he disapproved of his fellow-minister's views, he was too good a Christian to quarrel with him openly, most of all, in regard to a matter "purely secular" as he chose to consider it.

But the perversions just now referred to, and the "odium theologicum" effectually aroused by the Squire's bigotry, had certainly made havoc of the paradise of "comprehensiveness" which had existed hitherto. If the curate of Eastbury had "gone over to Rome," so the Meadowbrook party argued, the Rector was sure to do likewise. If not, he ought to. On the other hand, if the Protestants were going to import controversy into social relations, the two places, Eastbury and Meadowbrook, would no longer be fit to live in. And, as a natural consequence, the views of the respective parties became more pronounced and aggressive than ever. It needed, in fact, only some such trifle to show how unreal was the truce which, up to that time, had existed between them; to convert their views into principles, to be maintained and defended at all costs.

For a while, nevertheless, the Rector

of Eastbury remained where he was, and showed no apparent symptoms of "going over to Rome." He was, in fact, perfectly satisfied with his present position. "The "church of his baptism" was making good her claim to Catholicity in the eyes of all men; Protestantism was a waning power, the evil effects of the mis-called reformation of the spiritually dead eighteenth century were beginning to pass away; the Catholic party had only to be brave, patient, united and resolute, and the re-union of Christendom would be brought to pass sooner than any could dare to hope, in spite of foes without and foes within. What was there, he was wont to say, that any Catholic could desire which his own church would not grant him? Every doctrine and practice which had the support of Catholic consent might be found in her fold, why seek in an alien communion that which their Mother gave them so ungrudgingly? And yet—there was Meadowbrook, only two miles away, and many souls given into his charge went to learn "false doctrine" at the lips of his "brother-priest."

His "brother-priest"; he knew that he could not, truthfully, call him anything else, and, day by day, the full meaning of the term recurred to him. Worst of all, it recurred to him at the most solemn moment of his daily Mass, with its awful significance. He strove to put it from him, as a temptation of the evil one, but, the more he realized the validity of his own priesthood—concerning which he had no doubt at all—the more vividly did the consequences thereon depending present themselves to his mind and soul. A priest; with power to consecrate: nothing could alter that. Views had no effect on that ineffable prerogative:

the grace of order was given to worthy and to unworthy alike; the words of consecration, divinely instituted for that very purpose, must accomplish the end whereto God appointed them. The Vicar of Meadowbrook was his brother-priest, no less endowed with priesthood than himself.

That the matter should present itself to his mind and conscience in such a light, and with such invincible, ever-recurring persistency, was only a proof—had he known it—that his views amounted to convictions which, however short of divine faith, were, surely, the earnest of that wonderful gift, if he were only faithful to the measure of grace already given to him. Then, after a while, he ceased to strive against the thought which, for him, was of such awful import, and, day by day, made an act of reparation for all sacrileges committed against the Blessed Sacrament. More, he asked of those who believed as he did to do the same; not specifying any particular sacrilege, but, having in his own mind, a clear intention of making amends for those committed—in ignorance, as he prayed—by his brother-priest, the Vicar of Meadowbrook.

Of his good faith, there could be no question at all. To him, it was a matter of spiritual life or death; and the Blessed Sacrament a living, actual reality; the Eucharistic God, to be adored as was His due. To him, any want of such adoring reverence—wilful or otherwise—was an appalling sacrilege; the least they could do who believed in the Real Presence was to make all the amends possible, and to persuade others to do the same. Of the full consequences of valid orders, viewed in the light of three centuries of anglicanism, he had, as yet, not the faintest conception—as compared with

the reality. How could he have, and retain any belief in the power of order? He, or any other that has faced the question in all its bearings?

But, so far, even if he realized, in any measure, however imperfect, what was involved in the Vicar of Meadowbrook's priesthood, he had consoled himself—for want of better consolation—with the reflection that the sacrileges were committed in ignorance, and, would, doubtless, have endeavored to persuade himself—in perfect good faith—that the same plea could be entered on behalf of all those innumerable sacrileges which had occurred during the long and evil period of Protestant ascendancy in his beloved Catholic church in these provinces. In ignorance; for want of ability to recognize the dignity of their calling to the office and work of a priest in the Church of God; surely not in wilful malice.

But this aspect of the matter began to present itself to him, in spite of himself, at his daily Mass. For sins of ignorance "acts of reparation" on the part of the faithful must avail; but for "sacrileges" wilfully, deliberately committed, what reparation could be found? "No man liveth to himself"; we are "members one of another"; for the acts of a brother-priest, all priests must, by inevitable consequence, be responsible. For acts done in want of knowledge, he and others could offer "Masses of reparation"; for the same acts done of set purpose, God would hold him and them answerable. It was the burden of their priesthood, a burden which, God knew, might come to outweigh its inestimable privileges.

That, for the present, was as far as he could get. What it cost him to persuade himself that all the sacrileges

and blasphemies committed against the Most Holy, from the evil days of the "reformation," through the awful period when the Blessed Sacrament was the key to office under the State, and every village constable, petty officer, mayor or general, received, *pro forma*, and as a test of his orthodoxy, "the Body of The Lord," were due to ignorance, none may ever know. It was the only plea possible, so far as he could see; amounted, even, to a proof of God's unspeakable goodness and condescension in thus placing Himself in the power of those who knew Him not. But, if committed wilfully; as the doctrinal necessity of the church to which they belonged, what then? He strove to put the awful suggestion from him, for it seemed as if the very life of his soul were at stake.

And it was this fact of priesthood and its consequences that was destined to probe his spiritual being to its very depths. How would he stand the all-important test?

It came suddenly, but did not,—could not, so to speak, with one in his state—find him unprepared. The Vicar of Meadowbrook went, for his summer holiday, to a sea-side resort noted for its extreme Catholicity. What his motive may have been, the Rector of Eastbury did not care to enquire; it was a matter wholly between the Vicar and that God whom he served faithfully, according to the measure of light vouchsafed to him. Possibly, had he not found at Tyneborough certain fellow-"evangelicals" whose consciences would not permit of their assisting in "ritualistic ceremonies," still less of communicating at "ritualistic masses," what happened might never have occurred. The Vicar of Meadowbrook wrote to the Bishop, asking permission to administer the

"Lord's Supper according to the rites of our Protestant church" in a room hired for the purpose. The Bishop, whose sympathies, at least, were with the clergy of Tyneborough, refused, curtly enough, in a note written by his secretary. Thereupon, the Vicar of Meadowbrook, at the invitation of one of his non-conformist brethren, administered in a dissenting chapel.

It was a challenge—though, certainly not intended as such—which the Bishop was not slow to accept, and he promptly inhibited the contumacious Vicar, prohibiting him to preach or minister in his diocese. This, in turn, was an act of "episcopal tyranny" such as the Reverend Henry Green and his friends—not all so judicious as he might have been, if left to himself—were not likely to submit to meekly. The Reverend Henry Green preached, the following Sunday morning, in the same dissenting chapel. Then, in the evening, before a crowded audience, to whom any sensational attack on "popish idolatry and superstition" appealed as strongly as to their Puritan ancestors, he "consecrated" according to the Anglican form, and then trampled on the "bread" to show that he, for one, had no belief in "Priesthood," "Sacrifice" or "Real Presence."

It was an argument *ad hominem* not to be explained away or modified; a sacrilege deliberately committed by one who, as the Rector of Eastbury knew, was a devout, earnest, conscientious Christian—according to his lights; a man whose convictions were as honest and sincere as those of any Catholic in the English church. If, then, such a man could act thus, in a way which caused a horror as great in the mind of the Reverend John Huntley as an actual sacrilege could

have caused in the minds of Catholics, how could the plea of ignorance any longer avail for the reformers of the sixteenth, the Puritans of the seventeenth, the Latitudinarians of the eighteenth century? And what were questions of vestments, lights, or incense, when compared with this awful fact? In very deed, the burden of his priesthood was growing greater than he could bear.

It was the one fact, brought home to his personal experience, which supplied a definite standard by which to measure all those other sacrileges on which Newman had insisted so strongly, but which he had vainly tried to palliate on the score that they had been committed from want of knowledge, not, surely, deliberately. And now? He knew the man; the act that had been committed; a priest had outraged the Blessed Sacrament: what Mass or act of reparation could atone for this? He, too, was a priest of that church whose rulers were unable, if not unwilling, to punish this unspeakable blasphemy; more, if the perpetrator of it were to present himself, to-morrow, at the altar rails of Eastbury church, he could not refuse to feed him with the Body of that God to whom he had offered such a deadly insult. That was the burden of the priesthood, a share in every sacrilege, every outrage done to His beloved Lord; just as its crowning privilege was a share in every Mass, in every act of love offered to Him by those who truly love Him. And the burden, for him, outweighed the privilege. It was as if the Vicar of Meadowbrook had, to use the words of S. Paul, "crucified the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame." The paroxysm of horror unspeakable that possessed his soul cannot be described, even should any one presume

to attempt the task.

For, not even yet did he see any way of escape from his burden. He was "a priest forever," and for every "sacrilege" in the past, for every one that might yet occur, personally responsible, in virtue of that indissoluble bond of a common priesthood. More: he must continue to bear his burden to the end, conscious, with a daily increasing weight of consciousness, that there was no remedy, no escape; that the church could make no amends; that many fellow-priests, whatever they might think of the expediency or good taste of the Vicar of Meadowbrook's action, would feel no such sense of horror as that which oppressed his soul, would do the same, possibly, if placed in similar circumstances. What could Masses and acts of reparation avail, even if offered, daily, hourly, by every Catholic in the pale of the English church, seeing that, for every such Mass of reparation a hundred unworthy celebrations by priests unconscious of their stupendous powers, a hundred sacrileges, in fact, would be committed?

It showed, at least, how deep and true were his convictions that he should feel like this; also, that the one escape which, to many another, would, at once, have presented itself, never occurred to him in his hour of darkest trial, almost of despair. But of one thing he was determined; never to say another Mass till he had wrestled the matter out; had found time to decide whether this were a conceit of the enemy, or a judgment on himself for some unforgiven sin. That it could be the judgment of God on the church to which he belonged, never, at that time, crossed his mind. But he applied to his Bishop for an extended leave of absence, and, within a fortnight of the

time that the news of the sacrilege reached him, had left England.

II.—THE STRIFE OF TONGUES.

To a man of the Reverend John Huntley's training and convictions, a liturgiologist, rather than a mere ritualist, to whom ceremonial was of value and importance only as the expression of certain doctrines, of one, in particular; two facts were of the very essence of Christianity; sacrifice and priesthood. Not, be it noted, priesthood and sacrifice; the priesthood was the necessary concomitant of the divinely-instituted sacrifice, which, in its simplest expression, meant the Real Presence. Unlike most Anglicans he did not argue from validity of orders to validity of Sacraments, rather, since valid Sacraments are of the very fundamental necessities of spiritual life, there must be, in any church claiming to be Catholic, that is Christian in any true sense, a valid priesthood to administer them. Having, so far, no reason to doubt the validity of Anglican Sacraments—indeed, his whole experience convinced him of their reality—he could be no less certain of the validity of Anglican orders. This, in fact, was what had led to his present condition of spiritual suffering, that he, as a priest, was, personally, a sharer in all the sacrileges committed by those who shared with him, the power, the dignity, the responsibilities of the priesthood.

When, therefore, he left England, it was for the purpose of examining, calmly, dispassionately—as he believed—certainly, in a prayerful attitude of heart, mind, and soul, the claims and teaching of all those churches which, according to his standard, were, in any sense, Catholic; that is, which had both sacrifice and

priesthood. His desire was to find, first, wherein they agreed, and, next, wherein they differed: also, to what extent each church was consistent to its own dogmas; whether, in fact, it were possible for any Catholic priest other than an Anglican, to be guilty of deliberate, glaring sacrilege, without reproof on the part of his ecclesiastical superiors, or, practically any blame from the great majority of his fellow-churchmen, clerics or laymen.

The next few months, when he came to look back on them, afterwards, appeared to him like a veritable phantasmagoria, of rites, ceremonies, and gorgeous vestments. From Sweden, and its Lutheranism, he passed to the Jansenists of Utrecht, thence to the Old Catholics. Thence, again, to the autonomous churches of Servia, Bulgaria, Russia, Greece and Cyprus, not omitting the Copts, the Armenians and the Nestorians. Among the Swedish Lutherans he found much that was ceremonially Catholic, and a distinct, definite belief in consubstantiation, which, as he clearly recognized, is a definition of the mode of "Real Presence" which of necessity involves adoration. More, since any mode of "Real Presence" is of the essence of the Eucharistic sacrifice, there must be, according to his view, a valid priesthood to offer it. And this, chiefly because, believing in consubstantiation, that is, in an actual Presence of God under the Sacramental veils, the Lutheran clergy, whatever their shortcomings, as measured from a strict Catholic standpoint, seemed so far as he could judge, deeply imbued with the reverence due to the Blessed Sacrament, and incapable of any wanton, deliberate sacrilege. Also, that any such sacrilege would cause the deepest, truest horror among a

people who, their failings notwithstanding, had a very real conception of what is involved in the doctrine they believed. So far as the Swedish Lutherans were concerned, such an act on the part of priest or pastor as had driven him into his present spiritual exile appeared to be a moral impossibility. That is, no pastor could be guilty of such a sacrilege, not even one who had lost faith in the accepted dogma of his church, and retain his office, unproved by his superiors, uncondemned by the consciences of the faithful.

The same rule, he found, obtained in all the mutually-hostile, otherwise divided churches. No matter how ignorant the clergy, how inconsistent their lives, there could be no question as to their universal, genuine belief in the "Real Presence," and of the effect of that belief on their spiritual consciousness, as also on that of each member of their flocks. It might be—possibly, was in many instances—a mere traditional, habitual acceptance of an inherited dogma, without power to amend their lives or their morals, but there was no open denial, no formulated question of the one, central fact of Catholic Christianity, and, consequently, no possibility of wanton sacrilege. Priests and people, recognizing the Blessed Sacrament as Very God, treated Him, in some measure, at least, with the reverence due to Him; and, whatever lapse of faith they might suffer or fall into, never lost the awe inspired by this Divine Presence.

Truly, as it seemed to him, it was only in the Anglican communion, among a people proud of their spiritual, moral, intellectual and temporal superiority to all the rest of human kind, that it was possible for priest or layman to believe or to deny the Real

Presence, according to individual choice, and yet communicate at Catholic altars; for a priest ordained to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ, to offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice, to outrage the Most Holy with impunity; to make that Most Holy the test of orthodoxy, the road to office under the State. In every other church belief—however expressed—in the Real Presence, had a very visible, practical effect, and ensured due reverence on the part of priest and people; a belief resting, at lowest, in the deepest and most cherished traditions and convictions of the great mass of the faithful, making open denial, still more, open sacrilege, a moral and spiritual impossibility, so that even those whose faith was dead deferred to that of their neighbors and countrymen.

In these points, therefore, the voices of Christendom were in unison, whatever might be the strife of tongues in regard to all other matters. In these respects, also, each church was consistent to its own dogmas; and no Catholic priest, Lutheran, Jansenist, Greek, Servian or Nestorian, could do as the Vicar of Meadowbrook had done, and retain his position. Belief in the Divine Eucharistic Presence was real, and living, was a belief which produced the effects which every Catholic would expect from it. Only in his own church was it otherwise; only the priests of his own obedience either had no belief themselves, or remained in communion with those who had none.

It was what he, for one, could do no longer. The lesson he had set out to learn had been taught him, with an iteration and an emphasis from which he could not escape, even had he conceived it possible that he should wish

to. From the burden of responsibility involved in his priesthood, there was, he knew, no relief to be obtained, he must share, to the end of his life, in every sacrilege committed by his fellow-priests. But he would, at least, cease to offer Masses of reparation which, as it seemed to him, in his spiritual desolation, God would not, or could not accept, so many and so great, by comparison, were the outrages committed against the Most Holy Sacrament by priests unconscious of their dignity, yet none the less guilty, on that account. The burden lay upon his church, upon his bishops, upon his own soul, and it was greater than he could bear.

In which of the many churches of Christendom should he seek for refuge, for some relief from the weight that oppressed him? Though their voices might be in unison, to all intents and purposes, concerning sacrifice and priesthood, concerning all else there was a strife of tongues that tortured his spiritual senses with a pain surpassing all expression. Partakers in One Sacrifice, one priesthood, they were yet at bitter variance with one another, and, though each claimed his allegiance, none claimed that infallibility which, as he felt, must accompany Divine authority rightly possessed. To him, and he knew it, it had always been a difficulty that his own communion, claiming to be a living portion of the Teaching Church, and insisting on apostolic succession, should have never claimed to teach infallibly. How otherwise should they teach to whom it was said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me?" And yet, neither in the church from which he was a voluntary exile, for the honor of the Eucharistic God, nor in any of the churches whose doctrines and

practices he had been studying so earnestly, for many months past, did the successors of the apostles presume to teach, as The Lord of the Apostles bade them, "with authority," that is, as possessing His infallibility. Moreover, should any heresy arise, such as Puritanism or Latitudinarianism in his own communion, the only apparent remedy available was in a Synod of Bishops—subject, in most cases, to more or less direct interference on the part of the State. How poor a remedy that was, his experience of Pan-Anglican Synods and Lambeth conferences, had long ago convinced him.

There was, as he began to recognize, almost in spite of himself, only one church that had, in all ages, and under all circumstances, laid claim to the possession of infallible authority; a church which, while she admitted the validity of some orders outside her pale, altogether denied that of others, of the Anglican communion in particular. Further, such orders as this one church recognized were those of churches whose belief in sacrifice and priesthood had always been clearest, most distinct, most real and practical in its effects on the lives and conduct of priests and laity, with which, in short, she had most in common. If she debarred from this recognition the Swedish and other Lutherans, it was only what many Anglicans had done as well, and with less valid reason; if his own church fell under her ban in this respect it was only because, in her judgment,—as he, himself, had been constrained into something very like an admission—a church which made no provision for the reverence due to the Victim and to the Sacrifice could not possess a real priesthood.

It was almost an admission; not quite, as yet. And this, doubtless, for

the very reason that to admit that Rome was right in regard to Anglican orders, that is, in regard to his own, seemed to him, in his actual state of mind, too easy and simple a way of laying down his insupportable burden to be the one that God intended him to take. He had assumed that burden—so he still honestly believed—at the direct command of God; he felt that he needed a command as clear and unmistakable before he might presume to lay it down. It was true that all other churches—the Swedish Lutherans excepted—were at one with Rome on this question, as well, and for Rome's reason, which, with ever increasing force, appealed to his sorely-tried spirit, but which, on that very account, he strove, manfully, prayerfully, to put from him, as a suggestion of his ghostly enemy.

But Rome claimed to be infallible, and all other churches strenuously resisted her tyrannous pretensions; his own among the very first. They were at one in this at least; the consent of Christendom was not to be mistaken on this point, whatever divisions there might be in regard to others. And yet none other claimed this infallibility, so evidently a part of the divine constitution and economy of the Teaching Church; supposing a General Council to be summoned, neither Swedish nor Anglican bishops would, so far as he could see, be admitted as Catholic, nor was there, judging from the rivalries and divisions that had made themselves so painfully evident to him in the course of his pilgrimage, any hope of practical agreement, since no one church would yield precedence to any other; and, since no individual body of bishops claimed to be the infallible voice of the church—the prerogative of the Apostles and their successors—

whence should that infallibility be bestowed on the decisions of all of them, in General Council assembled? Here, again, his experience of his own bishops, joined to his clear recognition that any authority claiming man's spiritual allegiance must be infallible, formed the sure standard by which he measured all things.

The consent of Christendom was contradicted, set at naught, by the strife of tongues. Of what avail were priesthood, sacrifice, consistency and reverence, if there were none to answer, with Divine authority, the soul's cry of perishing humanity, "What is truth?"

III.—THE CITY OF HABITATION.

It was not a spiritual condition that could last indefinitely. His zeal for God, his unspeakable horror at the sacrilege committed by a brother-priest had driven him into exile, laden with a burden heavier and more bitter than that which falls to the lot of most men. He had searched through Christendom for the confirmation of those two truths which were, to him, the very life of his soul, and had found it, in abundance. But, even so, he was not satisfied, and from the burden that oppressed him he had found none to offer him any relief that he felt he could conscientiously accept. The very fact that all churches with but one doubtful exception, agreed with Rome in denying the validity of his orders, did not help him; rather, he clung all the more tenaciously to them in that, therein, consisted all the bitterness of the cross that God had laid on him. All his spiritual experience testified to the reality of the sacramental graces which he had received, to the Presence of the Eucharistic God in his consecrated, but unworthy hands, in

his soul, hungering for the Bread of Life. How could there be any doubt about it, even though it had cost him so much?

But, at the very hour when relief seemed wholly unattainable, except at a price which his moral nature refused to contemplate as possible, relief was nearest to him, though he knew it not. Grown weary of wandering, he found himself at Nazareth, in the Holy Land, and there entered the church of the Latin Obedience. It was the hour of Vespers, the feast of a confessor. The ritual and the music were all familiar to him; they had been in use for many years, as nearly as possible, that is, in his own church at Eastbury. He listened, with a strange and wholly new sense of contentment and peace to the words of the Psalms, to the solemn chant of the Magnificat. But the words sung at the end of the hymn, came to him as a message from God Himself. "Justum deduxit per vias rectas,"—He hath led the just by the right ways." Just, he did not lay claim to be, remembering the humility of St. Paul, but he had, at least, striven to serve God in that state to which, as he honestly believed God had called him; at what cost, God only knew. Had God led him, too, by the right way? Surely, He must have done. And now? What was the end to be? "Et ostendit illi regnum Dei",—And hath shown to him the Kingdom of God." The Kingdom of God; the Church of God. Was he to find it here?

Had he not sought it, earnestly, longingly, with prayers and tears? Would not God show it to him, at last? This, then, was to be the end of his strange, painful pilgrimage; here he was to find relief from the burden that had weighed him down to the very dust. It was, as it seemed to

him, no sudden revulsion of feeling, no mere yielding to a weak desire to be quit of the burden he had borne so long; no mere acceptance, in sheer hopelessness, of the only escape that offered itself to his weary spirit. Rather, it was the natural, yet Divine consummation of all he had undergone. The voice of Christendom was the voice of Rome, in this matter, at least; there could be no priesthood in a communion which made no provision for the reverence due to the Most Holy Victim; a communion in which for centuries, sacrileges had been of constant, regular, unavoidable occurrence, never regarded as such; in which, even now, it was possible for clergy and laity to refuse to adore the Eucharistic God, simply because, as most of them were persuaded, He was not present under the sacramental veils; how could such a church be, in any real sense, Catholic? How could such men as numbers whom he knew, have power to consecrate the Body and Blood of Christ, and yet treat Them as common bread and wine as a matter of course?

In every other communion with which he had been brought in contact the doctrines of sacrifice and priesthood were accepted without question, safeguarded by the faith, the traditions, the consciences of clergy and people. The most unworthy, the most ignorant priest treated the Eucharistic God with a real reverence, a real awe, however little effect such belief might have on his life and conduct, and any want of reverence, much more, any wanton sacrilege, any open denial of the accepted dogma, would entail instant punishment; punishment, moreover, endorsed by the Catholic sense of the great body of the faithful.

In every other communion—except

his own. And, if so, to what did it point, as with the Finger of God Himself? No sacrifice, no priest: no provision for the fitting reverence and adoration, no Presence: no Catholic sense to prevent and to resent outrages, no sacrilege. How could it be otherwise? Doubtless, in every age, in every church, sacrileges had been, would be committed; but, for every known sacrilege, there would be countless Masses of reparation offered by faithful priests, countless acts of loving reparation made by thousands of believers, inexpressibly horrified and saddened at the outrage done to their Dear Lord. But, in his own communion! He dared not think of it any more! The weight of guilt and iniquity must, long since, have called down the signal vengeance of God—had the guilt really existed. How could God have allowed so many earnest, faithful men, during three centuries, to go on committing such awful sacrileges, in ignorance; with none to make reparation, none to understand? Surely, God would never lay on men's souls a burden such as he had had to bear; surely, he was not a priest.

So far, at least, his way was clear enough. That he should bear, to the end, with such patience, grace and courage God should bestow, whatever burdens or crosses God should see fit to lay upon him, seemed, to him, of the very rudiments, so to speak, of the spiritual life. But that God should lay, upon any of His servants, the burden of responsibility for countless, daily sacrileges, committed with impunity, without reproof, as a matter of doctrinal necessity, seemed, to him, a spiritual impossibility. All Christendom bore witness to the truth of this conclusion; all Christendom, Catholic, Lutheran and Protestant.

But, since he was no priest; since the communion in which, even now, he felt he could no longer remain, was, in no sense, and could never be, Catholic, in what other should he find "the Kingdom of God?" To this, too, the answer was simpler, easier, than, but a short time ago, he could have dared to hope. "Justum deduxit per vias rectas;" he had been led to this little church in Nazareth, to hear that very message, must not the rest prove true? Might he not find, even here, "a city of habitation?"

In what other communion could he find it, if not here? The Church of God must have God's infallible authority by the very law of her being. Since he had been led by the right way, and, of this, he no longer had any doubt whatever, this must, of necessity, be the appointed end of his pilgrimage. The very fact that only here had it become spiritually possible to avail himself of the one way of escape which had, in truth, been always present to his mind, but which, hitherto, he had always resisted as a suggestion of the evil one, was, to his heart and conscience, proof incontestable that it was God's will that he should accept this relief, at last.

A City of Habitation, a City of Refuge, a City of Peace, the Kingdom of God on earth. It was no new thought to him, rather what the church had always, in a sense, been to him, always, to speak more accurately, what his ideal of the church had been. Moreover, it had been this very belief in the church with all that it involved, which had cost him so much, had driven him into voluntary, yet—as it seemed to him—inevitable exile, which had brought him hither. The church being divine must be infallible; sacrifice, the Sacrifice of the Mass, being of

the very essence of true Christianity, the Church must possess a duly-constituted priesthood; and, since Sacrifice involved the Presence of God under the Sacramental veils, adoration, reverence, ritual followed as by a spiritual necessity. It was because his own communion had fallen so immeasurably, so hopelessly short of this ideal that he had been constrained, as at the price of his very soul, to seek its realization elsewhere.

And it was here, only, in the City of Habitation, the City of God, that he had found it, in all its divine completeness and perfection. Other communions had some, had many of the necessary essentials that his ideal called for, the "Latin Church" alone possessed them all. And, possessing them, must not She be, in very truth, the Church of God?

So that it was no new faith that he was accepting, but, rather, the confir-

mation, the consummation of the faith that he had always clung to. Yet, at the same time, he realized clearly, the infinite difference between past and present. His faith in the past had been a personal conviction, due to temperament, to training, to taste and predilection, to an intellectual conception of what the Church of God must be; his faith, in the present, was, indeed, the gift of God, a divine faith resting on infallible authority. Truly, he had been led by the right way, and had found the City of Habitation.

Here, then, was the end of his soul's pilgrimage. "Unam petii a Domino, One thing have I asked of the Lord," he whispered, in the new found peace that filled his whole spiritual being, "that I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the days of my life." The House of the Lord! He had found it at last, and would dwell in it, by the grace and mercy of God, all the days of his life.

GOOD-NIGHT.

GOOD-NIGHT, and may God bless you! is my prayer.

The moon goes down. May guardian angels keep

Their watch, and ward above you while you sleep;

And may the fondest elves of fortune fare

Around your pillow as they softly bear

The boon for which so many wake and weep;

For I would have not any tears to steep

The roses that your cheeks at parting wear.

May no rude storms assail. May only wings

Of faring doves against your casement beat

With fond reports. I pray the wind that springs

From tropic lands, and filled with odors sweet,

To visit you with peace its balsam brings.

Good-night, and may God bless you, I repeat!

ALONZO RICE, Ray's Crossing, Indiana.

Some Aspects of Ancient Benevolence.

BY THE REVEREND FRANCIS X. MCGOWAN, O. S. A.

“SOFT-HANDED CHARITY,” as the poet calls it, was a virtue little known before the advent of Jesus Christ. There was no charity as we Christians understand the term. Society, in pagan days, had but little thought of relieving distress, caring for the sick, or providing for the aged, the orphan and the widow. In fact, ancient philosophy decried any thing like benevolence or pity. To be sure, there were some philosophers, like Socrates and Plato, who taught men that in order to be good, they ought to cherish sentiments of humanity. Euripides gives us a strange reason why a man who considers himself to be *very wise* ought to be humane in feeling and practice; he says that otherwise the excess of his wisdom might make him forget the sentiment of humanity. There was, however, a large and influential school of philosophy known in Greece and Rome as the Stoical School, that openly condemned the practice of benevolence and taught that any sentiment of pity, mercy or humaneness in man was a defect, a morbid derangement, in fact a disease. Zeno was the founder of this school, and the poet Seneca, who lived in the first half of the first century of the Christian era, was a famous expounder of its doctrines. The latter declared the sense of humanity to be “the vice of a belittled soul,” *vitium animi, pusilli animi*, meaning that it was a moral defect in man. Man, however, in his natural inclinations, is much the same in all ages, countries and conditions, and he has always admired and has done

honor to deeds of magnanimity, charity and mercy. When Zeno and his disciples gave utterance to that vile solecism regarding the practice of benevolence, they met with well-merited contempt. Cicero said of these pagan Pharisees, who really bore the same relation to Paganism as the Pharisees bore to Judaism, that they fashioned in their minds a sort of wise human being, such as never has, nor ever could have existed. Seneca in one of his works (*De Clementia*) makes an apology for the lack of humanity, declaring that nobody is obliged to concern himself about his neighbors' affairs. We must remember that this same Seneca was the teacher of Nero, the most cruel and profligate emperor, that ever ruled the Roman empire. There were some of the ancient philosophers who manifested a peculiar contempt for riches. Of one of these was Crates. St. Jerome, commenting on St. Peter's words to Christ: “Behold we have left all things and have followed Thee,” said that Crates had accomplished the former part of the Apostle's declaration: he had left all things: *hoc enim et Crates fecit philosophus (In Com. Abbatum)*. There were some of these ancient sages who were known to have cast their wealth into the sea, so much did they despise it. Again, there were philosophers who, like the very wealthy and enlightened Democritus, renounced riches to be more free to devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. We marvel at this self-denial on the part of these pagans, but we marvel more when we know that the wise men never thought

of using their large means to redeem captives, to enfranchise slaves or build retreats or asylums for the poor and the afflicted. Democritus gave up a fortune large enough to furnish a banquet to Xerxes' army, but he did not spend a sesterce of it for the relief of his poverty-stricken fellow-men. This indifference towards the needy and the poor arose from the contempt with which the wealthy and the wise regarded the common people. The philosophers hated the lower class of society, and refused to share with it wealth, knowledge and power. To be poor was a crime in their eyes; to be infirm was a sin against society. This heartless philosophy soon found means to remove such encumbrances on the fabric of society. The children of the poor and the offspring of the criminal class were literally thrown to dogs to be devoured; the aged were left to die of hunger or by their own hands; the poor were sold as slaves or forced to become gladiators, or even worse. Paganism would not tolerate the poor, and it removed them from its sight. Lactantius tells us (*De Morte Persecut*) that Maximilianus, the Roman Emperor, had all the beggars of his day gathered together and carried out to sea and drowned. There was none of the milk of human kindness in Ancient Rome or Greece. While the ancients chiselled deep on the granite pages of time their splendid deeds of heroism, they have left no history of what are greater deeds: acts of mercy, benevolence and tenderness. In their midst were men of the same race, color, country, and even kindred who were classed as slaves, and they did absolutely nothing in the way of system or legislation to better the condition of these helots, which was, for many long centuries, worse than that

of the brute beasts of the field. Slaves were whipped unmercifully and tortured inhumanly; they were at any moment liable to be put to death at the whim or crochot of brutal masters, Apuleius, a flippant Pagan writer, thus describes for us a slave: "The slave is known by the letters branded on his forehead, his half-shaved head, and the chains on his feet." Yet these slaves numbered one-half of the population in the opulent and large cities of the ancient world. Public beneficence was unknown to paganism. We read of individuals who were benevolent and merciful, but society was devoid of compassion. There were no public charitable establishments, and the law was silent in regard to public assistance. Was it a wonder that the pagans had recourse to slavery and infanticide to get rid of the unfortunate? The pagans, in their continual descent to complete degradation, suffocated the very instincts that God had placed in their human nature, and the day came when their neglect of their distressed and poor fellow-men operated most effectually in their national ruin.

When Christ appeared to accomplish His mission of mercy and love, He threw the fire-brand of charity upon the separated classes of mankind. The law of brotherly love became the directrix of men's lives, thoughts and actions. The poor were declared blessed; the little ones were surrounded with divine affection; the slave was given the same heavenly birthright as was promised the master. Christianity abhorred slavery, and while she could not decree its immediate abolition, she tempered its sad condition with the light of her love and the favor of her clemency. The Son of God Himself, as St. Paul tells us, took

the form of a servant and became obedient to the slave's death, the death of the cross. His example changed the face of the world, and his generosity enchanted the souls of men. Charity was so developed in the early days of the faith as to surpass our understanding. Pope St. Clement, who ruled the Church of God, A. D. 98, wrote in these terms to the church of Corinth; "We know *many* among us to have given themselves up into chains to redeem their brethren; *many* have sold themselves to others as slaves, and used the price paid to them for themselves to feed the hungry."

We know what importance the primitive Christians laid on the observance of the law of hospitality. St. Paul had enjoined on them this olden custom which obtained from the days of the patriarchs. The Apostle made use of the example of Lot and Abraham entertaining hospitably angels under the form of men to encourage the faithful to the practice of hospitality. This brotherly law never prevailed with the pagans to the extent with which it was observed by the early Christians. We have said that there were no charitable institutions among the pagans. Travelers, strangers and the unhoused poor were left to the mercy of a cold, indifferent world. In the ancient cities there were no hotels as in our days, where the wayfarer might obtain food and rest; in the country-places there were no inns to afford the necessities and conveniences of life to the wearied traveller. Even boarding-houses, such as we have, were unknown to the ancients. To be sure, they had taverns, called *tabernæ*, in the cities and towns, but they were generally low drinking-places, which no respectable man would enter, or they were grocery-shops where the rabble might buy pro-

visions. Nobody of any decency ever thought of applying to these disreputable houses for lodging. When a rich man travelled he had to call on friends for both food and lodging. Those who were provided with tablets, or *tesserae* of hospitality were welcomed as friends and generously treated. This held good for the rich, but what treatment could the poor expect? As the poor were slaves, they received but scant hospitality. Before Christ's coming, hospitality, as we view it, was a dead letter among the pagans. The early Christians opened their own doors to the traveller and the stranger, and while they had to be careful in regard to ordinary wayfarers, they lavished love, service and kindness on those who brought to them letters from their home-churches. In the eleventh canon of the Council of Chalcedon, allusion is made to these "pacific ecclesiastical letters." When the primitive Catholics went to foreign countries, they, both of the clergy and the laity, carried with them letters of recommendation, which were called *formatae*, directed by one bishop to a brother bishop. The government had station-houses along the great highways, which had been erected for its own needs, and travellers were allowed to stop for a limited time in them, but beyond this, there is no evidence of any public arrangement for strangers or wayfarers. It must not be supposed that the early Christians transcended the bounds of propriety and moderation in their practice of hospitality, that the church, as some infidels desirous of throwing contempt on religion have asserted, was only a place of refuge for worthless idlers, who could work but did not wish to work. The converts from paganism were not of such a class, and we know from

early testimony that professional beggars were excluded from the benefits of Christian hospitality in the primitive times. In the large commercial city of Thessalonica, the authorities of the church discovered "disorderly persons" working not at all, but curiously "meddling," and St. Paul censured such by his own example of industry, pointing to his own color which he might have well been spared as a refutation of the claim of such idlers to the charity of the church. He then promulgated that rule which has been frequently quoted down to our days: "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." The charitable funds collected from the faithful were to be used in behalf of the really destitute and helpless, and not for the support of meddling idlers. In the Apostolic age, there were many churches that were poor and bishops who were often in want, but their necessity was relieved by the assistance of more comfortable congregations, just as St. Paul was helped in his need by the faithful of Philippi, who sent Epaphroditus with gifts to him. So charitable were some individuals that they deserved to be mentioned by the Apostles in their Epistles. St. Paul speaks of Cajus, his host, who was, it seems, most generous towards all engaged in the service of the church, and St. John praises Cajus for his hospitality to needy strangers who departed "taking nothing of the gentiles."

Infant Christianity presents many beautiful aspects of heroism and magnanimity, but we know of no picture that is so attractive and heart-thrilling as its devotedness to the poor and the helpless. The spirit of sacrifice equalled almost that of Gethsemane or Calvary. We are amazed when we read the sacred page delineating the un-

bounded generosity of the primitive Christians towards all mankind and we are so moved by this tale of supernatural benevolence that we are urged to kiss the page that narrates it. The primitive Christians, taught by their divine master to love and help all mankind, recoiled with horror from the heartless and selfish conduct of the pagans, and in order to carry out more effectually the precept of charity enjoined on them by Him who went about doing good, they made one common fund of all that they possessed for the benefit of all who were in need. It was a holy sacrifice on their part, but it was also a wise provision to make a common treasury at a time when the faithful were passing through the ordeal of direful persecution and were not permitted to assemble openly for divine worship, but were compelled to hear Mass in the catacombs, in the bowels of the earth, where the labyrinth of winding ways with their hidden chapels was alone known to them. Their faith was quickened by their charity and it was no wonder that their lives were angelic. Thus was charity diffused uniformly for the first time on earth.

We find the same spirit impelling the faithful to do works of benevolence and mercy in later ages. St. Augustine was wont to exhort his people to clothe the poor, and it was his custom to visit only such families as had taken the orphan, the widow, or the sick poor under their care. The bishops of small places who, from want of resources, could not raise hospitals and asylums, set apart a portion of their own homes or the churches for charitable uses. Lay people were just as solicitous for the poor. St. John Chrysostom tells us of some persons who reserved rooms in their houses

which were always ready to receive the poor, the sick or strangers. These benevolent Christians used to call each room by the name of the individual who occupied it, as for example, "father's room, John's room," but they always called the apartment set aside for the poor "Christ's room,"—a beautiful inspiration. The hospitals of our days which confer such great benefits upon the poor had their origin in the pious invention of the early Christians at a time when no public institutions of charity existed or were even dreamt of. It is related in ecclesiastical history that Saints Julian and Basilissa, a devout couple living in Antinous in Egypt, turned their home into a hospital. Basilissa attended the women as a faithful nurse, and Julian waited on the men in separate apartments. Many cases of distress were constantly reported to the rulers of the churches, and among them the gloomy condition of those who were imprisoned for their faith appealed forcibly to the charity of the faithful. In each city a deacon was appointed to attend carefully to those who were in chains. That they served those who were to be soon martyrs is easily deduced from the expression of the blessed martyr Ignatius: "Where are the deacons?" for he had often, in several places, partaken of their charitable offices, and he praised them gratefully "they are indeed imitators of angels." The early Christians took great delight in visiting imprisoned confessors and holding pious converse with them. Their assiduity in this respect was so great that the illustrious martyr, St. Cyprian, was obliged to warn the faithful not to go in such great numbers as they were wont to do, to the prisons, lest stricter rules would be made by the jailers and

all would be excluded. When the confessors of the faith were exiled to distant places or condemned like slaves to work in the mines, the church-authorities kept an account of them, and money and provisions were sent them by trusty messengers. The charity of God urged the faithful so powerfully that they were known to travel great distances afoot to visit the poor sufferers and bring them consolation and help. We read in Eusebius of five Egyptian Catholics who went on a pilgrimage of this kind to the wilds of Cilicia, and who were arrested on their way home and condemned to death for their faith by the pagan governor of Cæsaria. It was rather charity than severity which prompted the Church to inflict rigorous canonical penances on those who were wanting in mercy and charity towards their brethren. Those who were guilty of personal violence or murder were treated with the utmost rigor, and it was a necessary policy, for human life had been held so cheap among the pagans that the Church in her charity did not deem any penalty too severe that would protect life and limb among her people. The first charitable associations or benevolent societies were undoubtedly the gatherings or congregations of the faithful at the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. St. Justin (A. D. 141) declares that it was, at that time and therefore before that time, the custom to take up a collection from the wealthy and well-disposed after the communion, and this collection was handed over to the bishop or a priest "who with these funds aids," says the Saint, "orphans, widows, the sick, the needy, those who are in chains, strangers, travellers—in a word, he is expected to care for all the indigent of his flock." This weekly

fund led to systematizing somewhat the distribution of charity which occurred at stated times and according to fixed regulations, as is the custom with the charities of our own day. So admirable was the practice of charity and so wide-spread that we are astonished when we read the history of those early days. The Emperors after Constantine with the exception of Julian the Apostate so revered the charitable work of the Church that they committed to her the distribution of the grain for the poor in all the imperial cities. An edict of the Emperor Marcian declared that whatever was given to the Church was given to the poor. We also know from history that the Church owned great ships, which were sent out to receive or gather provisions for the poor and often dispatched to bear relief to destitute communities in very remote countries. The fertile fields of Egypt furnished grain, which was given to the earliest monks in return for mats and baskets made by them and was sent by these monks as shipments of charity for God's sake to needy congregations in every part of the world.

Besides the collections taken up at the Masses on Sundays for the relief of the indigent, the Church also gave feasts after the divine service, which were known as *agapes* or charity-feasts. These were generally given at the expense of the wealthier portion of the flock, and the poor were often served by the rich at these bountiful repasts. Referring to them, St. John Chrysostom says. "This is what our forefathers in the faith used to do in happier days, instead of betaking themselves at once to their own comfortable mansions." "Our *agapes* feed the poor," said St. Augustine to Faustus the Manichæan. The Council of Gangra, held

about 370, calls these *agapes* "banquets of the poor," and it condemned in no mincing way some puritanical heretics who reviled and stigmatized these charitable gatherings. When in later days, the *agapes* degenerated and became injurious, the Church quickly abolished the custom of holding them.

What we call to-day "out-door relief" was practised quite extensively in the church of the early ages. It is another instance, together with the Sunday collection, of the old adage: "There is nothing new under the sun." In different parts of the city, the church authorities opened what were called *Diaconiae* or Chapels of Mercy, and after gathering funds, they were distributed to the needy. These *Diaconiae* were known to the Christians only, and they were generally attached to buildings used by the faithful for religious purposes. This was the period when, on account of persecution, the Christians as yet had no public churches. To these charitable places the faithful brought travellers or strangers in want, and in them was kept a record of the names of orphans, widows, or the aged who lived in that ward or section where the Chapel of Mercy was. The deacons of the Seven *Diaconiae* in the seven wards of Rome formed a body by themselves, they were not subject to the parish priests, but had as a superior an Archdeacon appointed from their own number. The sacred offerings of the church were divided into four parts, and one of these parts was set aside for the bishop, who used it in exercising hospitality or redeeming captives. St. Justin represents the bishop as the chief guardian and trustee of the poor, and we may well imagine that many calls were made on his purse in days when there were no hotels, public offices of assis-

tance or hospices of any kind. St. Jerome expected in his time a bishop to exercise hospitality towards all Catholic travellers or strangers. Another fourth of these offerings was appropriated for the poor and the destitute ; the rest went for the maintenance of the clergy, the repairing of churches at a later period, and the decorum of religious worship. As early as the pontificate of Pope Cornelius (A. D. 250) the *Diaconiae* of the Church of Rome distributed relief to 1500 persons. St. John Chrysostom says that the church of Antioch in his day, though not possessing abundant resources, gave food daily to 3000 virgins and widows, besides caring for travellers, lepers and prisoners- The faithful were most generous and ready with their alms. St. Epiphanius tells us that the Christians of his day poured out alms most profusely for the sick and the poor. We see the spirit which actuated the early Christians when we read in an ancient book that widows and orphans were considered to be "an altar of Holocausts" or whole-burnt offerings, in the temple of our Jerusalem, while the sacred virgins who were supported and honored by the church are our "altar of incense" or the incense itself. As Erasmus looked at this picture of Christian charity, it was no wonder that he wrote: "Methinks I see the Hen of the Gospel anxious and solicitous to gather and cherish her chickens under her wings." It was no flight of fancy that led the great Bossuet to call the Church "The City of the Poor," for, after years of contempt and ages of degradation, these social outcasts were honorably received within her walls, declared eligible to citizenship ; their rights were assured and their interests protected. The spirit of charity is the

spirit of Christ, and the church has infused it all through these eighteen centuries into her clergy, her religious orders and the body of her faithful. When the Apostles dismissed Paul and Barnabas on their mission to the Gentiles, the great Doctor tells us that they were given one special injunction, to care for the poor, whom the Gentiles neglected and the Jews disregarded. "Only that we should be mindful of the poor ; which same thing also I was careful to do." The history of the Church has been only a continuous illustration of that Apostolic spirit ever since the days of Christ and His disciples.

Unfortunately, we have not ample records of the early ages of the Church. In fact, all that we can glean of the actions of some of the first Popes is written on their tombs. Their epitaphs are more glorious than those engraved on the tombs of conquerors, philosophers and statesmen who flourished under paganism. Their greatest claim to the veneration of posterity is their devotion to distressed humanity. They loved Christ's poor and relieved them ; they were fathers to the orphan, protectors of the widow, benefactors of the aged, the sick and the stranger. They built by their benevolence a monument *aere perennius*.

When the Church emerged from the obscurity which persecution threw about her, she began to develop the seeds of life and love which her Founder embosomed within her. There is nothing dearer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus than love for His redeemed brethren, and Christian antiquity is full of the narrative of holy deeds of charity and mercy, performed by Pope, bishop, priest and laic. The love of God urged them all to heroic achievements. We see St. Anthony

leaving his desert-home, appearing with his sheep-skin cloak washed as white as snow in crowded cities or down in mines to comfort and encourage his persecuted brethren; we see the Blessed Ephrem, who, after great labor in the world, had retired to the mountains of Mesopotamia, leaving his cell when he heard of the famine prevailing in Edessa and persuading the wealthy citizens of that city to help their afflicted brethren. These are types of the early Christian. The Church was soon enabled to give a permanent footing to her benevolent plans when the clouds of persecution rolled away from her. Constantine published an imperial rescript in the year 321 which read as follows: "Every one is free—when departing this life—to leave whatsoever he pleases to the most holy and venerable Catholic Church." This was of vast benefit to religion. Money, land and property were bequeathed the Church, and with this help, increased further by donations from the State and wealthy individuals, she began a well-organized system of charitable institutions, which have continued down to our days despite the opposition of hell and its agents on earth. These establishments were many and varied in nature and purpose, and on account of their beneficent character, they were called in the Roman code and in the Capitularies of Charlemagne *loci venerabiles*. They were to be found in every considerable city of the Roman empire. Each institution had its name designating its purpose. They were:

Homes for strangers called *Xenones* or *Xenodochia*;

Hospitals for the sick called *Nosocomia*;

Asylums for orphans called *Orphanotrophia*;

Houses for the poor called *Ptoctotrophia*;

Refuges for the aged called *Gerontocomia*;

Asylums for infants and foundlings called *Brephotrophia*.

Besides these institutions the monasteries afforded shelter and food to the poor and the infirm, to the traveller

and the stranger. The hospitality of these monastic homes was famous in early and later times, and when Henry VIII. suppressed them he inflicted a mortal wound on the religious life of England. When the famine of 1847 was raging in Ireland, her Archbishops told the English authorities no lie when they said that the wretchedness of the Irish people came from the destruction of their ancient institutions, which had always in Catholic days given relief to the poor and destitute. We simply refer to the benevolent work done by the church of the early ages in the matter of disposing with the dead. In pagan days dead bodies were burned, a proceeding which Tertullian called a *most atrocious custom*. Christianity, which venerates the body that has been the temple of the Holy Ghost, abolished this pagan custom and had it decently interred in blessed ground. The Church also abrogated two other widespread customs that weighed heavily on distressed humanity. She secured the repeal of the law that condemned a large number of criminals to slavery for life, and she succeeded in abolishing the practice of making slaves do the difficult work of brute beasts by turning mills with yokes about their necks, to prevent them from eating. She also prevailed on rulers to make laws directed against "the murder of children and their being sold into slavery or pawned away by their parents."

The Church labored assiduously to efface from legislation and from public custom everything that degraded man or oppressed him unrighteously. She embraced in her loving solicitude mankind in all its classes, conditions and races. She led men away from barbaric customs and inhuman practices; she made them tolerant, gentle and humane; she it was who civilized the nations. Men have desired to supplant in our late days her charity by what they call philanthropy, but philanthropy, a system without religious spirit and guidance, is "only the false coin of charity" and must result in failure. Like her founder, Jesus Christ, the Church pursues her mission of love to man.

THE ANGELUS.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I.

LIKE the voice of an angel stealing,
All its sweetest joy revealing,
Lo ! to me thy gentle pealing
 Ever sounds sweet, little bell !
For thy music, drifting, drifting,
All my thoughts to Heaven lifting,
 Sounds diviner,
 Sounds sublimer,
Sweeter far than words can tell.

II.

When the birds, on tree-tops swinging,
Greet the day, their matin singing,
Little bell ! Thou, too, art ringing
 And thy song doth fill the air ;
It dispels all pain and sadness,
It is set in tones of gladness,
 Sweetly stealing,
 Full of feeling—
Breathing soft a hymn of prayer.

III.

When the noon-day sun is beaming
And the blue skies bright are gleaming,
Kissed by sunbeams, warmly streaming,
 From the belfry, 'neath the sky,
Whisp'ring voice ! From out those portals,
Speakest thou, to weary mortals
 And the greeting,
 Glad and fleeting,
Leads a while to God on high.

IV.

When the twilight shades are blending,
With the sun's rays fast descending ;
When the dying day is ending,
 Soft in prayer we bend our knee,
And we put aside our sorrows,
And we dream of glad to-morrows,
 While the pealing,
 Bell revealing,
Sounds its parting melody.

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

First Friday—March, 1901.—B. Peter Canisius, S. J.

THE sorrows of the Sacred Heart overshadow our souls in this holy time of Lent, and we try to console It by reparation, zeal and devoted love. We sought in February the aid of Venerable Jesuit De la Colombière, and now we look up to another saintly patron of the same Society, Blessed Peter Canisius. Centuries before the Sacred Heart was unveiled in Paray le Monial, this "Hammer of heretics," drew from that fountain of love, the tender compassion, ardent zeal, and devotedness which so characterized his life. Contemplating the Passion he exclaims: "He offered Himself on the Cross—this most pure and spotless Heart, to disarm Him '(the Eternal Father)' and obtain pardon for us."

And again, "Hail Heart of my Jesus! Heart most sweet, Heart of my most faithful friend." On his Profession-day our Lord opened to him that abode of love, gave him, as it were, to drink of its living waters, and clothed him with its virtues.

Let us, when watching in Gethsemane, or following Jesus in the stages of the Passion, or standing with the Mother of Sorrows beneath His Cross listening to the dying music of the Crucified, imitate B. Canisius in that compassionate love which will urge us to devote ourselves entirely, and for ever to Jesus' Sacred Heart. "Prayer, Work, Suffering,"—these are the elements of our apostleship—these are precious gems if only we unite them with the intentions of this Divine Lover, and place them in the casket of

His Heart. When kneeling to adore our dearest Lord this First Friday, let us echo the words, or at least the sentiments of our blessed friend above: "I offer Thee my heart, that Thou mayest take entire possession of it, and that henceforth I may enjoy the happiness of living only in Thee."

"Grant, O my Jesus, that all my thoughts, words and desires of this day, may be entirely in accordance with Thy Divine pleasure, and Thy most Adorable Will."

"Omnia pro te Cor Jesu!" "All for Thee, O Heart of Jesus!"

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St Clare's).

GRATITUDE.*

"My soul doth magnify the Lord,"

O Mother mine, with thee!

And echoes low thy silvery notes

Of holy minstrelsy.

Most Sacred Heart, accept *her* tones

Of gratitude and love,

More sweet to Thee than angel-songs

In Paradise above.

"O Memorare," wond'rous prayer!

Saint Bernard's touching strain.

Once more, most gladly, I record

We breathe it not in vain.

* NOTE—In fulfilment of a promise to thank the Sacred Heart, and Our dear Lady, and especially extol the efficacy of her "Memorare" in obtaining favors.

The "Fifteen Saturdays" are also most efficacious, and we hope later on to speak more at length of this beautiful devotion with which perhaps all readers of the Carmelite Review are not well acquainted.

E DE M.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, 1901.

KINDNESS.

FATHER FABER very beautifully says: "Kind words are the music of the world. They charm our cares away. They draw us nearer to God." We have endeavored to convey a few thoughts regarding "Kind Words" in this number of the Carmelite Review by a grateful poetic reply to one whose heart-strings have vibrated responsively to *Enfant de Marie's* simple songs of praise for "The Beauties of Mary."

His kind and encouraging ode proves to us that her name, even when murmured imperfectly, has a sweetness, a persuasiveness all its own, consequently, independent of the tones in which it emanates from an "Enfant."

We gladly intoned her "Magnificat" in gratitude to Him who made use of such humble means to cheer, aid and console lovers of Mary. Our great Irish poet's address to the harp of his country, is alluded to in the lines by which we desire to express thanks, and especially in these words:

"Well I know my glorious Queen,
The sweetness is all thine!"

Those kind words were gems in the diadem of Our Lady's "Beauties," (November 1900), and we offered them to the Sacred Heart mystically wreathed with thorns, and asked Him to bless the far-off poet and crown him with "glory and honor" in this life and the next.

KIND WORDS.

Kind words have wafted, music-like
Across the deep blue sea;
And very pleasing was their tone
To "Enfant de Marie."

Our Lady's harp-strings oft vibrate
With melodies of mine,
But well I know, my glorious Queen,
The sweetness is all thine! *

I steal like sighing night-wind, o'er
Some soft and plaintive chord,
Or else awake glad notes to praise
Thee, Mother of my Lord!

Thou art so dear, so beautiful!
Whene'er I breathe of thee
Responsive echoes whisper low;
"We love thee, O Marie!"

I thank thee, kindly, heart from which
This cheering message came,
To tell me these her songs were sweet
Because of her Blest Name!

ENFANT DE MARIE, (St. Clare's.)

* T. Moore. Thought from "Dear Harp Of My Country."

NOTE—These lines were written in gratitude to a kind and encouraging commendation in "The Beauties of Mary," (November Number) entitled, "To Enfant de Marie." [E. RUTHVEN.]

We hoped, in the same pages, to publish this reply, but learned with much regret that Our Lady's "Beauties" has retired from the literary world. Perhaps the kind writer, who evidently loves Our dear Lady, as his poems testify, may meet with these grateful lines in the Carmelite Review. No doubt many will greatly regret the beautiful magazine replete with literary gems, and arranged with such skill and piety. Will any lover of Mary undertake a similar one for the glory of God's Blessed Mother? This is the ardent desire and prayer of E. DE M.

Some may praise diamonds, treasures rare
Unto Life's weary end,
And never own that jewel fair—
The heart, that's in a friend.

—J. W. F. in "The Bee."

Editorial Notes

Those in charge of St. Patrick's Day celebrations this year should by all means read the splendid article in the current "Rosary Magazine" by Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, entitled "A Rag-Time Seventeenth." Miss O'Hare with a master-hand severely castigates up-to-date degeneracy.

The brethren of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada open their convention at Niagara Falls, Ontario, on August 27th next. We trust the members of this excellent fraternity will include our Hospice and Our Lady's Shrine among the points of interest worth visiting at far-famed Niagara.

Infected Papers.

Recently Canadian newspapers gave a bit of news headed "A Paper Suspected," wherein we were told of a man who caught the small-pox from a newspaper mailed to him by a friend in Texas. It was a sad, enough case, if true, and had a moral in it. What of the spiritual harm coming from our newspapers? The bodily harm resulting from the perusal of current literature is nothing compared to the spiritual ruin. There are plenty of "suspected papers" which kill the soul, not the body. The disease spread by such journals is far more malignant than small-pox.

A Revised Rule.

For some time we have been desirous of publishing a revised and complete Rule of life for our Tertiaries of both sexes. We are, therefore, now glad to announce that we shall be soon able to publish a most excellent

translation of this Rule from the Italian. We regret that the modesty of the translator prevents us from mentioning the name of an American writer whose name stands high in the realm of prose and poetry. The translation referred to, and soon to be published in these pages, and (we hope) later in book-form, is entitled: "A Summary and General Declaration of the Rule of the Third Order of the Most Blessed Mother of God, V. M. of Mount Carmel, with an account of the Privileges and Indulgences granted to said Order together with many other things concerning the same." This work was issued in the original Italian by order of the most Rev. Aloysius M. Galli, late Prior-General of the Carmelite Order.

Duty Not Charity.

That most excellent journal, "The Union," has of late been unjustly taken to task for daring to say that our Catholic millionaires fail in their duty to the community if they do not bequeath, or, better still, give during their lifetime, a substantial amount for the good of the people at large. A non-Catholic paper, the "Journal," of Ottawa, Ontario, spoke the truth lately, when it said that "any rich person, whether private citizen or public man, who dies leaving no more to educational or charitable purposes than law at present compels, is a fit subject for criticism. The rich man who disposes of his money in ways which entirely ignore all the factors that made his wealth so possible and so pleasant, which display the narrow and injurious aim to lock up in family selfishness every silver dollar he could

scrape from other human beings—why, upon what better plane is he, or how less an appropriate subject for criticism, than a man who would deny food to deserving yet starving strangers, though himself possessing tons of food more than he or his family could ever eat?"

In following up the complaints of some of our subscribers who do not always receive their copies of the Review, we have traced the cause to some bigoted postmasters. In one case we found that copies of this magazine were not only not delivered to the addressee, but were actually thrown into a heap of garbage. By this time our protests sent to the Washington postal authorities have, we understand, caused some of these unscrupulous postmasters to make resolutions of amendment.

On St. Patrick's Day, the eloquent and scholarly Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, Ontario, will this year deliver the panegyric on the great Apostle at Salt Lake City, Utah. Talking of Utah, we notice by the papers that the newly elected millionaire senator from that state, Thomas Kearns—a practical Catholic, was born at Woodstock, Ontario.

Visitors to our Carmelite Hospice at Niagara Falls this summer will have an opportunity of seeing a unique and beautiful piece of art. It is a reproduction, in life-size figures, of Leonardo De Vinci's famous masterpiece "The Last Supper." The group, which is near completion, will be placed in the large refectory of our Hospice. The artist engaged in the work is a sculptor of international fame.

Saved by the Scapular.

The last number of the *Stimme vom Berge Karmel* tells of a wonderful escape of a poor man from a sudden and awful death. It happened in a small railroad town in Hungary recently. It seems the man, who was the father of a large family in poor circumstances, was standing under a coal shed. Suddenly from above a whole car-load of coal was dumped on him burying him deep in the shed below. With surprise and horror the men above heard his cry. They hastened to his rescue, expecting to excavate his mangled body. He was found intact and unharmed to the astonishment of all. He said, just as the coal fell, he thought of his Scapular and cried to Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for help. His prayer was heard. Many persons witnessed the occurrence.

The scope of this magazine hardly allows us to go into any details regarding the Pan-American Exposition soon to be opened in our vicinity. However, if any of our readers desire any particular information regarding lodging, board or transportation, we shall be glad to be at their service. By the way, talking of the Exposition reminds us that one of our Fathers, now attached to the Carmelite College in Chicago, is preparing a general description in Latin of the Pan-American Exposition for "Vox Urbis" of Rome.

There has been a great demand of late for copies of Sichel's Madonna—a copy of which appeared in our last February number as the frontispiece. Some enterprising business houses in the United States have distributed thousands of copies. Of this famous picture a Pittsburg, Pa., newspaper said. "There is no painting among

the modern masterpieces of art that appeals so strongly to the hearts of mankind as Sichel's 'Madonna.' It is said no amount of money could buy the original."

The confusion of the names of railroad stations on both sides of the Niagara River would puzzle a veteran drummer and bewilder the most experienced path-finder. A few years ago places hereabouts were designated by their own appropriate names. Now all that is changed. Every little town and hamlet situated from one to two miles from the great cataract was desirous of being christened "Niagara Falls." Their ambition was satisfied, and hence the confusion so annoying to the travelling public. About the only persons showing any sense or reason in this matter of nomenclature were the officials of the Michigan Central Railroad.

It is a sad thing to say that the neighborhood of Niagara Falls is to become an eye-sore to all lovers of nature. The bill-poster and advertising man has started in to deface the scenery with the repulsive sign-boards, and, alas, to quote a local newspaper: "If some step cannot be taken to stop the desecrating of the natural beauties of the Falls, in a very short time the whole surroundings of this grand water-show of nature will be despoiled and ruined from an asthetic standpoint and lose its attraction in the eyes of the world, and will be a source of ridicule to both Canada and the United States."

Concerning education without religion, it is worth considering what a French Deputy lately said of the public schools in France. This man of

great experience, M. Henri Fouquier, wrote: "The essential error of our times is that we put too much faith in the schools. It was imagined that by forcing the children of the people to go and sit on the benches from seven to thirteen years of age their minds could be trained in a moral law which, along with the axioms of the Civic Catechism, would be strong enough to make up for the lack of home training and the restraints supplied by religious faith. In my opinion the thing has been put to the test, and the school has in this matter failed."

Pungent but Pertinent.

A clever writer in the True Witness sarcastically and humorously tells folks "How to treat Priests." We should like to quote the whole article. But space forbids. Here is a sample paragraph: "Some priests will go on with the old fancy that their work is with the soul, and that they have a right to look after your soul, and even to reprove you. Do not give way to the notion. It is not a twentieth century idea. You must keep your priest humble and good, and never let him grow tyrannical. See therefore that you never take a scolding from him. If he scolds you, tell him him his own faults; and if he will go on, tell him you will never go to his church again, and that you won't have him at your death bed. No priest has anything to do. Therefore never on any pretense let him keep you waiting; rush in upon him at all hours, and talk to him until you are tired of talking. If he does not visit you often enough, or if he passes by your door and goes into another house, listen to no excuse about hurry and work; be sure you never make it up with him. Sermons ought to be made to suit the people.

What other amusement is there on a Sunday. If they don't suit you, let the priest know it. It keeps him humble. Tell him after each sermon that he was too long or too short, too excited or too dull. Young people especially should do this."

The Loyal Sons of St. Ignatius.

We read in the Catholic Transcript a comment on a curious instance of the remains of penal days coming to light in Dublin on the occasion of the proclamation of King Edward VII. "The long list of those who took a prominent part in the public ceremony was published in the Gazette of that city. There was, however, one notable exception—the name of the Very Rev. Dr. Delaney, S. J., president of the University College. The non-appearance of a name so prominent could not be laid to chance. A reason was sought and found in the fact that he was a Jesuit. Being such, the Rev. President is an ex-officio felon, liable to penal servitude for life. The act which makes him an outlaw is as old as Catholic Emancipation. It remains on the statute book, no doubt, to remind the hapless papist that he is suffered to exist in the kingdom only by the good grace of them that rule. It is calculated likewise to keep him humble and silent and loyal. Meanwhile, it is well to remember that none have spoken more beautifully or more tenderly of the dead Queen than these same felons."

A Pathetic Farewell.

The few of us who knew and admired that unique and charming publication, entitled "The Beauties of Mary, Queen of Literature," published for some time at McSherrystown, Pennsylvania, by Mr. John T. Reily, will re-

gret to learn of its discontinuance. The parting words of this devout client of Mary are truly pathetic. May Our Blessed Lady obtain for him renewed health and length of years! In the last number of "The Beauties of Mary" the publisher writes: "I desire to return my heartfelt thanks to those Catholic publishers whose welcome exchanges have come to us through "The Beauties of Mary" for several years, and kindly request their discontinuance, as we are not able to take them or longer continue this little publication. For three weeks this form has been lying unfinished on the stone, while we have been confined to bed. Warm weather may bring short relief, but winter quickly casts its cold shadows before again. Everything is straight as far as we know, except our obligations to friends for their kindness, which we can not repay and shall never forget."

Testimony to the Truth.

Priest-haters in America love at times, in their ignorance, to point out imaginary evils in Catholic countries south of us, like Mexico. Little indeed do they know of that blessed country where Catholicity has been preached and practiced for four hundred years. Listen to this from a Mr. Guernsey of the Boston Herald, an out-spoken, truth-loving man—and a non-Catholic. He says:

The Catholic Church in Mexico has tens of thousands of pure-minded, noble hearted men and women. It influences men and women for good. When I see wealthy men refusing to live with ostentation, disdaining luxury that they may give wisely and judiciously to the poor, and whose lives are a daily exhibition of practical Christianity, then I must tell the truth about them. What can a missionary of another phase of Christian belief do

to make better the lives of these devout and charming people? Nothing. And they are not uncharitable in their judgments. Then, too, there are hundreds of Catholic priests whose lives are a daily hymn of praise to the Creator. I know some of them, living in poverty, self-denying men, up at early hours and off into the hills ministering to their humble flocks. Frugal in their diet, sleeping hard and not always any too warm in the chilly nights of a table-land winter, these men are moral heroes. I have been in their houses, have seen their meagrely furnished sleeping-rooms, their pallets which could not be dignified as beds, have known of their angelic goodness to the poor and afflicted, their saintly counsel to the wrong-doer, their calm patience and their lives which redeem humanity. There is hardly a reader of the Herald who would care to live as do a half-dozen young priests whom I know, and who lodge under the same roof, being of a fraternity. They long ago solved the problem of very "plain living and high thinking." One of these young priests came in from a journey into the Sierra not long ago and found a drunkard in his bed. The clergyman was wet and cold, weary to the point of exhaustion, and had consoled himself on his homeward journey on horseback with the thought: "I will go directly to bed and get warm." But he uttered no reproach to the drunkard, and prepared himself a place on the floor with a couple of rough blankets. I have seen this young priest come back from a missionary expedition shaken with fever and ague and tortured by dyspepsia induced by the poor food of the Indians. Before being fairly cured he would be off on another preaching tour in the wilds of Guerrero. To my knowledge, this young man's devotion has shattered his health. I know a poor priest, who, if you give him anything, never keeps it for himself. He can always find some one poorer than himself. Of the devout women who have consecrated themselves to lives of useful activity, inspired by Christian faith, I might write many pages. No; the Christian

flame is burning here in Mexico. It is not a land of "utter darkness."

In our next, or following issue, we shall publish a pretty story entitled "The Madonna of Maillerais," written for us by a rising young Canadian writer, who is closely connected with the Sadlier family, the members of which have indelibly written their names on the hearts of all lovers of good Catholic literature.

Some men, replying to their detractors, rescue them from merited oblivion.

INVOCATION.

"Star of the Sea,"
Most beautiful one!
Mother of Christ,
God's only Son.

"Mother of Mercy,"
Mother most mild,
Look down from Heaven
On thy sorrowing child.

"Star of the Sea,"
Oh! do not depart,
Take me near unto Thee
Into Thy Heart.

Pray for me, Mary,
My Mother in Heaven!
That my Saviour will hear me,
And my sins be forgiven.

"Queen of the Scapular!"
Who can impart
Such hope and such solace
As Thou to my heart?

"Queen of the Rosary,"
Telling my beads,
List to me, Mary!
Thy loving one pleads.

S. H. WIMMER, St. Mary's, Pa.

Boys' and Girls' Department.

"Live Pure : Speak True : Right Wrong!"

IN one of the January magazines, I read with much pleasure an account of a band called "The Happy Children." The boys and girls who ask to be enrolled in "The Happy Children" must be boys and girls who really wish to live truly and nobly. Each member is asked to write every morning, in a little book, some happy thought that is in his heart. Writing the thought helps him to live it in his actions during the day. "Happy Children" make no pledge. They are God's free children, and they simply let His love flow through them freely. God's love is their Law. It impels them to be kind, to speak gently, to act helpfully, to think only what is true, and pure, and right, and good about themselves and all others.

Is not this a beautiful co-incidence : The January numbers of two magazines, printed in different cities, by people unknown to each other, contain a department for boys and girls, each expressing exactly the same sentiments. Our motto is "Live Pure : Speak True : Right Wrong."

"Happy Children" have no motto as yet. If we are true to our motto, and we all intend to be true to it, our lives will be exactly the lives "Happy Children" are striving after.

"Happy Children" intend to be kind, to speak gently, to act helpfully, to think only what is true, and pure and right, and good about themselves and all others.

If "Happy Children" live up to their rule, they will always "Live

Pure : Speak True : Right Wrong." Our motto must be their motto, and hand in hand, they and we shall fill our homes with gladness.

Perhaps some of our boys and girls would like to have a special name for our band. We could not call it "Happy Children," because that name has been selected by the other band. Many other equally good names will likely suggest themselves to our boys and girls. Talk it over among yourselves, and send in your names. This department is always open to suggestions. Let the name fit the motto, and it will be a good name.

About a year ago, a boy I know had a pony given to him for a birthday present by his father. The pony is a beauty, very gentle, and a swift runner. But, even if they have four legs, ponies can't run all the time. Muscle is muscle, and constant tension means some very tired and sore muscle. No living creature can do his best work all the time.

A boy who owns a pony ought to know how to take care of it. If he doesn't know how, he ought to learn. A pony cannot take care of himself. His dependence upon his master for food, water, bedding, and loving care, ought to appeal to the manliness of any boy fortunate enough to own so noble a pet.

When this particular pony I speak about does not run fast enough, his master strikes him with the heavy end of the whip. If he runs too fast, down comes the heavy end of the whip

again. Sometimes, the long bob he draws is crowded with noisy boys and girls. Then the pony, young and full of life, gets excited, and fails to obey all the orders given to him. Down comes the whip again. Repeated blows have cut the skin on the pony's back and flanks. These cuts turned to such sickening sores, the poor, faithful little animal had to be sent to a horse doctor for treatment. My heart aches for that pony. So does yours, doesn't it?

A good, honest fight is all right. If a boy strikes another boy, he ought to get it back, in a flash? But, it's a mean thing to strike a creature that cannot defend itself. Cowards do that.

I wish our boys and girls could have heard, as I did recently, such an interesting talk about a man, who devoted a long, good life, to helping and teaching poor boys and girls.

You have all heard of him, Pestalozzi. An Italian by descent, he lived at various times in Prussia, Switzerland and France. To him, the modern Kindergarten is much indebted.

His school must have been a delightful place. He used very few books. He never told the children to sit in order. Boys and girls could sit on the floor, dangle their feet from a table, or climb upon a window sill. Even a pail turned upside down, or, best of all, the stair railings could be utilized. All recited together, Pestalozzi giving a definition of something the children knew well, they repeated and repeated it, usually in singing. As they sang their definitions, the children always doubly occupied, drew circles, squares and angles, or did some work brought from home. Some girls darned stockings, others sewed. One boy, who helped his father support the family, was al-

ways busy at the spinning wheel. Sometimes Pestalozzi would say suddenly: "We'll all go out to play." Pell-mell, teacher and pupils would rush out of doors. They would play games, hunt for flowers and stones, or sit on the banks of the river, and talk about the boats. Pestalozzi would tell them about the currents, and show them how the wind, acting on the surface water, caused the waves.

The children learned quickly and cheerfully. Natural history became a delight. Their ease in drawing circles and squares accurately was marvelous. They worked intricate problems in fractions, mentally, seldom using paper or slates. Eyes and hands were trained to see and to do correctly. Concentration of mind upon the work given them, developed that habit of "looking things square in the face," the best way to overcome a difficulty.

In reading the life of St. Francis Xavier, the Jesuit missionary, I noticed that he always asked the children to help him spread the Gospel. During St. Francis' time, the King of Portugal had large possessions in India, and controlled many of the islands in the China Sea, the Indian and Pacific Oceans. To the people of those lands St. Francis was sent as a missionary. He sailed from Lisbon in April, 1541. The journey should have been made in six months, but on account of storms, excessive heat, and poor sailing facilities, St. Francis did not reach Goa, the capital of Portuguese India, until a year from the following May.

Having labored many months in Goa, St. Francis visited the Paravas, a poor, down-trodden race, living along the extreme southern coast of India, near Cape Comorin. The pearl fisheries on this coast are the most famous in the

world. The Paravas had been converted ten years before St. Francis went to India, but he found them ignorant of everything about religion, except that they were Christians.

The Paravas spoke the Malabar tongue. St. Francis spoke Castilian. Neither understood the other. With difficulty, St. Francis found a few men who spoke both languages. With their help, he translated the Catechism into Malabar, and learned it by heart himself. Then going through the villages, ringing a bell, he collected the people twice a day, and taught them the Catechism.

In a month the children knew it. They in turn taught it to their neighbors. St. Francis often sent the children to visit the sick, and to pray with them. He set to simple music the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments. These prayers were sung as the people worked and played. The children sang at the top of their voices as they romped in the roads.

When he had converted and taught the Parvas, St. Francis went to Travancore, then to Manaar, Jafanapatam and Meliapor, of which mission fields we shall talk next month. Trace on the map St. Francis Xavier's journey from Lisbon to India.

Find Mozambique where he was delayed six months.

Locate Goa, Cape Comorin, Travancore, Manaar, Jafanapatam, Meliapor. Describe the Ganges.

MARTHA MURRAY.

"It is certain, and this certainty is unspeakably dear to all Christians, that the Blessed Virgin, obeying the merciful desires of her Son, has consented to divide with all men the limitless love that she had for Jesus Christ. In our desolation, in our distress of every kind, when we prostrate ourselves at the feet of the crucified God, we will not arise before having the Saviour say to us once again: "Behold Thy Mother!"

FR. C. PERRAUD.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

True Pedagogics and False Ethics, by Rev. Poland, S. J.

Under the above title the Rev. F. Poland, professor at St. Louis University, publishes a pamphlet of 40 pages, which to thinking minds is a matter of very serious reflection.

The number of those, who find the American system of education a failure, is constantly on the increase, and numbers its patrons largely among the educators themselves. It is now acknowledged, that education of the body only, or the intellect only, or both jointly, is an egregious failure, and people begin to see, that ethics, that is moral principles, must be inculcated if the country is to be saved. But whilst they speak in favor of moral teaching, they deny, that religion is a necessary ingredient thereof, and against this hallucination the author turns and proves in a masterly way, that this principle is a foible. Virtue for virtue's sake might suit an ideal mankind, but it at most appeals theoretically to the concrete man. It has no power of compelling obedience, because it has no answer to the so natural question: Why should we do this? Why should we be modest, pure, honest, meek, etc.?

The matter is argued by the author in philosophical language and reasoning, and common people will hardly be able to follow the argument. But the class of the better educated will certainly enjoy it and profit by it. Would that America would see its mistake before it is too late. We recommend the pamphlet to our readers. It is to be had from B. Herder, 15 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., for 15 cents net.

FR. P. R. M.

Canadian readers can obtain "a popular Manual of the Grand Jubilee of 1901" by addressing D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1669 Notre Dame st., Montreal, P. Q.

The most handy, cheap and comprehensive little book on "The Jubilee," which has been extended six months, is that published by B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo. It contains all the prescribed prayers and instructions. Price five cents a copy—a hundred copies \$2.00 net. The same can also be had in German. Your bookseller will get it for you.

Catholic readers will now find ready the second edition of the first volume of the Belinda Books, entitled, "The Watson Girls," a Washington story, by Maurice Francis Egan, author of "Jasper Thorn," "Jack Chumleigh," &c. This is the first of a series of books for the girls (the others of

CARMELITE FATHERS,
MT. CARMEL COLLEGE
NIAGARA FALLS
ONTARIO, CANADA

the series are in preparation). It is charmingly written and will interest all readers, the girls in particular and the boys as well. 12mo, cloth, with new design inked sides, 198 pages, price \$1.00. Special prices to the reverend clergy, institutions and the trade. H. L. Kilner & Co., publishers and importers, Philadelphia, Pa.

A splendid story that recommends itself, as everything from the pen of the writer always does, is "Milly Aveling" by Sara Trainer Smith, author of "Fred's Little Daughter" and many other charming narratives. Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay st., New York, are the publishers. Price 85 cents.

Messrs. Benziger Bros., (New York, Chicago and Cincinnati) have put on sale two interesting and cheap books, namely, "Nan Nobody" by Mary T. Waggamann, and "Dimpling's Success" by Clara Mulholland. Just the thing for Catholic school libraries. The best stories by the best authors, nicely illustrated and with illuminated covers. The price of both books is very low, only forty cents each.

Letters to the Editor.

A priest in Oregon writes to the Carmelite Review: "Enclosed please find money order for my renewal of subscription to your excellent periodical. It is always a welcome visitor to my home and brings me joy and encouragement for the work of the ministry."

To the Reverend Editor Carmelite Review:

Potsdam, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1901.—I enclose \$— to renew my subscription for the Carmelite Review so very dear to my heart, so instructive and inspiring. I live with increased hope with each number. Mrs. H. D. B.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently:

Catherine McKinnon, of Armour, Indiana, one of our subscribers, a devout Child of Mary, who went to her well-deserved reward on Feb. 13, 1901.

Sister M. St. Roch Finn, who died at the Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont., Feb. 15.

Mrs. Catherine Reilly, who died in Brooklyn, N. Y. Feb. 4, a good and pious soul, who was also an old subscriber to this Review.

Mrs. Sullivan, Pittsburg, Pa., an old subscriber and devout client of the Blessed Virgin.

Bernard Cassidy, who died recently in Ireland.

L'Abbe J. Marquis, who died Feb 4 in Quebec.

Mrs. John Shea, Niagara Falls South, Ont., who died Feb. 12. She was a good and fervent Catholic, and a kind and loving mother.

Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, of Toronto, who went to her reward on Jan. 22nd last.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

PETITIONS.

"Pray for one another that you may be saved. For the continual prayer of a just man availeth much."—St. James V. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers:

Conversion of a brother and his little daughter; health for three people; success in business for three people; two special intentions; success in an undertaking; also progress and ability in a certain study; success in an undertaking; conversion of a wayward brother; intentions of Sr. A., of Pittsburg and for her cousin a priest in Ireland; for spiritual and temporal needs of a family; also recovery of health; for employment.

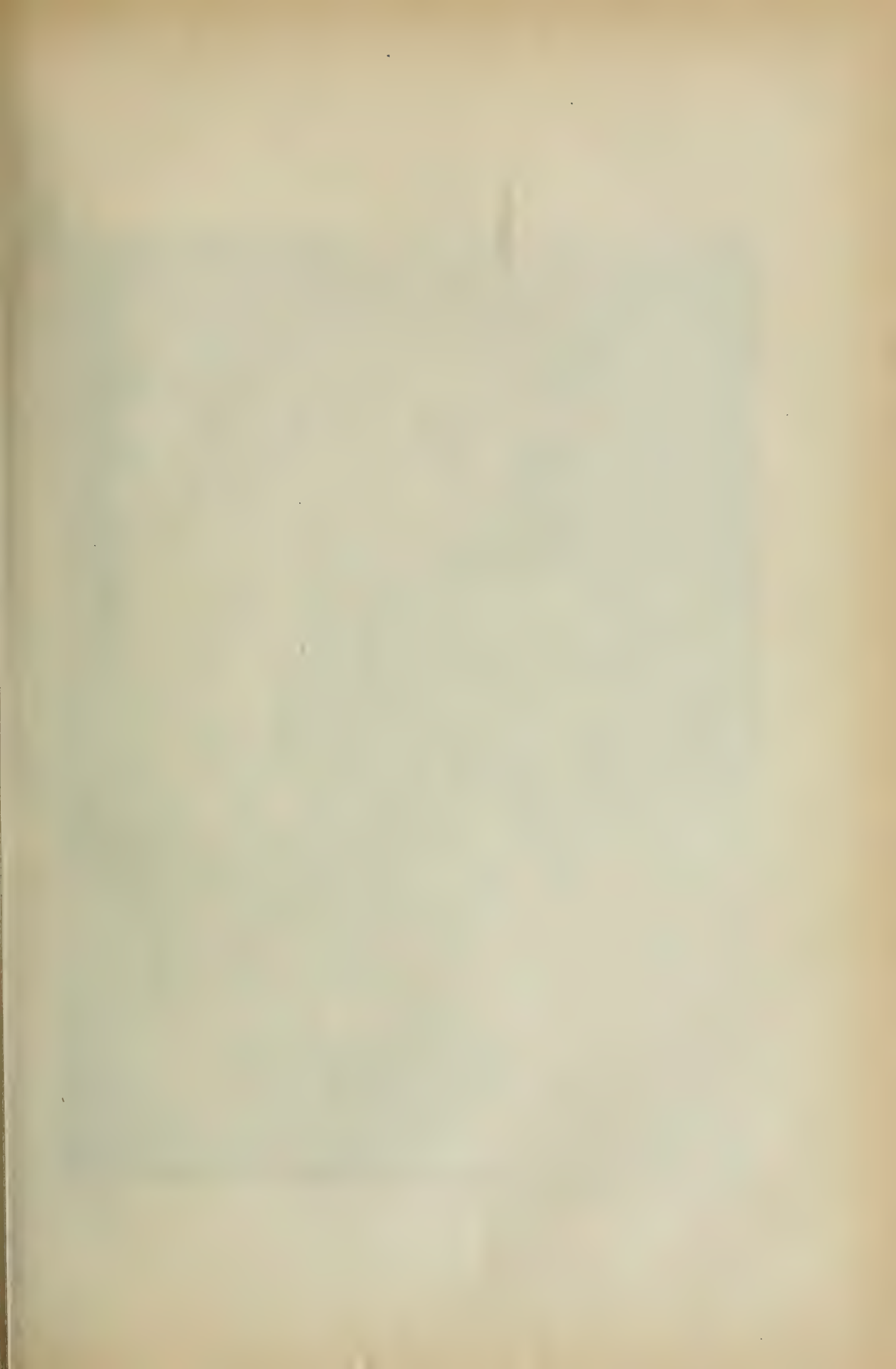
THANKSGIVINGS.

J. F. F. Washington, D.C., publicly thanks Our Lady of Mt. Carmel for relief from a sore throat.

A client of Mary gives thanks for a special favor.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.





Easter Morning.

Courtesy of Catholic Union and Times.



EASTER MORNING.

I.

THEY come with their unguents and spices,
The three loving Marys of yore,
They seek but the Lord. It suffices
To kneel at the Tomb's open door ;
For lo ! the great stone of the portal,
Hath been roll'd by the angels away :
And there a bright Spirit immortal
Appears where the Holy One lay.

II.

"He is risen !" he cries : "Mourning women,
Rejoice ! He no longer is here"—
No more with the mortal and human
Shall He sleep in Death's sepulchre drear !
"Go, tell His Apostles and Peter,"
Go, spread the glad news to all men !
Ah ! surely, no task could be sweeter
Than that which was given them then.

III.

They sped thro' the dews of the morning,
Thro' its glory, its beauty, its song,—
Breathing wide to the faithful their warning,
Till the heat of the noon-day waxed strong.
Around them, as far in the distance,
Was wafted, the Angel's glad word :
"He is risen ! sure Hope of the Christians !
He is risen, our Master, our Lord !"

IV.

Oh ! let us take up the blest chorus,
And chant it with jubilant prayer,
While the blue Easter sky brightens o'er us,
And the Easter bells sweeten the air.
And if creatures of earth come to seek us
In the grave of our sins, as of yore,
May they hear from the One who released us :
"They are risen : they dwell here no more !"

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

An Easter Lily.

SHE grew and God's smile kissed her face
And filled her pure, young soul with grace ;
And good Saint Anne—the mother fair—
Upon her lips a gentle prayer,
Folded her child in sweet embrace
And, when night's shadows dulled the skies,
Sang : " Lily mine ! Come, close thine eyes ! "

In Bethle'm's stall a Lily glows—
It smiles upon an opening Rose ;
And shepherd-stars so peaceful shine
And angels carol forth their rhyme,
While midnight shadows, silent, still,
Creep soft around glad Juda's hill.

On Calv'ry's Cross—a faded Rose
Its blood-stained petals does disclose
And tear-kissed 'neath the sacred Cross
The Lily weeps—a flower's loss—
And mourns upon its tender stem
Love's Death ! The Rose of Bethlehem !

Good-Friday's lights so mournful burn
But with the Easter-gleams' return
They fade, the shades of fear and gloom—
A dead Rose blushes into bloom !
A Lily, with her pure soul brave,
Glow's sweet beside an empty grave !

—J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

From Shade to Sun.

BEHOLD, the Easter miracle is here.
Again the darkness shines with silver ferns,
The rich black earth in transmutation burns,
Its emerald brightness shining soft and clear ;
Ablaze with daffodils, aglow, austere,
With purple violets, whose love-grief yearns
Through tenderest Lenten tears. Lo, sorrow turns
To resurrection glory.—Soul, draw near !

Receive the rising from the dead, to-day !
The sun, the warmth, the light of Heaven descend
To make the life of earth ;—O doubting one,
Why crouch in shadow ? to God's Yea say Nay ?
Oh, rather, sing and shine, where seraphs bend,
Lauding the Risen Christ, thy life, thy sun.

—CAROLINE D. SWAN.

The Madonna of Mailleras.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MELLE DES ARGES BY
ANTOINETTE LE BLANC.

“**N**O, Lizzie, no, I won't go to school to-day, the young lady said she was coming, and I want to see her,” and Jean fought like a little tiger, trying all the while to draw his hand away from his sister's grasp.

“But I say you must go, Jean, for I have a great deal of work, and cannot keep you here all day.”

“O! I will be so good, dear little sister.” And Jean, raising himself on his tip-toes, held up his fat, rosy face, for his sister's morning kiss.

“Well, well, go this morning, and stay until twelve, while you are away I will do the bulk of my work, then after dinner, you need not go back again. Miss Marie won't come until nearly evening, so you will be in plenty time to see her.” And Lizzie, who had let herself be won over by her brother's pleading, now took his hand, and went half way with him, as she had done every morning since he had begun going to school. Lizzie, whose baptismal name was Louise, but whom the family called thus, was a girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age. Her mother being dead, she had the sole charge of her little brother, for her father, an able workman, being employed in one of the neighboring factories, went out early in the morning, and came home quite late in the evening, to have supper with them. The young girl, having been so well brought up by her good mother, was unusually serious for her age; and, moreover, a splendid housekeeper. She kept their

home as it should be, neat and clean, and carefully watched over her brother, whom she loved with a maternal love. Lizzie lived with her father and brother in a dear little cottage near the village of Maillerais, which is situated on the banks of the Gartempe, in that portion of Poitou which borders on the Berry. Their house pointed on the road which leads from Blanc to Montmorillion, an old-fashioned town which, like all others in the province, is gradually losing its old-timed aspect, by enlarging its streets and re-building its houses in accordance with the more modern styles. Hardly twenty years ago, Montmorillion was surrounded by immense tracts of land, through which flowed the waters of the Gartempe; but little by little, civilization, which leaves no piece of ground uncultivated, took possession of the wild plains, without a thought for the poor, wild, rose bush, or prickly broom now in flower, which, it is true, bring forth no fruit, but which imparts a wild sort of beauty, that is not without its charms.

When twelve o'clock rang, Lizzie went out to the door to see if Jean were coming. The road was deserted, and she went back into the house, wondering what made the child so late, for he was very seldom kept in after hours. It was after one when he came in, his face was red from crying, and he seemed very much ashamed of himself. “What is the matter with you?” asked Lizzie, when she saw him.

"I was scolded, and the master kept me in," said the child, in a trembling voice.

"What for?"

"Well, sister, because on my way to school, I met Francy, who gave me a poor little bird he had taken from its nest; it was shivering with cold; and after wrapping it up in my handkerchief, I hid it in my hat. But right in the middle of class, my friend, who had been fighting to get free, hopped out on my desk; and, of course, had to walk into the ink bottle, and as he could not fly, fell exhausted on my new copy book, which I had begun for the distribution of prizes. You know the one I showed you. Well, it was spoiled; so the master made me remain to begin it over again."

"And is it well written now?"

"Oh! yes, I did my very best. But I cried when they took the bird away from me."

"Why did you not refuse to take it, Jean? You know I have told you repeatedly that it is very cruel to take birds from their nest."

"But, sister, I did not take it, for Francy gave him to me, and it looked so cold, that I wanted to try and warm it."

"Well, then," said Lizzie, seeing that her brother had not committed a very grievous offence; "let us say no more about it, for the evil has been repaired. Come to your dinner," and she went to fetch the dish she had prepared for him.

Jean did not waste much time, and as soon as his dinner was finished, went out to the door. While standing there, he saw a servant pushing a small carriage along the avenue, which leads from the chateau of Pontmay, to the village of Mailleras. Jean ran out of the house, down the road, telling

Lizzie, that she was coming, and in a few minutes he was by the side of the carriage, holding out his hand to its occupant. It was a child of twelve years of age; pale and delicate; she seemed to feel very sad, but her face brightened when she saw Jean, and she wished him good-day in a very soft voice. When they got to the house, the servant, lifting the child in his arms, carried her in, all wrapped up in blankets, for the day was very cold; then her nurse, who was with her, guided her feeble steps into the room. There Lizzie soon had her comfortably seated in a large chair, which had formerly been sent from the castle, to her invalid mother. Marie thanked her with a smile, but her face wore a very tired expression; though the drive from the chateau to Lizzie's house was not very long. That the poor child was so weak, that even the air tired her out. What a contrast between the children! Lizzie, already a full grown girl, was as fresh as a rose, and her dark hair carefully brushed back over her forehead, and drawn into a soft coil at the back of her head, revealed a well shaped neck, quite browned by the sun. Jean was the picture of health, and it was really a pleasure to look at his fat face, with its rosy color, and at his large blue eyes, so full of mischief, yet beaming with affection and love. He was only seven years old, but looked quite ten or more, for he was so tall and strong. He looked up at her with a smile, for he had a great admiration for her. The sick child ran her frail hand through his beautiful curly hair, and heaved a deep sigh. Marie was delicate, so very delicate, that she could not stand on her feet; she was very small for her age, her large dark eyes had a blueish line around them, and

though her cheeks were tinged with color when anything excited her, it was followed by such a death-like paleness, that all who saw her could not but pity the poor mother. But, alas ! her mother had died a few days after her birth, and the poor little heiress of an immense fortune, was left to the care of her grandmother, Mrs. d'Almant, who, though quite an old woman, tried to do her best to replace the child's mother now gone to heaven, and her absent father, whose duties as a colonel kept him far from her. During the winter months Mrs. d'Almant lived with her son-in-law, but as the doctors said that country air was better for the child, she spent six months of the fine weather at her Chateau of Pontmay.

"Not at school to-day, Jean?" said Marie.

"Not this afternoon, Miss, for I wanted to see you;" "and perhaps to see if I had brought what I promised you the other day," said Marie, with a smile.

When she made a sign to her nurse, to bring the rubber ball that she had left in the carriage, and at the sight of which Jean jumped with joy, indeed so pleased was he, that he actually wanted Lizzie to come and play with him right away. "O ! thank you, ever so much, dear Miss Marie, I will have such fun with it," said the little fellow, and he began to gambol about her chair. Marie smiled sweetly when she saw how happy he was. "Now it's your turn, Lizzie," she said, when Jean's spirits had somewhat quieted down. "I want to leave you something to remember me by, when I am gone, for I am going to the Baths as I did last year, but as you are older, and consequently more reasonable, I brought you something more useful than a plaything." And she gave Lizzie two par-

cels. One contained a dear little work-box, and in the other Lizzie found a beautiful prayer book. "The workbox is from grandmother, she filled it with all the things you will need. Each compartment is filled with needles, tape, wool, thread, etc. She would have come with me, but was obliged to stay at home, and she told me to tell you always to be good to your father and brother, and that God would bless you. The book," continued the child, "is from me. See, I have written my name on the first page. My dear mother had one like it, and I have it now ; there are beautiful prayers in it. I say them whenever I go to church on Sunday." Lizzie was very much pleased on receiving these presents, and though her joy was not quite as apparent as her brother's, it was not the less keenly felt. She thanked her, for all she had done for them ; and promised that she would go up to the castle next morning, to bid her good-bye, and thank Mrs. d'Almant for her pretty and useful present. The three children sat and talked for quite a time. Marie wanted to hear all about what interested them, from Jean's school work, down to the smallest details of the house-keeping, in which she had learned to take such a deep interest. Jean now came in with his big ball tightly clasped in his arms, and was standing by Marie's chair, gazing at her intently. Whenever she asked him a question, he hastened to answer it, to the best of his ability. Marie was gifted with a sense of reasoning far above her age. With delicate children this is often the case, as the intelligence seems to develop, insomuch as the body remains delicate ; and moral life seems to collect the strength which physical life cannot acquire. Then the child had lived so

much with older people, as her health would not allow her to take part in any childish amusement; though still so young she might easily have been taken for fifteen, so reasonable was she. Still the hours ran on, and at last Marie's nurse warned her that it was time to go home. The little child willingly consented, though she would much rather have stayed here longer with her friends. Her grandmother had given her two hours of freedom, and the time was nearly over, and she must leave them; so she kissed them good-bye; making them promise, not to forget to come to the chateau next day. Then the nurse carried her to the carriage, and she was driven slowly along the road; until they reached the avenue leading to the chateau.

"Sister, dear, don't you think that she looks like the lady in the church?" asked Jean, coming back to his sister's side.

"Yes! but she is a great deal paler," answered Lizzie, who, standing in the door, had watched the child go away with a dreamy look on her face. "She is very good, dear Jean, and you must love her, and never forget her in your prayers."

"O! yes, I love her a great deal, my dear little lady, and I am going to say a prayer for her now," said the child, and seeing that his sister consented, he knelt down before a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, which stood on the mantle-piece, and with hands clasped and a serious look on his usually bright face, he recited an Our Father and Hail Mary, for the sick child. Lizzie joined him in his prayers, for she loved Marie very dearly, and having noticed the tired look on the child's face, she felt more uneasy than usual. As for Jean, he entertained a feeling of admiration for Marie, whose dark

eyes, curly fair hair, and delicate features had impressed him deeply. He never spoke of her save as the little chateleine of God.

The next morning, when their father had gone to his work, Lizzie and Jean started for the chateau, to bid Marie good-bye. Jean ran along all the way, gathering flowers, and chasing butterflies, then coming back to tease Lizzie, who seemed thinking deeply, and not admiring the beauty of the scenery. When they reached the chateau, Mrs. d'Almant and Marie were ready to leave. Marie looked sad and seemed suffering greatly; she put a ribbon and medal around Jean's neck, telling him to love God well, and always obey his father and sister; then she asked Lizzie to pray for her, and kissed her good-bye. She was then carried to the carriage, and after watching it drive away, Jean and Lizzie turned their faces homeward, feeling sad and lonely, for they had lost a good friend.

But, happily, at Jean's age, sorrow is of short duration; and he was soon busily employed playing with his ball.

When evening came, and all the work was done, Lizzie would sometimes play ball with Jean. Then when the latter felt tired, he would come and sit down between his father and Lizzie, to talk about his little lady at the castle, and Lizzie would give them any news she had heard about her. But it was not of the best. Marie had been very ill during the long journey from Mail-leras to the Baths. A few days after they wrote to say that she was much worse, and, had asked, to be brought home to Pontmay, her favorite spot. But the doctors thought it better to wait a day or two, as she was so very weak.

This short life had nearly run its course, and the occupants of the cot-

tage were saddened at the thought of the coming blow, for in every letter Marie had sent them a message, and Lizzie had not felt so lonesome. She went to the chateau every day, to enquire, but the news was worse every time, and Lizzie felt very badly. Jean was as yet ignorant that death strikes down the young, as well as the old. He was far from expecting the news which Lizzie had to break gently to him, on the day they received the envelope edged with mourning, announcing that the little child had winged her way to her heavenly home. Marie's departure had been a great blow to him, but he was consoled with the thought of seeing her again. When told therefore that he must not hope of ever meeting her, he nearly broke his heart. Lizzie had to tell him how happy Marie would be in heaven before she succeeded in comforting. For quite a while after his face retained its serious expression, and the loud bursts of childish laughter rarely broke the stillness of the house. They brought the child's remains back to Pontmay, and when you go through the cemetery, you may see her grave, marked by a little marble cross, always covered with the season's flowers. Lizzie and her brother pay this little tribute of love to the child, who was, during her short life, their protectress and friend.

Yet time flies, Jean has grown, and is now quite a little man. His sister has so well fulfilled a mother's task, that the child loves and obeys her, and is noted at school for his good conduct and success in his work. He seemed to possess a rare liking for drawing, and very often his slate, instead of being covered with sums, was filled with figures of people and animals. These drawings were not always in conformity with the rules of art, but it

was easily seen that there was a decided talent and a firmness in the curves which was quite remarkable, as he had never been taught. He often attempted to draw his sister's portrait, and to please him, for Lizzie was often obliged to assume different positions, while the child artist, his slate in one hand, and a piece of chalk in the other, sketched quite seriously and with great taste, the laughing face of his good-natured sister. But what occupied his spare moments was a sketch he had begun sometime before, and which did not look unlike the profile of the little lady of Pontmay. Jean did not forget her, and often spoke of her, and if time had given back to him his gaiety of heart, yet the child always kept in his heart a touching remembrance of the sweet friend who had been taken from him.

Four years had gone by since Marie's death. Life went on smoothly for Lizzie, who always employed it cheerfully in discharging her household duties, and in the care which she took of her father and brother. The latter was still going to school, where he was noted for his assiduity and application. Neither one nor the other had much intercourse with the village people. Their quiet home and its peaceful joy was sufficient for them, and Lizzie's greatest pleasure consisted in going out walking on Sunday with her father and Jean. As for the latter, he did not care for the boisterous conduct of the village boys, and was far better pleased when he could go out sketching. One Thursday afternoon, having a holiday, he had left the house, as he wanted to sketch a certain landscape, which particularly pleased him, and which he had drawn with success several times. He was sauntering slowly along, his pencil in his pocket and his book under his arm. Lizzie

told him not to stay out too late, and even went part of the way with him, for although he was twelve years of age, she did not think him reasonable enough to be going round alone. After she had left him, he walked on for some time longer, until he soon reached the place. Really, the little fellow had conceived a happy idea, in wanting to sketch the magnificent panorama which stretched before his eyes. He, himself, was standing on an elevated place, below him was the smiling valley, green and shady; in the distance, a pond on whose surface floated tall reeds, which the gentle summer wind bent from side to side; the pond is bordered here and there by tall poplars, and through the trees one catches a glimpse of a few neat little cottages, whose brick walls and white roofs greatly add to the beauty of the scene. Jean remained silent, and for a long time his thoughts travelled gaily across the wide sketch of country before him. Suddenly an unknown voice said:

"What are you doing here, my child?"

"I am admiring the scenery," answered Jean, turning to see where the voice came from. He saw a man standing behind him. From his dress Jean soon guessed that he must be an artist, for he carried a box under his arm, and had also brought an easel. He also had come to copy, but far more successfully, the pond, which so excited Jean's admiration. He therefore looked at the child in astonishment. The taste for the beautiful is rarely developed at this tender age, unless one has received from God a special gift. Jean's large eyes met the strange glance firmly and frankly.

"So you are admiring this landscape."

"Yes, sir," said Jean. "I love this place, and I come here as often as my sister will let me, for it is quite far from home."

"What have you in your hand?" asked the artist.

Jean hesitated, for he did not want to show his uncorrected proofs. But the artist's frank face re-assured him, and he told the artist that he was trying to copy this landscape, but had never taken a lesson.

The artist then looked at Jean's drawings, and was really surprised at the talent displayed. "Well," he said, after a pause, "if you could tell me of any place where I could put up for a few weeks, and then remain long enough with me, I will give you some lessons while I stay in your village."

He consented, full of joy at the thought of being able to take lessons. In fact, about a half an hour afterwards, the painter and the child were seated, side by side, each with a pencil in his hands; the former showing the latter how to measure distances, and gladly giving him any advice, to which Jean listened greedily.

"Have you ever tried to draw anyone's portrait?" asked the artist suddenly, after a moment's pause, during which they had been absorbed in their work.

"Yes, I have."

"Well, don't you want me to paint you?"

"Oh! no, I don't care about it, but I wish I were able to do it myself."

"Who do you want to paint?"

"First, my sister's, Lizzies;" and then, said the child, hesitatingly, "some one else."

"Who may that be?" asked the artist anxiously.

"O! sir, a little saint. The little lady

of Pontmay Castle, whose towers you can see through the trees."

"What was she like?" asked the astonished artist, gazing at the child's face, now so moved as he spoke.

"It is a long time," answered the boy, "since she went to heaven; but I remember her features, and if my hand were able, my memory would not fail me. And Jean then gave the artist a glowing description of little Marie, such as he had known her, and such as she had appeared to him, on the day when she came to bid him farewell before her departure from Pontmay.

The artist listened to this warm defense. He asked the child many questions to make him talk. Now and again Jean asked the same advice, which the stranger hastened to give him. For little Jean, with his love of painting, his frank, open countenance, and the intelligent manner in which he carried on his conversation, had quite won the painter's heart. The sun was setting in the horizon, and Jean's piece was nearly done, and really, very well; thanks to the able hand which had touched and re-touched it, so that the trees did not stand up straight in the air, but bent to and fro, in the summer wind. Jean then jumped up and thanked his kind master, who told him to come back the following day at the same hour; then taking up his paper and pencil, he started homeward with a light step, and humming to himself one of the popular tunes of the country, until he got in sight of the house, where Lizzie was awaiting him. As soon as he saw her he began dancing round, as if he were crazy.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter with you?"

"Listen, sister," he said, in a triumphant tone; "prepare to celebrate my triumph, and be proud to bear my

name, for I am on the road to become a celebrated artist!" And he flourished before Lizzie's eyes the drawing which he had made during the afternoon sitting. True, she did not understand much about painting, but she saw that it was an exact sketch of the Reed Pond, and she now felt sure of her brother's calling.

"How did you succeed so well, to-day?"

"Why, because I had a real master," said the child, much pleased at his sister's praise, "and if you will let me go I shall have him to-morrow and the next day, and for a good while longer." Then he began to tell Lizzie about all that had happened during the afternoon—how the artist had offered to give him lessons during his stay in the neighborhood.

Lizzie seeing how pleased he was, said that she would speak to his father, and that if he gave his consent, Jean would go to school in the morning, but while the artist remained, he would go to him in the afternoon, that he might profit by his kind offer.

The next day, as the father agreed cheerfully to all Lizzie asked, thus far it was very reasonable, Jean returned to the artist, and for several weeks, until the painting of Reed Pond was completed by the artist. The child gazed at it with admiration. Indeed, all the time the artist was at work, Jean loved to watch him use the different colors, and notice what a life-like appearance they gave to the picture, which he had seen as a mere sketch. And his love for painting became more and more developed as he saw what astonishing results his new friend obtained from his brush and colors. Until then, Nature's pupil had never been able to admire any paintings but those that hung in the little village church,

and he had been quite ignorant as to the work to be done before they were finished. Thus during the time spent with the artist, the latter explained the elements of drawing and painting. Unfortunately, the painting was finished, and the obliging artist was going to continue his tour through the different villages. The evening before his departure, he came to see Jean's father, and simply said: "Will you let me take charge of your son? He possesses a rare talent for painting; I will make him a great artist, and as he loves study, he will succeed."

Mr. Lannek (that was the artist's name) was a man of great talent and firm principles, though a little rough in his manner. He had taken a liking to Jean during the long hours they had spent together, face to face with Nature, and within the last week had made up his mind to take Jean back with him, should his father and sister consent.

Lizzie's face got very pale as she heard him speak, but Jean was gazing at the artist and jumped for joy.

"O! father, father, do let me go."

The father looked from the artist's honest face to his son's happy countenance. Lizzie spoke first:

"Father," she said, "he has not made his First Communion; he must make it in his own parish, must he not?"

"That is true," said the father, glad of an excuse, that would prevent the separation which he dreaded. "We cannot let him go now."

Mr. Lannek remained silent. Jean gazed from one to another. He was very undecided, he wanted to go, and yet felt sad at the thought of leaving his father and sister. At last the painter spoke:

"Think again. I have no children;

he will be well cared for by my kind wife, and will receive an education that you cannot give him here."

"It can't be," said the father, for he saw that Lizzie was crying bitterly, at the thought of having to give up to others the care of the brother, whom she had loved as a son.

"When is he going to make his First Communion?" said Mr. Lannek, enquiringly.

"In two months," said Lizzie, trembling.

"Well, then, will you give him to me then. I will pass this way on my return, and if you consent, I shall take Jean home with me."

Jean could hardly keep still during this conversation. His lot was about to be decided. Either he would stay here all his life and be able to learn nothing; or else, to be able to devote himself to art, he must leave his home. He felt drawn towards art, to which he had been so devoted, from his earliest years, without any success. Though he would feel the parting keenly, still he hoped that the artist's proposition would be accepted. Lizzie had not taken her eyes off him, and reading his wish in his face, her sacrifice was made.

"Father," she said, in a low tone, "we must let him go, for he will work, yet love us in the same old way; and perhaps he may become a great man; then we will be amply rewarded, will we not?"

When his father saw that Lizzie had made up her mind to let Jean go, he said to the artist: "Sir, we will accept your very generous offer. In two months our Jean will have made his First Communion, and will be ready to return with you; but promise me that first of all you will bring him up a good Christian and an honest man;

for it is more glorious to be a good man than a great painter."

"As to that," said Mr. Lannek, who was himself a very moral man, "I will promise you, to watch over him as if he were my own child; and my wife, who is a saintly woman, will gladly continue the good work which his sister has begun." Mr. Lannek then said good-bye. The next day he left Mailleras, and would not return until he came back for Jean.

Now that it was all decided, Lizzie tried to be courageous, and when she was with her father she always tried to be very cheerful; saying that it was for the child's good. Though all the time when preparing him for his First Communion, the thought of the coming separation made her very sad.

Jean was already picturing in his imagination the success he would have in the future, and the glory which his father and sister would share. "You'll see, dear sister," he would say to Lizzie, who bent over her work, was sewing by the light of the lamp; "I will study so hard that soon I will be able to work for myself, and when I come back I will be able to paint your portrait and father's, then I can do the Reed Pond, just as Mr. Lannek did it; for I shall never forget you, Lizzie, or the village, or the cottage."

"Nor God, either, dear brother," she said, raising her head, "and don't forget to say your prayers morning and night, as you did when you were a little child, when I joined your little hands, and made you repeat the Our Father and Hail Mary, as our dear mother taught me to do."

"Yes, dear sister, I will promise," said Jean, as he put his arms around her neck, and wiped away her falling tears.

His father never said much, but he felt very sad, because he knew well

that Lizzie would miss him terribly. For Jean was the life of their home, and not to see his bright face when he came home at night would be a sore privation.

"Lizzie," said Jean, after a pause, "is Paris very far from here?"

"I believe so."

"It must be beautiful," said the child.

"Yes, so they say; Miss Marie, who went there very often, said that she felt very lonely because she could not see the sky, for the houses are built so high, that you don't breathe such pure air as you do here."

"I shall feel very lonely without you," said Jean, in a dreamy voice.

"O! yes, I am sure you will be," said his sister, with a sigh.

"But I shall come back next year," said Jean, for the thought of returning made the separation less terrible.

At last the day of the First Communion arrived. Jean, who had been well prepared by his sister, who had done her very best, made it with the best possible dispositions.

Lizzie cried nearly all the time during this touching ceremony, as she thought that soon the dear child would be going far away from her; but she had confidence in God, who permitted this separation, and, who knew well how to watch over Jean. As to the latter, he was altogether absorbed in this great act, and in the pure joy of this hallowed day, which he never forgot, and to whose salutary impressions he owed the success of his after life.

A few weeks later Mr. Lannek arrived in the country, and came to Lizzie to know if they were still willing to let him take Jean. The preparations for the journey were soon made; Lizzie filled Jean's trunk with all the necessary things, and then added a few

little trinkets to make him remember his home and country.

Jean paid a last visit to his mother's grave, and to that of Marie; he promised his sister to write often, and then quietly received all the advice they thought necessary to give him.

The moment of parting came too soon. It was a very touching sight; the child cried for a time, but his great love for art kept him up. Lizzie and her father went with him to the carriage, which was to take them to the nearest station. When the man whipped up his horses, Lizzie turned her head to hide her tears, while her father returned the signs which the travellers made from the windows of the carriage, until a turn in the road hid them from view. Once in the train, Jean who had cried all the way down, notwithstanding Mr. Lannek's efforts to console him, was soon quite interested by the continual change of scenery. For the child who had never been outside his native village, save once or twice to Montmorillon, a small town, the beauty of the towns and villages through which they passed seemed to him like scenes from fairy-land. He kept his eyes wide open, and looked around him curiously. His numerous questions greatly amused Mr. Lannek. Little by little sleep overcame him, and he was soon slumbering soundly, and dreaming of his home. When the train whistled, as it puffed into one of the stations, it awoke Jean, he half opened his eyes, then forgetting where he was, he thought he must have been dreaming, and he curled himself up, and was soon off once more in the land of dreams. But when they got to Paris, Jean had to wake up in earnest. At first he was stupefied by the noise and bustle of the large station, so unlike their quiet little station house at

Mailleras. But Mr. Lannek had asked his wife to meet them, and she gave Jean such a warm welcome, that he was quite re-assured, and in a short time got quite accustomed to the noise and bustle of the great city. About a week after his departure, Lizzie opened a letter dated from Paris, and at once recognized the hand-writing:

"DEAR FATHER AND DEAR SISTER," said Jean: "I love you a great deal, a great deal. I am always thinking of you, and very often when I am going to bed, I seem to see you sitting near the hearth talking, I am sure, of your little Jean, who misses you terribly. I am very well, and if it were not for being so far away from Mailleras, I would feel very happy. Mr. and Mrs. Lannek are goodness itself. They have given me a dear little room, beautifully fitted up, but from which, in fact, I can only see a small piece of the sky. I often speak of you to Mrs. Lannek; she listens to me willingly, and I profit by each occasion, for it makes me much happier. I have seen quite a few places in Paris; first the Tuleries and its beautiful gardens, where there are so many pretty children playing, that Lizzie, you would fairly eat up with kisses, they are so sweet. Notre Dame, the Cathedral, is beautiful when compared to our own little church, that I love nevertheless, and the Holy Chapel, Lizzie, is a little jewel, you would fall down in admiration. I can see its golden steeple from here, and the Champ Elysees, and the Louvre, with its beautiful paintings, in front of which your Jean, who is always on the move, could spend hours in contemplation, and hundreds and hundreds of other things which I have seen or will see. In fact, there is so much to say, that my pen does not move fast enough to tell you all. There would be enough to keep us busy all winter. I have begun work already. O! dear, I have seen things! I want to learn to paint pictures like those I saw. Do you see, dear father and Lizzie, as soon as I can paint well enough, I shall paint a Madonna's head. She will have Miss Marie's features; for very surely she looked like her. That won't be right away; still I shall do it yet, God willing. Adieu, dear father and sister, I never forget my prayers, dear Lizzie, and I pray for you, that you may not feel my absence too much, and that you will always love your Jean, who will love you always the same.

"Your brother, JEAN."

Lizzie wept tears of joy while reading this letter. She answered it as well as she could, telling him to be a good boy, and to work well, and to be very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Lannek. "Your letter, my dear Jean," said she, after giving him the preceding advice, "made

us feel so happy that father and I do nothing else in the evening but talk of you and your return. Work well, and come back to us as good as when you left. The other day I bought a pretty bunch of roses, and put them in your name on Miss Marie's grave, who is praying for you, and watching over you from her heavenly home. The village is very quiet, and the house seems empty without you. But you will come back, and then you can tell us about the things you have seen. Adieu, father sends his love, and with a big kiss,

"I am your sister,

"LIZZIE."

Jean's life was quite different from that he had led in his native village, but whenever he felt too lonely, he had only to think that he wanted to become a great painter, and then he would be more courageous and work harder than ever. He read Lizzie's letter with great pleasure, and since then, about every month or so, he sent them quite a budget containing an account of his work, any success he has had, and all he has seen. Needless to say, what joy these letters created in the little village of Mailleras. Mr. Lannek had a few pupils, young men, of course, who came to him to take lessons. Jean worked in the hall which they used for a studio. During the first few days, these boys, who were of noble families, and very wealthy, did not deign to bestow any notice on this little country bumpkin, whose manners were so countrified. But soon they were won over, by Jean's amiable character and love for Mr. Lannek. They soon treated him as their equal and friend.

There was one, however, who was very disagreeable to him. This was Maurice de Lesbar, a boy about thirteen years of age, who always came, accompanied by a servant in livery, to

his painting lessons. Being of a proud disposition, he thought himself ever so much better than the peasant lad, and as his master had several times spoken to him about his conduct, telling him that Jean towered above him by the nobility of his character and his great genius, he bore him a grudge, and always tried to find some way of injuring him. Maurice forgot that God gives to some riches and position, which are doubtless a great advantage, if proper use is made of them, but that he keeps for his privileged ones the gift of a great intelligence, which is greatly to be preferred to nobility of name. Maurice had been studying for two years, and Jean, who had only been receiving lessons for some months, was far ahead of him. It is true that Maurice played a great deal more than he worked, and as soon as he saw Mr. Lannek correcting another pupil's work, he amused himself playing tricks, which only showed what a wicked heart he had. For instance, he would harness unfortunate flies, which he ran through with a pin, to little paper carts made out of paper, with such rare ability, that his friends thought he had done these during work hours. For it is only constant practice, said they, which could make him proficient in his cruel treatment. At home he was a regular demon, and when his tutor was not there to keep him quiet, he would spend his day running up and down stairs, tormenting the servants, who were always blamed for any harm that was done, and if not at this, would torment his poor unfortunate dog. Maurice, it is easily seen, was a spoiled child, and even his tutor, a man of excellent character, and highly recommended, could do nothing with him, because his mother was a woman of such weak

character, that the child knew he would be forgiven, and not receive any punishment at her hands. Besides being proud, he was very lazy, and having never profited by the lessons which his mother, who was a wealthy person, had paid masters to give him ; he was as ignorant as it is possible to be. Maurice, however, being so proud, never thought that such was the case, and as all children do who have been badly brought up, said whatever came into his head, making the persons who heard him smile with pity. And, of course, being so ignorant, he said such stupid things, that Mr. Lannek was ashamed to have him for a pupil. One day he happened to come into the studio with several of the boys. On an easel at the end of the room was a painting just begun, representing the walls of a town, which the surrounding country indicated as being Rome. At the back of the painting was the enemy's camp, and a man was coming out of it towards a group of women, who came forth from the city. One of these seemed to have moved away from them, and was evidently reproaching the general, who looked quite moved. The various other costumes would sufficiently explain it to educated persons. The pupils had all grouped around the easel, for as their master was not there, they did not hurry to get to their work.

"What does it all mean?" asked Maurice, who was looking at it with the others, but who was far too ignorant to know what it was.

"Well ! don't you know?" said one of the younger boys.

"No," said Maurice, with a vexed look. "There is a woman who is talking to that man, that is all that I see. Anyhow, I don't pretend to understand more than I really do." Then

suddenly his eye brightened, for he saw Jean, and he wished to make him share his humiliating position, for all the boys were laughing at his silly answer, so he said : "But there is Jean, whom Mr. Lannek calls a studious child, and who is always reading when not at his work ; he ought to know all about it."

"This," said Jean, "is Coriolanus and the Volcians, Rome's enemies, and among whom he sought refuge when his country treated him unjustly. The women coming out of Rome are headed by his mother, Veturie, whom the Roman people have sent to him that she might appease his wrath, and beg him to spare the city."

Maurice, who hoped that Jean's memory would play him false, was very much put out when he found that his trick had failed. "But," he said, "it is easily seen, sir, that the master gave you explanations beforehand, for I am sure that you could not have learned that, while tending the cows," said he, in an insolent tone. "Anyway, it matters very little to me, for I do not need to be learned, as it is only beggars who have to work." And Maurice, who ought to be ashamed of his rudeness, went to his place amid general silence ; for all the pupils stopped speaking when Mr. Lannek opened the door, just in time to hear the boy's wicked words. He walked straight over to him, while poor Jean, who was stupified at hearing his humble, yet honest life spoken of in this way, felt the tears filling his eyes. Maurice seemed ashamed at first when he saw his master. But he then assumed an indifferent air, as if he were not to blame. He had already taken his pencil and paper, to sketch a head before him, which was that of Demosthenes, whose name he did not even know, for his laziness and ignorance had reached such a point that his

tutor could not make him learn anything about the men of the day. Mr. Lannek did not intend to let him go unpunished. He was tired of having a pupil who would not learn anything, and who employed his time tormenting the other pupils. He resolved to send him away from his studio.

"My child," he said, in a serious tone, which confused the poor child, "from henceforth I refuse to give you any more lessons, and I shall tell your mother so to-day. Your character is unbearable, and you would only give your companions bad advice, and, worse again, bad example. Even during the few short hours you spend here every day, for as you seem to prefer play to work, notwithstanding all I have told you, my lessons are useless. But, before you go, let me tell you, with all your money and position, you will never become anything, unless you correct yourself, (and I am afraid you will never have courage to do it), or be willing to have for a friend the brave child whom you so rudely insulted. Go, my poor Maurice," said he. "Remember, that honest work and talent, when God gave them to us, are a hundred times more valuable than riches and position, which only make so many people unhappy."

Maurice was very much ashamed. He dared not say anything, but tried to put a bold face on the matter, and threw a glance full of deadly hatred at Jean, who was the innocent cause of his disgrace. The latter, however, seeing that his master had taken his part, had gone back to his work, and all the other pupils were very glad that Maurice had got the lesson he so richly deserved, for he was no favorite with them. This put a stop to those disgraceful scenes.

The artist kept his word. He went

to thank Mrs. de Lesbar, and begged her to keep her son at home, telling her that he could not continue giving him lessons, since the child did not want to profit by them.

The poor mother had been told the self-same thing by several other masters, and did not know what to do. But she could not scold Maurice, for when she began to speak about it, he would promise her with tears in his eyes to do better, if he only had another master. His mother believed in his repentance, though he had deceived her so many times, she was persuaded at last that Mr. Lannek had dealt unjustly with him in not wanting to forgive a few trivial faults, set to look for another easy-going master, who would not care if his pupil worked or not.

At the beginning of the summer, Jean went to Mailleras with Mr. Lannek, who left him there for some weeks, as he went to travel in the southern part of France. It would be very difficult to describe Lizzie's feelings upon meeting her brother. The child had grown thinner, his manners had that elegant polish which he seemed to have copied almost unconsciously. But his moral training was the same, and Jean was just as frank and affectionate as before he had left them. He was somewhat paler since he had been living in Paris, but he would soon get back his rosy color after a few weeks spent in his native village.

When the carriage which brought him arrived at Mailleras, it was eight in the evening, and although pretty light, as it always is in summer, still night was coming, and Lizzie and her father could hardly distinguish the outlines of the carriage. But when the child jumped out, and she heard his gay voice saying, "Here I am at last," her heart thrilled with delight, and

she clasped him tightly in her arms, the child whom she had formerly rocked on her knees as a mother does her son. How many hours had she not spent, picturing to herself the joy of this meeting. How often during those long tedious days, when her hands were busy with the household work, would not her thoughts carry her to Paris, where she could see the bright face of him whom she still called her little brother, though he was now quite a big boy.

That evening they did nothing but ask him question after question, and Jean answered them, for he was anxious to tell them everything, and Lizzie, just as curious as can be. The father looked at his two children. He was happy because they were.

"Is Paris as beautiful as they say?" said Lizzie, asking the same question which he had asked before his departure.

"O! yes, dear sister, very beautiful. But nothing could be finer than Mailleras is to-night. If you only knew how often I thought of you, and of the village during the past year. Mr. and Mrs. Lannek are very kind, but there were times when I felt lonely, and Paris seemed so big with its high houses and crowds of unknown faces! When I felt sad, I comforted myself by thinking of you and father, and also of Miss Marie. Are there always flowers on her grave?"

"Yes," said Lizzie, "I always keep some there. Do you know, Jean, I am sure that she and mother are praying for you, and that it is their prayers that have sent you back to us, as good and loving as ever. But you promised me to paint her picture. When will you be able to do it?"

"O! in a few years, you'll see; I keep it here," he said, pointing to his

forehead. "Some day I shall paint it for you, as I remember her face with its sweet, angelic expression."

Jean still clung to the things of his childhood, and though enjoying Parisian life, never forgot his village or his friends. During his stay in Mailleras, he breathed the pure air with delight, for he often longed for it in the city. He came and went along the roads, visiting his favorite haunts, making a collection of sketches, but with more success than in former years. The Reed Pond was sketched in several different ways, and he soon had a number of pieces of which his father and sister were very proud. Mr. Lannek advised him to spend as much time as possible sketching from nature, telling him that this was the surest way of learning. The obedient pupil followed his master's advice in this as in all else. The few happy weeks fled too quickly, and the moment of separation was near at hand, much to Lizzie's sorrow, for Jean had again fallen into his own way at Mailleras, and felt it keenly. Still, the days went on, and Mr. Lannek arrived at Mailleras to take Jean back with him to Paris.

Lizzie did not know how to thank this generous man for all he had done for Jean.

"Well, now, are you satisfied with the young man?" asked Mr. Lannek. "He is a good child, and after a few years of study, you will be amply rewarded for the sacrifice you made when you let him go away the first time."

"How shall we thank you, sir," said Lizzie, "for all you are doing. Our Jean has come back to us, not only more able than before, but just as affectionate and kind as he was when he left us. For, dear sir, my father and I feared that he might go wrong, for

they told us that Paris was such a bad city. You have kept him in the right path."

"O! that is not my work, but my wife's. I know that she has tried to keep everything that is wicked or immoral from him, and did her best to instil into his heart lessons similar to those he received from you."

"Tell her, sir," said the young girl, "that we are very grateful to her, and know not how to thank her, for I would rather Jean should remain an ignorant peasant lad, than come back to us with his morals corrupted." The young girl meant what she said, for though very proud of Jean's talents, she would rather he would remain faithful to the faith of his childhood, than become one of the most celebrated painters in the world.

Jean then got ready to go, but not before they had given him more advice, making him promise that he would not forget what they had told him.

Lizzie cried some when he was gone, but she did not feel anxious now, as this was not the child's first journey. Then she knew that he was in good hands, and only hoped that this foreign education would leave her brother as simple and kind as he was before. The carriage bearing the two travellers went rapidly on its way, and soon the houses of Mailleras disappeared from view. This time he stayed awake for the first few hours of the journey, and could thus admire at his ease the towns at which they stopped. At last they reached Paris. Jean once more resumed his studies.

Not content with teaching him drawing, for it is very useful if one wishes to become an artist, to have studied other subjects, Mr. Lannek, who never did things by halves, made the child follow a scientific course, and knowing that he was fond of reading, procured a number of valuable books, which would help to educate him without fatiguing him. As for painting, Jean was heart and soul in his work, and made such rapid progress, that in a few years his works were not without some merit. The master was

proud of his pupil, whom he loved as his own son. Each year he brought him to Mailleras for a rest, and, needless to say, his father and Lizzie were always just as glad to see him.

Four years had gone by since his departure for Paris under Mr. Lannek's protection, when one day he received a letter from Mailleras signed Lizzie.

"MY DEAR JEAN," she said:

"I have something to tell you, but don't be afraid, for it will not prevent me loving you just the same as in the past. I shall always remember that I rocked you to sleep in my arms, singing your favorite songs, and that you are a good brave boy, who loves his sister, and has never given her a moment's pain. But here is my secret, for I have not told you yet: I am going to be married. You know that I am nearly twenty-four, and they say that it is quite time; but father will not be alone, for we are going to live with him, and when you come home nothing will be changed. I am going to marry Francis. He is the second son of the farmer of None, that farm house where Miss Marie used to go, because she could see the Reed Pond. The father will live with us, as the farm goes to the eldest son. You will see, Jean, that we will all be happy together when you come home. Answer me right away, and say if you can come to the wedding. It takes place in three weeks. Father is very glad, and we all send love."

LIZZIE."

Jean answered his sister's letter, telling her how pleased he was to hear the news. "I have a wedding present for you, dear little sister," he said, at the end of his letter, "and I will give it to you, myself. Good-bye. I will see you in two weeks. Love to all."

JEAN."

The eve of the wedding Jean arrived, accompanied by Mr. Lannek, who had been invited to the ceremony. After tea a large case was brought in, which Jean opened himself, saying that this was his wedding present. When it was opened, Lizzie uttered an exclamation of astonishment and joy. It was a Madonna's head, its features bearing a striking resemblance to those of little Marie. Lizzie could not keep back her tears, as she gazed at it. "O! Jean, dear, how can I ever thank you," she said, clasping her brother's hand. "Nothing could have pleased me more. She is the angel who has guided and protected you. But how well you remembered her face, and how smart

you are," she said. Each one admired Jean's work, for it was really remarkable. The resemblance was really striking, and Jean had given to the Madonna's features an expression of ideal purity.

"You will put it over your bed," he said to Lizzie, "and pray that she may guide me always."

"Yes," said Lizzie, "and whenever I look at it I shall think of the times she used to come here, always looking so sweet and pretty, and never leaving us without a kind word."

The painting was hung over the bed as Jean had requested, and Lizzie taught her children to kneel before it to say their night prayers. Often she would tell them of the little child who went to heaven so young, and whom Uncle Jean had never forgotten, as the painting showed. He was still

with Mr. Lannek. Later on, the latter having adopted him, sent him to Italy to study, and while he was away from Mailleras, little hands were joined together, and childish lips prayed for him to the Heavenly Mother, whose image still hangs in the paternal home. Lizzie has taught her children to love Uncle Jean, and beg our Lord to keep his heart pure and unstained, as in the days of his childhood.

Jean has now become a great painter, and devotes his talent to noble works. He has painted many a Madonna's head since then, "but none," he says, "better represents the Mother of God, than the model which he had chosen as a child, and that he was so well able to re-produce, by painting the portrait of the little friend and companion of his childish days."

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

First Friday—April, 1901.—St. Mechtilde, April 10th.

"I have compassion on the multitude."

HOW sweet it is to remember this compassionate Heart, and feel that there is an echo of Divine sympathy for every joy and sorrow, and that there is no need of soul or body excluded from the loving providence of God! It is, then, our desire, this month, to confide in Jesus most perfectly, and to imitate His sympathy.

We have several times alluded to the spirit of sympathetic reparation with regard to His sufferings in the Passion, and we may remark that in proportion as we have mourned, so also shall we, with Mary, rejoice in the gladness of Easter. But now there is question of extending our sympathy to all souls for His sake—to those who are still exiles in this "vale of tears;" to the patient sufferers in Purgatory and ascending in spirit to the land of light, to a spirit of joyful gratitude with and for its glorious inhabitants. This was a special characteristic in St. Mechtilde, who, with her sister, St. Gertrude,

tenderly loved the Sacred Heart, and whose life was said to be "a living copy of Our Blessed Lady." Towards Jesus Christ Himself, her prayers are most beautiful in expression, tender in sympathy, seraphic in love. The record of her virtues is most attractive in sublimity and sweetness, and it is said that "she anointed all the afflicted with the sweet ointment of her pity, her compassion, and her sympathy." A vast multitude of mourners, after her saintly transit, who had been silent in obedience to her humble desires, now proclaimed the miracles worked in their regard, and yet her biographer says: "We wept little, for her glory stayed our tears." Sympathy is the bloom of charity, the "good odor of Christ," the seal of His Sacred Heart. Let us ask this sweet Benedictine Saint to obtain it for us, and let us soothe the sorrows, supply the needs, rejoice in the gladness of those around us, but always for the love of that grateful Heart from whose abundance we hope to hear at last: "You did it for Me."

Summary and General Declaration
—OF THE—
RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER
—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

THE Third Order of Mount Carmel may well be termed ancient, since the First Order traces its origin back to the Holy Prophet Elias, who lived 930 years before the coming of Christ. Whenever any of those pious Hermits, who lived and prayed together, as did the Monks of the Christian era, separated from their own community to go forth into the world, they always preserved intimate relations with the members of the aforesaid community and thus came to constitute a species of Third Order.

Speaking of the Christian epoch, in particular, the custom of uniting and associating pious persons of both sexes with our Order is most ancient; so much so, indeed, that in the early ages, this was done by the sole authority of the Order itself.

But in the year 1452, Pope Nicholas V., and in the year 1476, Pope Sixtus IV., by their apostolic authority approved this action, and granted to all those who then belonged to the Third Order of Mount Carmel, or who might afterward enter it, the same privileges enjoyed by the Third Orders of Saint Francis, Saint Dominic and Saint Augustine.

The same Pontiffs by their apostolic authority empowered the superiors of our confraternity to receive into its Tertiary Order secular persons of both

sexes without any exception, provided they showed fitness and were withheld by no canonical impediment. So, that which was done at first by the simple authority of the Order, from that time forth was carried on and practised under authority from the Holy See.

Moreover, the Pontiffs aforesaid set forth in their Bulls that these same superiors, in giving the habit of their Order to such persons as should seek it, should propose to them the observance of the Rule of the Confraternity, this being adapted to their own states and conditions.

Finally, the above mentioned Sixtus IV. granted to every person so received into the Order, all the Privileges and Indulgences which, before that time, had been bestowed by the Popes, his predecessors, upon the Brothers and Sisters in Religion of the Confraternity, together with all that might in future be granted them by his successors in the Holy See.

RULES AND STATUTES FOR THE TERTIARY
BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE
ORDER OF OUR LADY OF
MOUNT CARMEL.

CHAPTER I.

Of the persons who have faculty to receive others into the Third Order of Mount Carmel and of the necessary requisites of those who desire to embrace this state.

In accordance with the ancient and

primitive use of our holy Order, the Most Rev. General, the Provincials in their Provinces, and the Priors in their respective Convents, can, by themselves or through others whom they have commissioned, receive into the Third Order of Mount Carmel persons of both sexes—ecclesiastics and laymen, virgins and widows, and also married persons;—it must be, however, mentioned that the Priors and their delegates should not use this faculty without having previously given notice of it to their Provincials or General.

Before, however, any superior or delegate receives one into the Third Order, he shall inform himself diligently if the persons asking to be admitted have the qualities requisite for it; namely: if they have good and honest manners and are moved only by a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary; for by taking her habit they consecrate themselves to her in a special manner. Secondly, if they have not been received before and professed in some other Third Order. Thirdly, if they be of such mature age as to give prudent hope of perseverance in their good resolution. Fourthly, if they profess the true Catholic faith and obedience to the holy Church. Fifthly, if they have sufficient means for a respectable living. Lastly, married women must be told that they will not be admitted without the consent of their husbands and the approval of their confessors.

Hence, (as the statutes enjoin, which are an explanation of the Rule) those whose office it is to receive persons into the Third Order, should only have in sight the good character of the persons and everything that is holy, modest, honorable, amiable, praiseworthy and virtuous. They should,

therefore, inform themselves principally about their manners, deportment and way of living; whether they are humble and mild, whether they preserve peace with all men, or form and keep up enmities, whether they are fickle, curious, of a rash and violent temper; whether they are overburdened with debts; whether they are involved in law suits, for these quarrels do not only disturb the internal peace, but also give occasions of complaints, murmurings and slanders. Lastly, whether they are of a respectable family and not tainted by any evil reputation.

The Tertiary Brothers and Sisters should well mind that the profession of the Catholic faith, being an essential quality of their state, they ought not to be satisfied to profess it with their mouths only, but show it also by their works and good behavior. They should not be ashamed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or to be followers of Mary, the ever-blessed Virgin. They should, for the love of truth, humbly bear with the railleries, slights and jests which they may encounter; for, as the martyrs would rather suffer the greatest torments than renounce the Christian name, so, likewise, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters must rather suffer joyfully jests and contempt than to blush for following the Cross of Christ. They should always esteem highly the virtues of humility, modesty and Christian simplicity, as becomes those who are not seeking to please men, but God only—and the Blessed Virgin.

They may comfort themselves by the consoling words of our Lord: "If the world hate you, know ye that it hated me before you. If you had been of the world, the world would love its own; but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you

out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you."—John XV., 18.

And indeed the world, or rather worldly persons, can not bear virtuous men, these being a reproach to their evil lives. If these words of Jesus Christ, and so many others which might be quoted, could make the saints triumph over all the obstacles opposing their pious designs and actions, they ought likewise to strengthen the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters to bear, with courage and patience, all the insults which the worldling shall offer to them and not on that account grow remiss in the observance of the rules and statutes of the Order.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE RECEPTION OF MEMBERS.

Although the superiors and directors can by their own authority receive into the Third Order the persons possessing the aforesaid qualities, without the consent of the respective Brotherhood, for Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. granted them absolute power, independent of the Brotherhood; yet, generally speaking, it will be praiseworthy and advantageous to propose the postulants to the respective councils and to leave the choice to be made by secret suffrage, so that no persons under a canonical impediment may be admitted. The Superior or Director should not, however, propose in such a way any person, if, on reasonable grounds, he supposes that the greater part of the Brotherhood be against him.

In some places the following custom is now introduced for acceptance into

the Third Order: At the preceding meeting, the Director publishes the name of the postulant, and if, during the interval of time between that meeting and the next, no one appears to object, in view of nearer claims or as a matter of duty, the postulant is deemed to have been approved.

As to the age sufficing for entrance into the Third Order, it is required that the person to be accepted shall be at least fourteen years old and shall have received First Communion.

The statutes regarding the chapter of the rule declare that the person to be received should, by prayers, fasting and other convenient exercises of piety, dispose himself for it, according to the direction of his confessor, but principally by a general confession, yet yielding, also in this, to the judgment of the same confessor. On the day when one receives the habit, he should endeavor to receive the Blessed Sacrament.

After they have been received into the Third Order they become partakers of all the indulgences, which have been and shall be granted in future to our Order, as is stated in the Bull of Sixtus IV. Moreover, they partake of all advantages of our Order and of the fruits and good works which are performed night and day by the Religious of the First and Second Orders, and by the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters all over the world, so that they may reasonably hope to be aided by the prayers and merits of so many virtuous persons to whom they are united by profession and intention.

Each one of the novices shall, during the year of his novitiate, present himself once a month to the Father Director, to exercise the virtue of obedience and to be instructed in his duties. In like manner, every one of

the Sisters during the novitiate shall present herself to the Mother Directress or Prioress.

The superior or director, according to the dictates of prudence, can extend the novitiate to two or three years, or even more, for persons too young to be of sufficiently mature judgment, and also in regard to other persons of ripe age if they are not sufficiently advanced in virtue.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE PROFESSION.

Those brothers and sisters who shall be judged worthy to be admitted to profession should prepare themselves for the same in the eleventh month of their novitiate; the novitiate should last at least one year; this being completed, and having made, for not less than three days, spiritual exercises in the best manner possible, as the spiritual father shall direct, having also made a confession and received Holy Communion, they shall promise in writing into the hands of the superior or director the simple vows of chastity according to their state and condition and of obedience according to the rule of the Third Order, until death. They shall leave the document of their profession in the hand of the superior or director, having with their own hand signed their names or marked it with a cross if they know not how to write. The director shall take care to have it registered in a book kept for that purpose, and, besides, to have it signed by two of the oldest of the respective Confraternity, marking down the year, month and day.

After the brothers and sisters have made their profession they shall have an active voice in all the assemblies, that is, they can cast their votes; and

after being professed three years, they shall have a passive voice, that is, they can be elected to all the offices and emoluments of the Confraternity.

The superior or director can receive the profession of the Tertiary Novices of both sexes in danger of death, even before the year of the novitiate be terminated, that thus they may partake of the indulgences granted to the professed brothers and sisters, but with the condition that, in case they regain their health, they are bound to repeat the vows with the due formalities.

If through a divine vocation some of the brothers and sisters should enter into a religious Order, the Director shall communicate it to the whole fraternity in order that all may praise the Lord for such a singular grace and pray for their perseverance.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE SUBJECTION OF THE ORDER AND ON OBEDIENCE.

The Tertiary Brothers and Sisters shall be subject to the direction and correction of the Superiors, in things regarding the rules and their own salvation, without infringing upon the rights of the Parish Church; to attend the services should be their great care, that having thus chosen a more perfect life they may also give good example to others. They should therefore be always eager to assist at the sacred instructions given in their own parish church and in the churches of the Order, if they are not legitimately excused. In regard to the confessors, there is no absolute necessity that they should belong to our Order; the Brothers and Sisters can confess their sins to any approved confessor, who may further their spiritual advancement.

Above all they should appreciate highly and in truth practice obedience ; which Jesus Christ loves so dearly, that for its sake He came down from heaven to earth, taking it for a spouse at His birth and wishing to have it as an inseparable companion until His death on the Cross. They shall pay due respect to the superior and director and also to the prioress ; they shall obey them with humility, beholding in the superior, director and confessor Jesus Christ Himself, and in the prioress the most Blessed Virgin, in such a manner that when they hear them speak they should imagine they hear Jesus Christ or the most Blessed Virgin.

They should never undertake anything, however good, of their own will—neither should they prefer anything, however good it may appear, to holy obedience, their vocation. Because an obedient person does not sin, is not judged and can not be reprovéd ; hence, Saint Theresa wisely says, “that, although the superiors can deceive themselves in commanding, the subjects never deceive themselves in obeying.”

Obedience, generally taken, is a necessary virtue for all Christians, according to their state and condition, in order to obtain eternal life ; but it is especially necessary for persons professing a spiritual life and much more for those who have made a vow or promise to God, as these Tertiaries by their own free will have bound themselves to observe it more exactly, it being the most certain means for obtaining Christian perfection. Now, to avoid all disquiet of conscience, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters must know to whom, and in what things they have to obey, and what kind of sin they commit if they fail in obedience.

In the formula of profession they promise obedience to God, to the most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel and to the most Reverend General of the whole Order. For our better intelligence it may be observed that they promise obedience and chastity to God, because a vow is an act of religion due to God alone ; they promise to the most Blessed Virgin, because she is the special mother and patroness of the whole Order ; lastly, they promise to the most Reverend General, in order to form but one family under the same head and thus to partake of the spiritual advantages of the whole Order. In virtue therefore of such a promise, all the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters are obliged to obey, with humility, the superiors of the Order, and in a special manner those who by office or commission shall be appointed for the government of the fraternity, i. e., the Father Director. They must obey in those things which regard their own salvation and perfection, according to the rules and statutes, but not in things regarding their temporal possessions, for in respect to these the superiors have no power whatever.

They must also obey their own confessor, and, as we have said above, there is no absolute obligation that he be one of the Order ; they shall, therefore, inform him of the duties enjoined by the rule and show him this little book, that he may be enabled to direct their souls in the way of perfection.

Against the vow of Obedience they never sin grievously unless they disobey by contempt of rule, and unless the superior declares that he binds them under a heavy penalty, as if he should say, “In virtue of holy obedience,” or “In the name of the Holy Ghost,” or use other expressions

of equal force ; but this he must do distinctly, expressly and in writing.

CHAPTER V.

ON CHASTITY.

The vow of chastity, in accordance with the rules, binds according to the present or future state of the person who has made such a promise to God. Hence, in virtue of the profession, she is bound to virginal chastity as long as she remains unmarried, to the conjugal chastity if married, and to the continence of a widow if deprived of the husband. So that, according to the meaning of the rule, the vow does not hinder any one from changing her state of life. The same holds good in regard to the Tertiary Brothers. It is known to all that the vow elevates and increases the merit of virtue ; as, on the other side, its violation, be it internal or external, renders the person guilty of a double sin, viz : of incontinency and of a sacrilege. If it should happen that some brother or sister be convicted of having sinned against this vow, he or she shall be at once expelled from the Confraternity, and hereby will be free from the obligations and of the simple vows, which were made in no other wise than according to the rule. Nevertheless, if to the profession has been added her special and voluntary vow never to change her state of life (which is above the rule), this obligation would still remain after the expulsion from the Order ; because of the intention of the

person making the answers to bind himself to the observance of this second vow until death. The brothers and sisters, as it will be seen, are at full liberty, like all the faithful, to bind themselves by a vow of perpetual chastity, and it is a praiseworthy thing, commendable but not commanded. Yet, the superiors and directors shall be very circumspect in recommending and receiving such vows ; and especially in respect to virgins and widows yet very young, lest in progress of time, regretting their step, they come to cause scandal to the whole fraternity.

In whateverwise the profession be made it is necessary, in order to guard and observe chastity, as it becomes persons honored with the title of brothers and sisters of the Blessed Virgin, that they do not say or do anything which does not breathe the sweet odor of chastity, that they should close their eyes to vanities and their ears to all sorts of jests and merriment ; that they should guard their tongues from too free, vain and equivocal words ; in one word, they should regulate their senses by a sweet restraint, as the Holy Ghost advises us.

“Guard thy heart with all watchfulness, because life issueth out from it.” Proverbs IV., 23. Finally, to preserve intact the beautiful lily of holy chastity, it is moreover necessary to mortify the body with penances. These, however, must be reasonable and discreet, and always subject to the judgment of the confessor or director.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JERICHO.

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,
Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

XII.

"And the children of Israel abode in Gilgal, and they kept the Phase, on the fourteenth day of the month, at evening in the Plains of Jericho."—Josue, V. 10.

WHAT tableaux of thrilling interest did not my early biblical reminiscences conjure up before me as our cortege set foot in the "Plains of Jericho," adjacent to which the Israelites first pitched their tents on their arrival in the "Promised Land!" What marvels of divine goodness, exemplified towards the "Chosen People" in this connection rose up before me! After their journey of forty years "in the wide wilderness" (Josue, V. 6.), during which period countless marks of Jehovah's predilection were lavished upon them from on high, they entered, at last, the "Land of Chanaan"—that "Promised Land," which, as had been told them, was "*flowing with milk and honey*,"—an expression well calculated to impress their carnal minds with a vivid idea of its fertility and abundance. I had often wondered in my juvenile days why it was that God exacted from the Israelites that they should spend forty years in making a transit which could have been accomplished, perhaps, in as many days. Was it not to cause them to appreciate more sensibly the beautiful country of the Cananeans, after having journeyed so long and after having undergone so much to obtain it? *—a thought

which naturally suggests the happiness of the Blessed, as, when about to enter heaven, and while in full view of their eternal reward, they recall at its portals for the last time (since, once within the gates of the celestial Jerusalem, such memories will ne'er recur again) * the struggles, sufferings and sorrows of their earthly pilgrimage. No less aptly, too, do the prodigies wrought in behalf of the Jews, from the moment of their departure from Egypt until that of their entrance into the "Land of Promise," typify that divine guidance extended the elect in their passage through this "Vale of tears" to heaven, as also the endless chain of graces by whose aid they will one day come into possession of the kingdom prepared for them. And what lesson, may I ask, shall we learn (now that I have begun to moralize,) from the almost continuous murmurings, fault-finding, and even occasional mutinies of the Israelites against their divinely appointed leaders while in the desert? They could not understand why their wanderings should be so protracted; why their arrival at their journey's end should be so delayed. Nor does it seem that their impatience and dissatisfaction, consequent upon God's action in their regard, underwent any diminu-

* NOTE—The careful perusal of the eighth chapter of the Book of Deuteronomy will be most interesting in this connection, as it explains fully why Almighty God kept His people so long on their way to the Promised Land.

* NOTE—I say this *late sensu*; for, the Blessed *can* remember their trials, et similia, in heaven, as a source of their *present glory*; not, however, as a cause of sorrow to them now. Thus, we read that St. Peter of Alcantara appeared to St. Teresa after his death, and exclaimed, "Oh, happy penances (alluding to his life of self-crucifixion, persecutions, etc.) which have merited for me such a weight of glory!"

tion despite the extraordinary favors showered upon them by Him. A perpetual miracle, for example, was wrought, in that their very clothing remained whole and entire, and their feet were not injured in the least by their years of travel. Thus Moses could assure them individually at the end: "Thy raiment, with which thou wast covered, hath not decayed for age, and thy foot is not worn, lo this is the fortieth year." (Deuteronomy VIII. 4.) The Lord Himself went before them as a pillar of cloud by day, and as a column of fire by night to conduct them in safety (Numbers, IX. 15); He fed them with "bread from heaven"—the manna—; encouraged them with repeated manifestations of His power and goodness; gave them His divine law, the faithful observance whereof was to bring them every earthly blessing, together with the certainty of eternal felicity, and protected them in a signal manner from the enemies that beset their path. Yet, all these manifestations of loving solicitude and watchfulness over them were lost upon many of the "Chosen People." Can we not, with advantage, draw a parallel between the Israelites and ourselves? Had they kept constantly before their minds the incomparable bourne at which they were aiming; had they dwelt upon the wondrous descriptions given them of its fertility, its wealth and of the profusion which reigned therein of all that could please the eye, gratify the palate or cheer the heart, would they not have borne better with the actual fatigues and privations undergone during their progress towards it? And we? Surely, it is not an earthly promised land that we are seeking; for, "Non habemus hic manentem civitatem, sed futuram

inquirimus." * How raised above ourselves, then; how superior to our weaknesses or pettiness would we become; how resigned to the dispensations of Providence in our regard; how oblivious to the privations of this life, did we but keep the thought of heaven always before us! For then we would realize in all its fullness the comforting assurance given us in these words of the Apostle: "*In all things we suffer tribulation; but are not distressed: we are straitened; but are not destitute: we suffer persecution; but are not forsaken: we are cast down; but we perish not: always bearing about in our body the dying of Jesus; that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies. For our present tribulation, which is momentary and light, worketh for us above measure accordingly an eternal weight of glory.*" (II. Corinthians, IV.)

My readers, I fear, will think that I am almost as long in getting to Jericho as were the Israelites. Yet, if I have stopped on the way in this instance, it has only been in fulfilment of the Apostolic injunction, viz: "*Preach the word; be instant in season (and) out of season, etc.*" (II. Timothy IV. 2.)

But behold us at the terminus of our day's journey! We have the mild vesper light, bright and clear, in which to make our first observations of the site where once stood the first city taken by Josue from the Chanaanians: Jericho,—whose massive walls were miraculously thrown down after he and his warriors had, by God's command, gone around them once a day for six days, and after the priests and levites, bearing the ark and sounding their trumpets, had done likewise on the seventh day. Over the ruins of the city thus delivered into his hands

* For here we have no permanent city, but we seek one to come. (Hebrews XIII. 14.)

by the direct intervention of the "God of armies," Josue pronounced the following malediction: "Cursed be the man before the Lord, that shall raise up and build the city of Jericho. In his first-born may he lay the foundation thereof, and in the last of his children set up its gates." * This anathema did not prevent divers potentates from essaying the undertaking against which it had been launched, and there were, subsequently, the Jewish, Roman and Byzantine Jerichoes, though each of them occupied, to some extent at least, different sites. The second—that of Herod—was honored by a visit from our Divine Saviour, who there restored sight to the "Blind Man," and converted Zacheus, the publican. (St. Luke, XVIII. 42., and XIX. 9 and 10.) At present only a few miserable huts mark the place where these cities stood successively, if I except a couple of inns, (one of them called *Gilgal Hotel*, at which our party stopped) the smaller and less pretentious of which bears the sign over its side door: "*American Bar*" It was, as you know, in the month of September—a time when the heat is at its greatest—that I visited Palestine; and you have, doubtless, often heard the expression, "Go to Jericho!" Did you grasp its meaning? Well, if you did not, let me tell you that J. is said to be the hottest place on earth; lying, as it does, twelve hundred feet below the level of the sea, and shut in by high and barren mountains which keep every cooling breeze far from it. For my part, I never experienced anything to surpass it; and if any one ever says to me again "Go to Jericho," I shall

devoutly sign myself with the Sign of the Cross, for I shall realize that he don't mean *Jericho* at all. What was most interesting to our party in the neighborhood of the ancient city was, *first*, the "Pool of Eliseus;" and *secondly*, the "Mountain of the Quarantaine." The former is a beautiful spring of clear, fresh, limpid water, which serves to irrigate a great portion of the surrounding territory, and is delicious to drink. The history of this spring is to be found in the Fourth Book of Kings, chapter second, verses nineteenth to the twenty-second, inclusive, as subjoined here:—And the men of the city (*Jericho*) said to Eliseus: "Behold, the situation of the city is very good, as thou my lord seest: but the waters are very bad, and the ground barren. And he (Eliseus) said: Bring me a new vessel, and put salt into it. And when they had brought it, He went out to the spring of the waters, and cast the salt into it and said: Thus saith the Lord: I have healed these waters; and there shall be no more in them death or barrenness. And the waters were healed unto this day, according to the words of Eliseus, which he spoke."

[Whilst not immediately connected with my subject, and though the scene of the event referred to lay at some distance from Jericho, I will quote what follows in the same chapter, namely, from the twenty-third to the concluding verse, to-wit:

And he (Eliseus) went up from thence (*Jericho*) to Bethel: and as he was going up by the way, little boys came out of the city and mocked him, saying: go up, thou bald-head. And looking back he saw them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord: and there came forth two bears out of the forest, and tore of them two and forty

* NOTE—In other words, *May his first child die when the work of rebuilding the city is commenced, and may his last perish when its walls are finished.*

boys. And from thence he went to Mount Carmel.]

Are the "prophets" less powerful in our day; or are the "little boys" less irreverent; or bears scarcer? Leaving you to solve this problem if you can (which I doubt), I shall pass to the second object of our devout contemplation in the vicinity of Jericho, namely, the spot where, according to tradition, Jesus fasted forty days and as many nights, and where He was tempted by the devil. For a long period it was inhabited by anchorites and hermits, all of whom were put to death by the terrible Chosroes about the opening of the seventh century. During the middle ages the "Canons of the Holy Sepulchre" and the religious called "Brothers of the Quarantaine" lived there. A writer of the fourteenth century says that in his day, the Sheik Gazar obstructed the road leading to the Holy Mountain, in order to prevent the solitaries from descending or pilgrims from ascending it. In its present condition the mountain is honeycombed with cells, some of which are natural grottoes, and others the work of man. The schismatic Greeks have monasteries upon its craggy sides, their occupation of it dating from the year 1874. They are few in number, and depend for their subsistence on the money received from visitors, to whom they give hospitality "for a consideration." Truly a wilder spot could not well be imagined; and the belief that it was in this locality our divine Redeemer entered upon His preparation for the accomplishment of the sublime mission confided to Him by His heavenly Father, is certainly borne out by appearances no less than by the constant tradition which certifies to the fact.

Jericho has been called the "City of Palms" and the "City of Roses." A few straggling trees of the first named class are still to be seen there, but of roses there are none,—unless it be so-called "Rose of Jericho," a species of shrub, (the *Anastatica Hierochuntica*) whose tendrils, when placed in water, expand in spherical shape, and have something of the appearance of the flower after which they are named. As for the inhabitants of Jericho, it was the common verdict of my companions that they are entirely unique among the people of Palestine; and, indeed, they are utterly different from any people I have seen in all my journeyings. They seem to constitute a race in themselves. Exceedingly dark (almost Ethiopian, in fact), half nude, and in some instances altogether so, they are repulsively dirty, their hair, matted and unkempt, hanging about their shoulders in disheveled locks, giving them the appearance of savages; from which state, in very truth, they are not far removed. They are quiet and even gentle in their manner, however, and plead with one very sweetly for *Baksheesh*. It was growing dusk when, after finishing our inspection of Jericho and its surroundings, we bent our steps to the hotel, and we were soon seated around the supper table discussing our experiences and the viands as well. Our unflagging guide, Frère Benoit, counselled us to retire early; "for," said he, "we will leave Jericho at 3 o'clock to-morrow morning for the Dead Sea and the Jordan." Permit me, then, dear Coz., to go to bed without further delay, as the fatigues of the day—to say nothing of those yet in store for me—have certainly earned me the few hours repose at my command.

From Beyond The Veil.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

I HAVE told you, as perhaps you may remember, one story, at least, about Eastbury Saint Simon's, how, namely, the Rev. James Carman, whose faith was "as that of a little child," followed his predecessor, the Rev. Thomas Huntley, into that City of God wherein wandering souls find peace and rest after the storms and strifes which had assailed them during their sojourn in the "city of confusion." Now, when two Rectors, one after the other, had "lapsed to Rome," John, by the grace of crown and parliament, bishop of Middlehampton, began to cast about for a really "safe" man who could be trusted to remain "in the church of his baptism," and to "accept the reformation settlement." He wanted to have no more to do with "Anglo-Catholics" like the Rev. Thomas Huntley, nor even with men of "broad views"—or none at all—like the Rev. Jas. Carman. He wanted a "safe" man, not "extreme" either way, one who would neither follow the "deplorable example" of those who had immediately preceded him, nor yet offend his parishioners by too sudden or too violent a return to "moderate" ritual.

In fact, had it been in any way possible, he would gladly have shifted the responsibility on to some one else. Then "fortune," as we say—of what kind will presently appear—seemed to favor him. He took up the religious weekly of his choice, and found, among the advertisements, the following :

WANTED—By a married priest, middle-aged, moderate views, a parish in Westshire. Late Vice-Principal of Lollard Hall, Cambridge. For references, apply to present, or late Principal.

Now, the late Principal of Lollard Hall, as his lordship of Middlehampton was aware, had recently been made bishop of Sefton, and the present Principal was a sound, consistent "Evangelical" of the good, old-fashioned school, now, alas ! gone out of date. His Lordship of Sefton was strictly "moderate," his vice-Principal, evidently, of the same way of thinking, and, therefore, too "churchy" to suit the new man's views. Hence the application for a "living in Westshire." Because—"don't you see?" as John Middlehampton remarked to the lady of the Palace, Mrs. Bishop, in short, "Sefton can't have him in his own diocese."

"Why not?" asked "Mrs. Middlehampton," who was simplicity itself, and a great admirer of that wonderful, but hardly-used, ill-appreciated man, the Bishop of Middlehampton.

The Bishop was tempted to say, "knows him too well, probably," but thought better of it, and resisted the temptation. Instead, he said, genially, if somewhat vaguely, and without much conviction, "Oh ! well, you see, my dear, it would hardly do."

His wife, who, as I say, believed firmly that there was no one, in all the world, like the Bishop of Middlehampton, was at once convinced that it "would never do." Also, though the inference was by no means so obvious, that the "middle-aged priest of moderate views" had made up his mind to serve in "our" diocese, and in no other. Why, there could, of course, be no doubt at all. Whereat, she smiled sweetly on her episcopal consort, and

made up her mind that this late Vice-Principal of Lollard Hall was "the very man" for Eastbury Saint Simon's. But she said nothing to the Bishop about it. It was "our" diocese, to be sure, but there was only one master of it—and of herself. However, she made up her mind, still further, to be "very nice" to the unknown and to his wife, should "the bishop" decide to appoint him to the vacant parish.

Which is exactly what "the bishop" had made up his mind to do, if the unknown should prove suitable. He began, not by answering the advertisement, but by applying to his colleague of Sefton for "references." These, as it proved, were all that could be desired, but for one little circumstance, which I shall explain presently. The Rev. Walter Duvernet—of Huguenot descent, evidently—was, according to his late Principal's account, "an exemplary priest," "a sound, moderate churchman," "a good musician," "a most devoted visitor," all, in fact, that an exacting, conscientious episcopal patron could possibly look for. But—and here was the one little circumstance that "bothered" his lordship of Middlehampton more than a little,—Mrs. Duvernet was his lordship of Sefton's only sister. No wonder "it would never do" to give the Rev. Walter a living in the diocese of Sefton. Still, a bishop's word is always the word of a bishop, even where a sister's welfare is concerned, as "John Middlehampton" felt convinced. He would overlook the "little circumstance," and ask the Rev. Walter Duvernet to come and see him, not forgetting to ask Mrs. Duvernet as well.

The interview proved in every way satisfactory. The would-be rector of Eastbury Saint Simon's was all that

his episcopal brother-in-law had vouched for his being. Moreover, "Mrs. Middlehampton" took a great fancy to Mrs. Duvernet, who, she decided, was "the better man of the two," in common-sense and strength of character, at all events, if not in actual piety and devotion. Therein, as in the more purely mundane elements of her character, she strongly resembled her saintly brother, the new bishop of Sefton.

"About ritual, now?" the bishop remarked, when they came to that stage of their interview; "it has been rather—well, extreme, don't you know?—and I don't think," the bishop grew impressive, and made gothic arches of his finger tips, as he was wont to do, at such moments, "I really don't think it would be prudent to make *too* sudden a change."

"I quite agree with you, my Lord," answered the rector-elect—as he felt himself to be. In honest truth, he did quite agree with the bishop that his future parishioners must be "let down gently" in the matter of those "ceremonial observances" to which they had grown accustomed. "In fact," he continued, speaking, evidently, as he really thought, "I look upon ritual as meaning much, or nothing, according to the doctrine that is, or is not, conveyed by it."

"Then, your doctrine," said his lordship, with manifest satisfaction, "is, the Bishop of Sefton assures me"—he paused, and the other put in, modestly: "Moderate, but of sound church principles, my Lord, I assure you."

"I am sure it is," answered the bishop, and so the matter was settled, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Rev. Walter Duvernet who, at fifty had had but faint hopes of getting a

living; had, possibly, thought his brother-in-law "rather inconsiderate" in accepting a bishopric, without offering him "suitable work" in his new diocese; was now more than satisfied. Eastbury Saint Simon's was better than anything at Sefton's disposal, and, no doubt, it would have been difficult for Sefton to give a connection "anything worth having," for some years to come, at all events. No: things were better so, after all.

As for "John Middlehampton," his mind was at rest,—or nearly so. Here, surely, was a "safe" man in every sense of the word; a man of "views," to be sure, but then "no views" had proved no safeguard in James Carman's case, against the "allurements of Rome," so that the new Rector's "views," which seemed to amount to "convictions," were to be regarded rather favorably than otherwise—under the circumstances. The Rev. Thomas Huntley's convictions had, "of course," been "Roman" from the outset. So, at least, the bishop concluded from the form those convictions had ultimately assumed.

All this, if you so please to consider it, is by way of introduction. Also, by way of a little sketch of what does happen, now and then, within the pale of that "comprehensive" Anglican communion which our friends would fain have us believe, is "the Catholic Church in the Provinces of Canterbury and York." Now, for my story.

Mr. and Mrs. Duvernet, at the time of their visit to Middlehampton, had no children, nor had they been asked whether they had any. Somehow, the bishop had taken it for granted that there were none, as the new rector of Eastbury Saint Simon's had not alluded to them. Somehow, too, "Mrs. Bishop" had been shy of ask-

ing a woman whom she instinctively recognized as "stronger" than herself, any such personal question. The truth is, the Bishop and his wife were childless, to the great and lasting grief of both; Mr. and Mrs. Duvernet might be, too, or might have lost some dear little one. In any case, it seemed kinder, and more considerate, not to enquire.

As a matter-of-fact, they were childless, through the death of their only little one, a bright, merry winsome girl, who, after making their lives brighter for three all-too-brief years, had passed from their lives into God's Paradise of Peace. They never spoke of her to others, seldom, each to each: but, to both, she was a living presence, so near, that, at times, they seemed to feel the touch of her tiny hands, to hear the music of her baby prattle. She was "beyond the veil," indeed, but the veil hung close to their daily life, and "beyond" was, in truth, almost within their reach. Almost, not quite.

Now, at Eastbury Saint Simon's, as you may remember, there was a very beautiful carved oak screen, surmounted by a Rood, with attendant figures of Our Lady and St. John, placed there by the Rev. Thomas Huntley, and left there by his successor of "no views," the Rev. James Carman, with results to his soul, for other than, at one time, he could have deemed possible. To the new rector of "moderate" views it was a work of art, such as he and his wife had seen in the Lutheran churches of Sweden and Denmark, where they were not "put to superstitious uses," but were, certainly, helpful to devotion. He could he felt sure, easily "cure" his people of any "excesses" in this direction, into which they might have been

led by those who had gone before him.

But, besides the Rood Loft, with Rood and Statues of the Sorrowful Mother and of the Beloved Disciple, there was the "Lady Chapel" beyond the "high altar." And, in the Lady Chapel, a window of exquisite beauty, representing the Blessed Mother, with the Divine Infant in her arms, surrounded by little children. One child, a fair-haired baby girl, held the Hand of the Christ Child, who smiled on her, as on a favorite playmate. As she looked at the window, for the first time, Mrs. Duvernet's eyes filled with tears, for the face of the child holding the Christ's Baby Hand was as the face of their little one who had "gone Home." She said, and could say, nothing, but she pressed her husband's hand with a tenderness not common to one of a nature so reserved as hers, and he, looking at the pictured window, guessed, with love's quickness of instinct, what her thoughts were.

The days passed, and the weeks, and the new rector found his way into the hearts of his parishioners, helped thereto, in no small measure, by his wife. Never did woman so understand women, so, at least, every woman, married or unmarried, in Eastbury Saint Simon's declared, in season and out of season. Never did childless mother so enter into the griefs and joys of motherhood as did Mrs. Duvernet. So, at least, the mothers of the parish asserted, without exception. And, by one of them it was said, in all good faith and reverence: "Sure, Ma'am, you do be so kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself." They had learned that much of "Catholic truth" from Thomas Huntley, and had never forgotten it.

Mrs. Duvernet walked home that day, pondering deeply. "As kind as

the Blessed Mother of God herself." The Mother of God, of that Christ Child who held the hand of the little girl so like our darling; of that Christ Man who hung on the Cross of Shame, His Mother standing by Him. Both in the joy of Motherhood, and in the bitterness of loss, that Blessed Mother of God had had her full share. Did she understand, still? That her Son did, Mrs. Duvernet had no doubt whatever. And, if the Son, why not the Mother, 'too? Was she not still the Mother of her Son, in some true sense, beyond our comprehension? If so, she must remember, even now, the joys and sorrows of her supreme and wondrous Motherhood. She, herself, so a poor woman had said, "was as kind as the Blessed Mother of God." To that simple soul, at least, the Blessed Mother was a living personality. It might be, as she had always held, "to the exclusion of her Son"; yet, how could that be? Would she, herself, have come between her darling and the Lord they both loved so well? She knew it was not, could not be so.

Thus "a chance word" had deepened what a painted window had begun. The joys and sorrows of her own motherhood, which taught her to sympathize with the mothers of this little Westshire village, seemed to bring the most Blessed and most Sorrowful of all Mothers nearer to her, into that fellowship of smiles and tears which is the lot of women. "As kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself." Who else should be the model and exemplar of womanly kindness if not the Mother of The Man of Sorrows?

Whether it were dream or vision, she could never tell. In truth, she had no wish to ask, for, to her, at least, it was reality. She was kneeling, once again, by the little white, flower-

strewn bed wherein her darling lay in that sweet sleep that knows no waking, save in Paradise. Once more, the blinding, scalding tears that only mothers know, fell from her eyes upon the tiny hands that should clasp hers no more on earth ; and grief—for herself, for her husband, not for the little one “taken away from the evil to come”—drowned her whole soul in depths of mortal anguish. She was like Rachel, weeping, not to be comforted.

Then, as she knelt and wept, a woman's hand was laid upon her shoulder, a woman's voice whispered in her ear : “Look up,” it said, in tones so gentle and so sweet, that none heard yet on earth were ever half so sweet and gentle, save only Christ's. Sadly, the weeping mother raised her head, and looked with tear-dimmed eyes, into the face that was close to hers. A face more marked with sorrow than any face save His, whose visage was marred more than the sons of men ; eyes dimmed with tears more blinding than her own. A face she knew ; the face of the Sorrowful Mother who stood by the Cross of Jesus.

Once more the voice from those sad lips addressed her : “Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.” And lo ! in the arms of the Sorrowful Mother, lay the Dead Christ, her Only Son. Hands, Feet and Side wounded, and rent, and torn ; the Brow scarred by the cruel thorns ; the Eyes closed in death ; the Knees bruised with falling on the way to Calvary : truly, there was no sorrow like unto this sorrow. Then, as she gazed, she realized that, as not all the joys of God's fair Paradise could make the soul of this Mother forget the grief of this supreme transfixion, so she could

never fail to sympathize with a mother's sorrow. This, then, was what that poor woman meant when she spoke of her as being “Kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself.” This was the fellowship of suffering which the Lord Christ bids us share with Him—and with His Mother ; which He shares with us, and she as well, since she is His Mother, and has known this sorrow like unto which there is, and can be, none beside.

Then, were it dream or vision, all was changed. She stood in the Lady Chapel of the village church, drinking in the peace and beauty of that wondrous window that had taught her such strange lessons. And, all at once, not the window, but the Lady Chapel, was filled with those who had been imaged on the glass ; the Mother, with the Baby Christ upon her knee, the crowd of little children, the attendant angels. Once more she looked at the bright haired little one who held the Christ Child's Hand, on whom He smiled, as on some favorite playmate. This time, there was no doubt at all, it was her darling, who had “gone home.” This was the “home” to which she had been taken. In that fair Paradise of childhood, “taken away from the evil to come,” the Mother of the First born was Mother of them all, for they are His, and He is her own, her Baby, the Son of her love. Here was He pleased to be a Child once more, to play with those whom He had chosen to be with Himself ere yet the stains of sin had made their souls unfit to share the childish joys of the Christ Child's infant brothers and sisters. There was no doubt, I say, or, had there been, it must have vanished when her darling, letting go the Christ Child's Hand, ran to her, calling, “Mother ! Mother !” as of old.

And to her, once more, thus spoke the Mother of the First born: "Behold and see, if there be any blessedness like unto mine!"

In joy, or in sorrow, Mother and Son together. By sorrow she, too, had learned sympathy with others, even as, when first her darling lay within her sheltering arms, she had felt akin to every mother that had known such joy as hers. This Mother, who had known joy and sorrow such as none had known, would she not share in every joy and sorrow of her sister-women?

How she told her husband, she never knew. It was all so strange, so new, so utterly at variance with their most cherished convictions. And yet so manifestly true. Beyond the veil that hides our other life was "Home," and, in its many mansions, all whom He had called to be with Him, all who had loved and served Him truly. And, in that Home of His who should have chief place, next Himself, if not His Mother? Close to that veil they two had lived ever since their little one had passed beyond its folds into the light that shines upon the other side. Close: Striving to catch some echo of her baby voice, some sound of her tiny feet; to feel some touch of her baby hands. And lo! to one of them, at least, had come the voice; for one, at least, and that one the mother whose joy had been deepest, and whose sorrow keenest, as it needs must be, the veil had been lifted, and from beyond it had her darling come to speak to her once more, if but for one passing moment. How could she doubt that it was really so? Nor could her husband doubt it, hearing her tell it all.

Surely, if but for an instant's space, the veil had been lifted for this mother whose sorrow had made her "kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself." And, beyond it, she had seen the

memory of a sorrow like unto none beside; the presence of an abiding blessedness with which none might compare. She had seen her darling holding the Christ Child's Hand, had seen the Christ Child in the arms of His Mother. No wonder that her husband, as he listened, seemed to see and hear what she had heard and seen.

But the lifting of the veil is not for those who yet must linger long on this side of it. Not many months had passed ere Eastbury Saint Simon's was, once more, in need of a rector. There had been a Catholic requiem at Gauntsbridge, over the body of the late rector's wife, a Catholic funeral in Eastbury Saint Simon's parish churchyard. And, over the grave, he who had been their rector told the weeping men and women how, from beyond the veil that bounds our narrow life, a little child had come to lead them both to Him who was a Child, born of a Pure Virgin, the Only Son of His Mother, who had stood by the Cross and had seen Him die, for us sinners. Told how the Son must love the Mother, and the Mother her Son: how, by her joys and sorrows in which He had His share, as she in His, she has learned to share, as He shares, in all the joys and sorrows of His brethren and sisters, to whom He gave her from the Cross, to be their Mother, too. Told how one had said of her they mourned, that she was "as kind as the Blessed Mother of God herself," and of the lesson that had taught her—and him.

So there is a cross in Eastbury Saint Simon's churchyard, with an inscription ending thus: "A little child shall lead them." And, in the Carmelite House at Barbury, there is an old lay-brother of whom they say that he is favored with strange visions of God's Paradise for children. I know not if it be so; if for him, too, the veil has ever been lifted. But, if it were, he would see, I think, his two best loved ones there: the little one holding the Hand of the Christ Child, and the wife and mother holding that of the Mother of Christ.



“ Help of Christians.”



MAY, 1901.

LIKE a well-known bard of Erin,
We are "waiting for the May,*"
With our Lady's silvery shining
From the star-land far away.

Waiting for the snow-white blossoms
And the wild bird's melody ;
Watching for bright summer sunshine,
O'er the mount, and vale, and sea.

Waiting for most precious graces,
Ever flowing from her love,
When each fervent whispered "Ave !"
Wafts, like incense, far above.

Mourners now are waiting, praying
For her soothing May-time balm ;
Hearts with wistful, restless longings,
Need most sweet celestial calm.

Sinful souls should often murmur,
"Clement, loving, sweet thou art !"
Plead for us, O sinner's Refuge,
Lady of the Sacred Heart !"

Many lovers of her beauty
Wait, O lovely May, for thee !
O how varied are the accents,
Like to royal psalmody !

See, it comes, like early morning,
Lighting up her image fair,
Bless it O most holy Mother,
May it be a month of prayer.

Fervent with thy mystic sweetness,
Thrilling with thy Blessed name,
Yes ! we all await the May-time,
Like the bard of world-wide game.

—ENFANT DE MARIE ST. CLARE'S.

A May Song.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I.

O! SING me an air—some soft, soothing lay,
While sunbeams are kissing the roses of May,
While nature is smiling and joyous in song,
And music so mirthful comes floating along,
Comes stealing from yon snowy-blossom-kissed tree.
Comes singing its sweetness for you and for me.

II.

O ! Sing me the song that you sang long ago,
When pleasure unceasing and joy sweet did flow—
How youthful the singer and dear the song then !
O would that my thoughts could recall it again,
O would that again I could hear thy voice sing
That lullaby song o'er a cradle in spring !

III.

Since then many springs, yea, have smiled upon me,
Yet often the song's, ringing, glad melody
Comes floating to me through the city's lone street,
And lo ! comes the patter of two little feet—
And waiting and dreaming in sorrow alone,
I long for the days, that were and have flown.

Mater Purissima, Ora Pro Me!

WHEN moonlight is creeping o'er valley and hill,
When flow'rets are sleeping, and song-birds are still,
When shadows are flitting through branch and through spray,
Mater purissima, ora pro me !

When sunrise approaches, and morning is near,
When blossoms awaken, and songsters appear
With joyous "Te Deum" to welcome the day,
Mater purissima, ora pro me.

Through brightness and dreariness, gladness and pain ;
Though life prove successful, and striving seem vain ;
At morning and evening my lips still shall say,
Mater purissima, ora pro me !

—AMADEUS.

THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.*

From "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," Etc.

Prepared Especially for the Carmelite Review,

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,
Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

TO be roused from a profound slumber at 2 a. m. after having made a toilsome journey under a blazing sun during the whole of the previous day, would not, under ordinary circumstances, be hailed with satisfaction by the exhausted traveler. But there is nothing "ordinary" about a *pilgrimage*; and so, one is ready for everything (*paratus ad omnia!*), and takes everything as it comes.

These were my sentiments as I heard Brother Benedict's irrepressible bugle sounding and resounding throughout the solitary corridor of the "Hotel Gilgal" at Jericho during "the wee sma' hours" of the night, and I got up mechanically and resignedly from my downy couch as did the rest of our party, *resp.* Second thought, however, put fresh life and animation into

my wearied frame: *We were going to the Dead Sea and the Jordan!* Was not this enough to make one forget stiff joints and aching limbs?

A hasty toilet, a cup of "black coffee," and we were off. Down, down, down, our carriages rattled in the pitchy darkness, whilst our drivers uttered successively, from time to time, a peculiar cry (doubly weird to our unaccustomed ears, under the circumstances,) which was meant to do duty both as a note of warning on some danger-point being reached, and as a "make-sure" on the part of the leader of our cortege that none of his brother jehus were asleep. Back and forth, this cry was passed until dawn;—interrupting our comfortable little dozes with an uncomfortable start until we grew familiar with it; whereupon Morpheus claimed us as his willing votaries without further ado. At last a sudden reining up, with an accompanying jolt, told us instinctively that the first objective-point of our matutinal excursion had been reached. Glancing from the windows of our vehicle, we beheld, stretched out before us like a mass of molten lead, the Dead Sea. The atmosphere was heavy but quite clear; a strange, oily, slimy, mephitic-like element was noticeable in the air about us as we set foot on the sandy beach, and in a little while we beheld our clothing taking on a whitish hue and becoming very

* NOTE—Apropos of my remarks on the "Rose of Jericho" in my last letter, the following beautiful verses, which have just met my eye, will be of more than ordinary interest:—

THE SEPULCHRE IN THE GARDEN.

What though the Flowers in Joseph's Garden grew
Of rarest perfume and of fairest hue.
That morn when Magdalene hastened through
Its fragrant, silent paths,

She caught no scent of budding almond-tree;
Her eyes, tear-blinded still from Calvary,
Saw neither lily nor anemone—
Naught save the Sepulchre.

But when the Master whispered "Mary," lo!
The Tomb was hid; the Garden all ablow;
And burst in bloom the Rose of Jericho—
From that day "Mary's Flower."

—John Finley, in Harper's Magazine.

"sticky" to the touch. These phenomena were due to the bituminous and saline exhalations of the mysterious waters at our feet. We approached them, not without feelings of awe; for was it not in their depths that "the wicked cities of Pentapolis,"—Sodom, Gomorrha, etc., etc., etc.,—lay buried?

Our guide, Frère Benoit, pointed out to us, as far as tradition (?) enabled him, the sites of these several hot-beds of iniquity, and then directed our gaze towards "Mount Nebo," whose summit was just being tinged with the glint of the rising sun, and from whose heights poor Moses saw the Promised Land and then died,—having been doomed to exclusion from it, after having conducted the Israelites to its borders, and despite his forty years of sacrifice in leading them thither,—all because he showed a seeming lack of confidence (Numbers, XX. 12.) in executing one of God's orders regarding them.** But we were, one and all, engrossed with "*La Mer Morte*," and for the moment paid little heed to the good Brother's explanations. Some of our party contented themselves with looking at it from a distance; others, I among them, bathed their hands in it; and one, more venturesome than

the rest, disported himself upon its briny bosom. Had I dipped my extremities into a basin of mucilage, the effect could not have been more *gummy* than it was. Ugh! The very recollection of the sensation thus created sends a shiver through me! Nevertheless, I clutched a handful of pebbles from beneath its surface, and added them to my stock of "mementoes." Our daring swimmer tried to dive, but all in vain; the waters being so resistant, that this aquatic feat is impossible. He got a dose of brimstone sulphur, potash and of the seven other ingredients which, our American chemist, Mr. Lynch, tells us, enter into its composition, and he hastily emerged, coughing and sputtering in a way little becoming the solemnity of the surroundings. Leaving him to scale the salty incrustation that adhered to his cuticle, we set about gathering "Dead Sea Apples." When at their best (as they then were), these are of a very dark-brown color, and are not unlike a large horse-chestnut. The Holy Scriptures allude to this "fruit" in the following words: "*She (Wisdom) delivered the just man, who fled from the wicked that were perishing, when the fire came down upon Pentapolis: whose land, for a testimony of their wickedness, is desolate, and smoketh to this day, and the trees bear fruits that ripen not, and a standing pillar of salt is a monument of an incredulous soul.*"—(Wisdom, X. 6, 7.)

If by these closing words of the Wiseman, Lot's wife is designated, it is needless to say that we did not see the traditional "pillar"; though objects all around the Dead Sea are so covered and coated with a saline deposit, that one can easily imagine how that unfortunate woman—struck by the hand of God and rooted to the earth because

** NOTE—Mount Nebo, the site of Moses' death, 1451 before Christ, is also famous as the place where the prophet Jeremiah hid in a hollow cave "the tabernacle, and the ark and the altar of incense." Some prying persons who saw him do this, followed him, and wished to mark the spot, but could not find it. Thereupon the Prophet blamed them, saying: "*The place shall be unknown, till God gather together the congregation of the people, and receive them to mercy. And then the Lord will show these things, and the majesty of the Lord shall appear, etc.*" (II. Machabees, II, 5. to 8. inclusive.) Frere Lievin de Hamme, in his excellent "Guide to the Holy Land," states that there are the ruins of a Christian church on Mount Nebo (called by the Arabs *Djabal Nabou*), the columns whereof, thrown to the ground, all point in the same direction. This church existed as far back as A. D. 385, and was, doubtless, erected by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great.

of her curiosity—was, to all appearances, gradually transformed into salt. Our clothes were nearly ruined, and became, in a measure, stiff as paste-board. What a time we had on our return to Jericho that afternoon brushing, rubbing and stretching them! We were not sorry, as you may easily guess, to turn our backs upon the scenes of man's abominations and of God's condign vengeance which we had just contemplated, especially as it was toward the fertile valley of the Jordan that we were to direct our faces.

All the while we were near the "Silent mass of death-like stillness" (scarcely a ripple is to be seen upon its glassy surface,) an unwonted hush pervaded our ranks; no one cared to speak, and whispered monosyllables alone were heard. But as soon as we had regained our carriages and were once more "under weigh," quite a sudden and exhilarating change came over our party. The drivers started it, and we caught the infection. The day was just beginning, the sun had risen, and all that was wanting to complete the picture was the singing of birds, the chirruping of insects and the perfume of flowers; but the feathered tribe, as a rule, shun the vicinity of the Dead Sea (cases are known of birds being overcome by its gaseous exhalations whilst flying too near its surface), just as no living thing animates its poisoned waters. And as for the cricket and the grasshopper, etc., both—the latter particularly, *for there is no grass to hop on*—are conspicuous by their absence. We made up in song and merry laughter for these various deficiencies, however, as our four-wheeled conveyances ploughed their way through the deep, slimy sand that lay between us and the Jordan. Indeed, so labored was our progress, that

I could not help recalling the words—quite apropos don't you think?—of the old plantation song, viz.: "*Jordan am a hard road to trabble.*" We diverted ourselves furthermore en route by plucking "Dead Sea Apples" from the dwarfed trees on which they grow, as we passed through clusters of the latter. Once out of the noisesome thicket, we were in the open country. Soon another and altogether different species of vegetation was visible—rich, luxuriant and inviting. We were in the *Eden* of the Promised Land: everywhere birds were caroling, insects humming, and breeze-laden perfumes stirring.

But, here we are on the banks of the Jordan: that river so famous both in the Old and New Testaments! Our guide is telling us that we are at the spot where our Divine Saviour was baptized by St. John the Baptist, and where the latter preached penance to the multitudes who went out to the desert to hear him. ("*Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the country about the Jordan: and they were baptized by him in the Jordan, confessing their sins.*")—St. Matthew, III. 5. 6.)

What thousands upon thousands of eager listeners and fervent converts in the days of our Lord's precursor must have trodden, for acres around, the grassy plots where we now stood!—"Then went out to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the country about the Jordan"! (*ut supra.*)

Was not this a vast gathering?—for Palestine was thickly populated in those days. Glorious preacher, favored auditors of this first "*Mission*"! It did not require an over vivid imagination to picture it to our minds, or to fancy ourselves present at it.

But here is Frère Benoit again, gathering us together, "as the hen

gathers her chickens under her wings." "We are going to have Mass," he says. And lo, a tent is raised and an altar erected on the very banks of the Jordan. In a few minutes we are assembled around the minister of God, who is now about to offer to the Most High, Him who is at once the high priest and victim of the New Law; Him upon whose Head the Holy Spirit descended in the form of a dove, as He stood in the stream before us and was baptized; Him, finally, before whose eyes the heavens opened, whilst the voice of His Eternal Father was heard saying (as it said, later, on Tabor): "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." (St. Matthew, III. 17.) Only one priest of our party had remained fasting from supper-time at Jericho the previous evening, in order to celebrate on this occasion,—the time, etc., at our disposal, not admitting of more than one Mass. Some of the lay-pilgrims, however, had done likewise, and now, received Holy Communion.

The service ended, some of our Bedouin guards—not bad gastronomical artists, by the way,—prepared our déjeuner, consisting of coffee, made with water from the Jordan, hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, jelly, etc. [I almost forgot to tell you, though, that ere we broke our fast (*"Liquidum non frangit jejunium,"* so we didn't count the "haustus" taken prior to leaving Jericho), I, with several others, took a "dip" in the sacred waters; for I had made up my mind not to miss that, any more than I did a swim in the Lake of Genesareth. Strange to say, the member of our party who had bathed (?) in the Dead Sea that morning—he didn't "lave"

himself there, you see,—failed to participate in this refreshing plunge. Doubtless, his recent experience was enough for him. The bottom of the river is covered with a thick, greasy-like mud, black as pitch and *very adhesive*. The current, too, is very swift; and one must be on the *qui vive*, consequently, not to go farther *by water* than booked by his itinerary.]

Our morning repast over, we fell to gathering flowers, leaves, ferns, reeds, &c.; and some of us let down formidable-looking black bottles into the stream and drew them up filled with "*real* Jordan water," whose genuineness cannot be questioned. (I have mine still, save the small quantities I have doled out to thirsty devotees here and there.) A leisurely survey of our historic surroundings, and a delicious abandon to the inspiration suggested by the events which, under the Old and New Covenants, had transpired ages ago so near to where we were rambling, completed the details of our visit to the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

Once more the bugle sounds, and our scattered forces assemble at its call. Our tent is struck, our teams harnessed, a last fond farewell uttered to the peaceful river, flowing now as it flowed when the weary Israelites, under Josue's lead, reached its banks (though it stopped miraculously to let them cross over into the Promised Land), and as it flowed when the "New Josue," Christ our Lord, opened up the way for His elect to Heaven by sanctifying the waters of Baptism therein.

Back to Jericho we are going, where we will dine, and then retrace the "Road of the Good Samaritan" to Jerusalem.

ANCIENT EGYPT.

BY THE REV. F. X. MCGOWAN, O. S. A.

ANCIENT EGYPT is a land of mystery. It invites the zeal of the antiquarian, the research of the historian, the imagination of the poet, and the reflection of the Christian. From the days of the Hebrew lawgiver Moses, Egypt was renowned for its possession of every species of knowledge, of every excellence of artistic and mechanical skill, and, in a word, for its extensive culture and enlightenment. Its dark, deep and grave scholars are prominent figures in the domain of ancient history, and its monuments seem to-day to be destined to remain till sun and moon shall fade away. When other nations had not been born and other peoples had not been dreamt of, Egypt stood in the world venerable for learning and for progress. Its glory began to decline as far back as five hundred years before the coming of the Saviour, and yet the Egyptians at that remote period used not less than 20,000 volumes as popular works. Modern research has revealed to us the vast extent of learning possessed by this cultured people, whose pyramids, obelisks and ruined temples attest to what a lofty degree science and skill had attained away back in the misty cloudland of the ages.

"Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within their pyramids to hear
A new Cambyzes thundering in their ear;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood."

To-day all national life is hushed by Moslem brutality and foreign aggression, and Egypt once renowned as the

centre of the world's thought and activity lies sleeping beneath the shadow of her gigantic monuments, the reminders of her former majesty and greatness. Her history is a land of memory, as fruitful as the fields watered by her mighty river and like that river "forever new and old." Though Egypt was a place of most ignoble captivity for the chosen people of God and its cruel oppression was deeply graven in the national soul of Israel, it nevertheless afforded the Jews in later days a hospitable refuge and afforded them great opportunities to exercise their native commercial ability and to satisfy their innate taste for culture. Alexandria in Egypt was not only a famous emporium to whose harbor came ships from all over the world, but it was also the centre of learning to which flocked scholars from every quarter of the universe. The Jews who were a learned, as well as a commercial people, were present at the founding of the new Egyptian metropolis, and shared in its growth, renown and wealth. When Alexander traced out the ground-plan of the city called after him, he set aside a quarter for the Jews, and as the city increased in numbers and opulence, the Jews were intimately and largely connected with its important development. Under the rule of the Ptolemies who were liberal and learned kings, the Jews obtained such an appreciable position in the country that, to satisfy their religious needs, because the Alexandrine Jews were little acquainted with the Hebrew tongue, the Septua-

gint translation of the Sacred Scriptures into Greek was made for them in the reign of the first or second Ptolemy, the work having its beginning 280 B. C. Philo estimated the number of Jews in Alexandria in his time at little less than one million, and added that two of the five districts of the city were called "Jewish districts," though many lived scattered in the remaining three.

From the earliest times Egypt had been the cradle of human learning and art. "The practical results of their (Egyptian) knowledge," says Wilkinson, "had sufficiently proved the great advancement made by them, ages before the Greeks were in a condition to study or search after science." The Greeks developed and applied what they learnt from the Egyptians, and when in after years Greece degenerated as a nation, she sought an asylum in the Egyptian city of Alexandria, her marvellous culture dominating the Alexandrian school of philosophy and literature. The city, founded by Alexander the Great at a period when Greece lost her national independence and lost also her intellectual supremacy, now became the centre of Oriental life, wealth and civilization. The sovereigns of Egypt gave a particular care to this chosen place and it acquired a prestige such as had not been enjoyed by any city save imperial Rome. Ptolemy Soter (306-285 B. C.) gathered around him learned men from Greece, and laid the foundation of the world-renowned Alexandrian library, which was accidentally destroyed during the invasion of Julius Cæsar, a little more than half a century before the Christian era. It is stated in history that Cleopatra was inconsolable for this great loss, and that, to comfort her, Antony gener-

ously made her a gift of the library which formerly belonged to the Kings of Pergamus, numbering about 200,000 volumes. The intellectual movement inaugurated under the Ptolemies continued through many ages. It may be said to have begun in the fourth century before Christ and to have closed in the seventh century of the Christian era. It embraces Pagan, Jewish and Christian writers. The Alexandrian School exerted a prodigious influence on Roman literature, and it gave to Christianity able and masterful apologists.

When the Apostles were sent out into the world to preach Christ risen to the nations, they perceived in Egypt a land white with the harvest of souls. We all know how rapidly the Faith spread even in the days of the Apostles. To St. Mark, the interpreter and disciple of St. Peter, was entrusted the conversion of Egypt. He became the first Bishop of the Church of Alexandria. In the division of the vast and populous countries of Europe, Asia and Africa, which were held by him as Emperor, Augustus gave some of the twenty-six great departments to the people and Senate to govern as they pleased, without any interference on his part, but he retained under his own personal management the other fourteen provinces which he governed by officers called Rectors who were selected and sent out by himself with the permission only of the Senate. Egypt had an imperial Rector—a Roman Knight—especially chosen by the Emperor and invested by him with royal dignity, furnished with a military force and commissioned to subdue, rather than govern the country. Tacitus gives us the reason of this special arrangement for Egypt when he says that this

province was looked upon as a province that "superstition and luxury had made turbulent and fickle, and that was entirely unacquainted with the laws, and unused to the mode of government of Rome."

It was, doubtless, a particular and important work on St. Peter's part, to train his disciple, the Evangelist Mark, for the latter's hard contest with the singular paganism that obtained in this singular and mysterious country. It is believed that St. Mark was an Egyptian by birth, a native of Cyrene, and he must accordingly have had some knowledge of the bewildering maze of errors that had entwined themselves around the olden civilization of Egypt and had crept into every species of knowledge and culture. Paganism reached its topmost mark of insanity in Egypt, and vice had progressed to such a degree with it that, as Wilkinson tells us, leprosy and elephantiasis were enervating and destroying the once abstemious and healthy Egyptians. We marvel at the excesses to which superstition went in a country formerly noted for its enlightenment and skill. Almost everybody, according to Dodwell, in Egypt was a minister of the gods. Besides the regular attendants on them, all the embalmers and medical men were ministers of the temples; schoolmasters enjoyed the same privilege. Everything was adored in Egypt, even the beasts in the field and the vegetables in the gardens. Yet the temples were surpassingly beautiful and rich. Clement of Alexandria gives most brilliant descriptions of them; he says that "they were situated in the midst of consecrated groves and pastures, decorated with porticoes, enriched with colonnades, glittering with rare marbles and elegant paintings, gold

and silver, electrum and variegated gems from India and Ethiopia and curtains of gold cloth." But, he adds, "No god was found within, but a cat or a crocodile, or a serpent sprung from the soil, or some such brute animal: when the Egyptian deity appears he is found to be a beast rolling himself on a purple coverlet." Modern research has proven that the accounts given by ancient writers have not been overdrawn, for in the excavations made in later days, as Kenrick tells us, the embalmed bodies of these former gods of Egypt have been found: bulls, cows, sheep, dogs, cats, hawks, ibises, serpents, beetles, in short, the whole zoology of Egypt except the horse and the ass. Egypt had wofully fallen from the glory of the days when Plato and Eudoxus sought for knowledge in the schools of Heliopolis, 370 B. C. St. Mark who was very successful in his evangelical mission soon had occasion to consecrate other bishops in Egypt, especially for the beautiful district of Cyrenaica (called also Pentapolis) of which he was a native and in which he passed two years of his Apostolic life. When the Emperor Hadrian visited Egypt in A. D. 130, he found several Catholic bishops there, as he mentioned in his well known letter to Vopiscus. The infant Church met, however, with some opposition in Egypt. The Jews raged against Christianity as furiously in Lower Egypt, Libya and Pentapolis as they did in Jerusalem, and the Jewish revolt against Hadrian (A. D. 115) with its devastation of the provinces operated for some time against the progress of the faith. At a very early period Gnosticism, which had many adherents, interfered with the founding of churches and the establishment of bishoprics. Despite these obstacles,

Christianity had spread so widely that at the beginning of the third century, a Council was held (235) which consisted of twenty bishops. The utter degradation to which the popular religion of Egypt had sunk appealed very forcibly to men of intellect, and their dissatisfaction urged them to give careful study to the new tenets preached by Catholic apostles and to embrace the belief which could only satisfy the cravings of the human heart. We have already referred to the fame of the Alexandrian School, which lost none of its prestige in the early days of Christianity, but rather became the parent of numerous Christian apologists. At the time of the Council of Nice, no church or city was more renowned for its mathematicians and astronomers than Alexandria, and accordingly the Fathers of that great Council intrusted to the Patriarch of Alexandria the work of forming and regulating yearly the calendar of the whole Catholic Church, by fixing precisely the time for observing Easter. The Church patronized learning from the beginning. St. Jerome does not hesitate to say that St. Mark himself gathered around him distinguished scholars, thus instituting a custom which was long prevalent in Alexandria of making that patriarchal See the centre of learning, sacred and profane. In the quarter of Alexandria known as Rachotis was the library of Mark Antony, stolen by him from Pergamus and presented to Cleopatra. This splendid library was at the disposal of the Alexandrian scholars, and though much reduced by wars, remained for the benefit of students till the time of the Moslem invasion under Omar, who gave orders to have the public baths of the city heated by its books during the space of six months, A. D. 614.

The great Catholic school, or, as some ancients call it, the Academy of Alexandria, flourished all through the earliest ages of the Church under a long series of illustrious teachers. We make but short reference to a few of them. One was Pantænus, an Athenian, or, according to Tillemont, a Sicilian. Clement of Alexandria, says of him that he was "a Sicilian Bee, that, roving through all the gardens of the Prophets and Apostles, gathered honey from the fairest flowers." Having been sent as a Missionary, A. D. 200, to revive the faith planted by St. Matthew in Arabia Felix, he found there a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel written in Hebrew letters, no doubt for the use of the Jews who filled and governed that country. Another great light of this School was Clement of Alexandria, called the Stromatic, from his learned miscellany written under the title of *Stromata*. He was a man of high culture and profound learning who did not, in writing against the Pagans, follow the plan of Hermias, that is, of ridiculing the philosophers and exposing their contradictions, but produced arguments which, seemingly unaggressive, appealed to the best impulses of human nature and which, couched in elegant style and pure diction, traced the relations between Christianity and the history of the world before the coming of Christ. Athenagoras also taught in the Alexandrian Academy, and he wrote a temperate and dignified *Address* to Marcus Aurelius in which he outlined a general defence of the Christians, dwelling particularly on the charges of Atheism, the eating of human flesh and the incest made against them. Origen was another glory of the Alexandrian school, and possessed an influence superior to all other apologists. He was

only eighteen years of age (A. D. 203) when he was made the successor to Clement as head of the Alexandrian Catechetical School. He was thoroughly Greek in culture, refined, lofty-minded, and when he disclosed to his disciples the hidden truths of Holy Writ, he did it with so much clearness and ease, that "he appeared, while speaking, to be under the influence of Divine inspiration, and to gain a clear meaning of the sacred text through the assistance of the Spirit of Prophecy." His language possessed so great a charm for his disciples, that they were accustomed to say of him: "His is the soul of David united with that of Jonathan." He was very successful in converting Pagans and bringing back heretics to the Church. He fell into some errors and was deposed from his office as head of the Alexandrian School. He then became an exile, but even in his exile, he was great, founding a school at Cæserea, which threatened to eclipse the glory of the Alexandrian Academy. He had as disciples in this school Gregory Thaumaturgus and his brother Athenodorus. In his old age, with vigor of mind still unimpaired, he gave to the world his incomparable Refutation of Celsus, a philosopher of the Eclectic School, who attacked the divinity of Christ and called the events of the Saviour's life mere fictions. Origen's work against Celsus threw terror and dismay into the camp of the anti-Christian philosophers, and was everywhere appealed to, in the early ages, as a complete and triumphant refutation of the falsehoods, calumnies and abuse of the enemies of the Church. One of Origen's disciples was St. Dionysius, born in Arabia Felix, who became head of the Alexandrian School in 221; he was made Patriarch of Alexandria in 247. He

has been styled by St. Basil Dionysius the Great, and St. Athanasius calls him the Doctor of the Catholic Church. He held a public disputation in Arsinoe with Coracion, the chief of the Millenarians, and he so completely routed this heresy that it fled forever from Egypt. Didymus of Alexandria, who lost his sight when he was four or five years old, learnt the alphabet from tablets with raised letters, and became so deeply versed in all sciences, divine and human — arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, the philosophy of Aristotle and the eloquence of Plato, as one of his disciples, the historian Theodoret says—that he was admired by Athanasius the Great, and all of the wise men of the Church in his day, and finally appointed to take charge of the celebrated Academy of Alexandria. We close our list of the great teachers of this renowned School with the name of St. Athanasius the Great. During the life-time of this illustrious Doctor, the Church was rent with many heresies, which successively called forth a development of Christian doctrine. Controversies arose regarding some of the fundamental articles of Catholic belief, and often the very life of the Church was in jeopardy. In the East, the contention turned on the nature and object of the *Church*, on the *divinity* and *humanity* of *Jesus Christ*, and on the divinity of the Holy Ghost; in the West, the main question regarded *Christian anthropology*. Of all the saintly defenders of the Catholic faith in the East, none surpassed in heroic devotion, unflinching courage or majestic learning St. Athanasius the Great. The enemy against which he battled with consummate skill was Arianism which would, if it had been successful, have destroyed the fabric of Christianity.

Arius, a proud, ambitious man, who had been excommunicated while yet a deacon on account of his connection with the Meletian Schism, made an open attack on the divinity of Christ by maintaining against his ordinary, Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, that the doctrine of the *eternal* generation of the Son of God from the essence of the Father was erroneous and that there was not a perfect equality of nature in the Father and the Son. As time passed, this arrogant heresiarch gave his errors a more definite form. He held that the Father alone is *not begotten*, and He alone exists of Himself. If such is the character of the *Divine Being*, such the condition of *divine unity*, then the Son must have been begotten, is not eternal, and began his existence in time; he is consequently but a creature, more exalted indeed than others, because brought forth by the free will of God, before any other creation took place, that he might take upon himself the office of Creator of the world. There, then, was a time *when the Son was not*. Arius maintained the possibility of the Son to sin. He developed his theological system to such an extreme as to make the whole work of Christ's redemption consist merely in His *teaching* and in the *example* of His life. Arianism spread with frightful rapidity, and its followers became so numerous that Bishop Alexander had to have recourse to some authoritative means to meet the increasing danger. A synod was convoked at Alexandria, A. D. 321, and Arius and his adherents were anathematized. The Ecumenical Council of Nice, (A. D. 325) was principally convened to condemn Arius, and it condemned his writings, ordering them to be burnt. Athanasius who, on Alexander's death, was selected to fill the see of Alexandria, was the most

powerful antagonist of Arianism, and though he had to bear the hardships of five successive terms of exile, he fought resolutely until he powdered into nothingness this fearful hesesy which aimed at the downfall of the Catholic Church. His defence of the divinity of Christ was a masterpiece of scriptural and theological demonstration, characterized by close reasoning, remarkable lucidity and exactness, and wonderful illustration. The enemy was well equipped and mighty in number and influence, for St. Jerome exclaimed as he looked at the ravages of this foul heresy: "The whole world groaned, and marvelled to find itself Arian." St. Athanasius died May 2nd, A. D. 373, but before he departed this life to receive the crown of Justice so well earned in fighting the battles of the Church, he had the gratification of seeing the cause of truth triumphant and the divinity of Christ proclaimed throughout the world.

Egypt was also famous in the earliest days for the number of holy hermits and virgins who lived in remote and desert places, consecrated to works of asceticism and silent prayer and contemplation. They formed verily an army of Christians who hallowed most horrid solitudes by their extreme penances and prayerful existence. They inhabited the desert of Thebais in Upper Egypt; and in Lower Egypt "the desert of cells," filled with hermits' abodes; "the desert of Nitria," forty miles south-west of Alexandria; and eighty miles beyond Mt. Nitria "the desert of Scete" which hideous wilderness reached over to the western branch of the Nile, and took its name from a town called Scete, on the borders of Libya. These monks had led a secluded life from the earliest days. Philo, the Platonizing Jew, in his book

on the contemplative life, declares that there were monks and nuns in Egypt in the time of St. Mark the Evangelist, and Eusebius and other writers have no doubt that these were converts to our holy faith from among the Jews. During the persecution of Decius, (A. D. 249-251), there were many Christians who fled into the desert and voluntarily remained after the storm had blown over, becoming thus the forerunners of the anchorites and hermits which spread so numerous through Egypt. Paul of Thebes was a notable and illustrious type of these holy solitaries. St. Paul lost his parents when he was but fifteen years old, but was ever a devout, God-fearing youth and proficient in Greek and Egyptian learning. When the Decian persecution broke on the Church, Paul concealed himself, but hearing that his brother-in-law determined to betray him to obtain his estate, he fled to the desert. He found many caverns in a huge rock which were said to have been lurking places for money coiners in the days of Cleopatra, and he chose a cave in this deserted place for his dwelling, near which were a palm tree and a clear spring, the former affording him leaves for raiment and fruit for food, and the latter supplied him with water for drink and other uses. He was twenty-two years of age when he entered the desert, and though he intended at first to remain in it only until the persecution passed, praising God and doing penance, he subsequently resolved to mix no more with men or human affairs, but rather to devote his life to mortification of his senses and prayer with God. Until he was forty-three years of age he lived on the fruit of the palm tree, but from that time till his death, he was, like Elias, miraculously fed with bread brought

him every day by a raven. His complete separation from men and the world make him unknown to men for the ninety years he passed in this solitary place, but God was pleased to make his servant known a short while before his death. St. Antony who was at this time ninety years of age was sorely tried by a temptation of vanity, as if no one had served God so long in the wilderness as he had done; the tempter pictured to him that he was the first example of a hermit who had given himself, by withdrawing from the world, absolutely to God. He was soon disabused of his idle fancy in a dream in which Almighty God commanded him to go and find a worthy, perfect servant of His, who dwelt in a more remote part of the desert. The venerable man set off on his journey the next morning and having passed through many adventures, some of which were very astonishing, he succeeded, after two days and a night of wandering, in discovering the lonely dwelling place of St. Paul. St. Paul who had from above an intimation of his approaching death, begged St. Antony to return to his monastery and bring to him the cloak which St. Athanasius had given him (St. Antony) in order that his body might be wrapped in it. St. Antony obeyed the holy hermit's order, and while on his journey from his monastery to St. Paul's cave, he saw the holy man's soul carried up to heaven by the angels. Two lions came from the desert, as if mourning, and scraped a hole in the ground large enough for St. Antony to bury St. Paul's body. St. Paul is generally known as the "first Hermit." St. Antony, who was born of wealthy Catholic parents, A. D. 251, went into the desert of Upper Egypt, or Thebias, in 270, and remained there in the

practice of the highest counsels of perfection, until his death, at the age of 105 years, A. D. 356. A young sister, who left home with him, entered a nunnery, "a house of virgins," so it is called by St. Athanasius the Great, in his beautiful life of St. Antony. To those who associate the idea of monasteries and nunneries with "the dark ages," the fact of a nunnery flourishing in Egypt, as far back as the year of grace, 270, will be somewhat astonishing. During his life St. Antony labored earnestly and effectively in the defense of truth and for the peace of the Church. He saw in a vision the future trials of the Church, and with tears in his eyes spoke of them to his brethren. St. Antony was alive to the needs of the persecuted Church, and he quitted his solitude during the persecution of Maxamim (A. D. 311), and appeared in Alexandria where he strengthened the courage of the despondent Christians and comforted their hearts by his eloquent words. He returned to the desert accompanied by many who wished to be his disciples. A great worker of miracles and the object of reverence and admiration, he was ever humble and retiring. He governed an immense body of monks who emulated one another in the practice of piety and virtue, and who united to their prayerful life manual labor, with the results of which they gave assistance to the neighboring poor. As we have seen, these holy men who forsook the world to lead ermetical lives were scattered up and down the country, dwelling either in their own cells apart, or in a number of cells together, called a "Laura," and they were all brought under one Rule of Pachomius, who, in the year 340, established at Tabenna, an island of the Nile, in Upper Thebais, a community of monks, all living un-

der a common roof, and soon after this establishment included eight monasteries. SS. Ammonius and Macarius the Elder also established monastic communities on the Nitrian mountains in Upper Egypt, and in the desert of Scete, where they were still more thoroughly organized by Macarius the Younger. We obtain an idea of the extent to which the monastic spirit attained in ancient Egypt, when we read that St. Pachomius was the superior of *nine thousand* monks, while his sister governed a large number of monasteries for nuns. The great body of monks and hermits were laymen in these early ages, and for many centuries were not considered as forming a part of the ecclesiastical body, of which later on they became bright ornaments and supporters. Of course, there were many priests in the deserts who served the communities. The great St. Macarius of Alexandria had *five thousand* monks at Nitria under his direction. Rufinus visited (A. D. 372) fifty monasteries in the vast desert of Nitria, and of these four still remain entire in this wilderness, while the ruins of many others strew the desert-tracks all along the west side of the line of the Natron lakes. What a beautiful lesson of charity these holy Cenobites of the desert give us ! As they abstained from flesh-meat and wine, and were content with little else besides bread and water, yet spent a large portion of their lifetime in manual labor, making mats and baskets and such wares as could be produced from the palm-tree leaf and bark, they always had the means of affording ample relief to the poverty-stricken ; and, in fact, as they never retained anything of all the fruit of their toil, they were in the habit of loading ships with means of assistance for the poor and the destitute and sending them to

all quarters of the globe. What splendid charity was this! St. Augustine bears witness to this fact (*De morib. Eccl. Cath.*) The great Macarius so loved the poor that the most difficult temptation he had to overcome was the oft-recurring thought of quitting the desert to minister to the sick and the helpless in the hospitals at Rome.

Such was ancient Egypt when faith and learning lived in her cities and her solitudes. How this once mighty land has fallen! Once she was powerful, mighty and prosperous. But the blight of schism, aided by the violence

of barbarians, cankered and destroyed her national life. Heresy drove the Church into exile, and as in the case of Constantinople, the Moslem foe subjugated a disunited people and overran mercilessly the country. All hope, natural and supernatural, seems to have departed from Egypt's echoless shores. Hope shall never again dawn on her, until the Church returns, as is our Holy Father's prayer and desire for all the Eastern countries, to lift her from her desolation. From the See of Peter, Africa, like Europe, must draw her life, happiness and hope.

This Way to the Hospice.

There seems to be some confusion in the minds of many as to the way of reaching the Hospice of Mount Carmel. It is impossible to open up a bureau of information for hundreds of anxious enquirers. In the first place carefully examine the map on the back cover of this "Review." Before you start ask your agent for a copy of the Michigan Central time-table. If he has no copy you can get one by dropping a postal card to the General Passenger Agent, 299 Main St., Buffalo. Hence,—

1. If you come from the West via the Michigan Central, tell the conductor to let you off at Falls View station.

2. If you arrive from the West via the Wabash or Grand Trunk lines, get off at Niagara Falls, (Clifton), Ontario, and ask for the trolley to Falls View via Lundy's Lane. We are at the terminus of this line.

3. If you alight at Niagara Falls, N. Y., take the trolley to the railroad arch-bridge, cross over, and take the Falls View trolley at the Canadian end of the bridge.

4. If you prefer, you can also take

the trolley which follows the River south. It is not the most convenient route, but you can enjoy the scenery. Tell the conductor to let you off at the Monastery Crossing.

5. If you come from the East by any of the great trunk lines be sure to connect at Buffalo with the Michigan Central Express via Niagara Falls, N. Y. Do not get off at the latter place. Cross the cantilever bridge and get off when you arrive at Falls View, Ontario.

6. If you come via Lehigh Valley trains come through to Niagara Falls, Ontario, and take trolley to Monastery. It is a yellow car.

7. If you come by trolley from Buffalo tell the conductor you wish to connect with car to Falls View, via Lundy's Lane.

8. If you want to get here by the shortest and most convenient way, ask at the Central Union Station, (Exchange St.,) Buffalo, for the trains which run over the Niagara Division. In short, ask for Conductor Miles' train to Montrose Junction which is near Falls View, and but a few steps from the Hospice.

Two New Carmelite Martyrs.

Blessed Denis and Redemptus.

THE LIFE AND HISTORY OF THESE HOLY CONFRERES OF OURS, RECENTLY RAISED TO THE ALTARS, IS FULLY DEVELOPED IN THE FOLLOWING DECREE OF BEATIFICATION PROMULGATED BY HIS HOLINESS, POPE LEO XIII.:-

FOR A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE—LEO XIII, POPE.

Vast and fruitful was the field in East India open to the laborers of the Catholic Church. There could they exercise their zeal, distinguish themselves for virtue and acquire brilliant renown. But it was a field of such character that unless watered by the blood of martyrs, it would neither receive or give growth to the seed of the Gospel. Such a fact excited in religious men of high aspirations the hope of gaining the martyr's crown, and missionary labor in the Indies was generously undertaken by them. And so, only a few years after the soil of nearly all India had been made fertile by the sweats of St. Francis Xavier, did stout hearted ministers of Christ win glory to God, bring salvation to many, secure for themselves the most signal praise for their meritorious actions, and the crown of martyrdom.

The famous Order of Carmel did not lack interest in the work, and to-day is a joyful witness to the enrollment among the Blessed of two of her noblest sons: Denis of the Nativity and Redemptus of the Cross. Their virtues and glorious deeds offer to the world, as an auspicious opening of the twentieth century, a salutary example for imitation.

Denis was born at Honfleur, in France, in the year of Redemption 1600. His parents were Peter Berthelot and Florida Morina. Their ambition was to make virtue and piety reign in

their home. In holy Baptism Denis was named Peter, after his father, and as a child gave much promise for the future. His character was singularly fitted for a life of virtue and, at an early age he devoted his attention to the service of God. It is related of him that before he had reached his sixth year, he would sometimes flee, without the knowledge of his parents, to the nearest church for the sake of some pious exercise, and there, on his knees, by humble prayer and supplication would fervently seek and obtain God's favors. When more advanced in years he applied himself assiduously to the study of those branches, which then formed the customary training of the young; and afterwards devoted his entire energy to mathematics and the science of navigation. Having completed this course with highest honors, he made long voyages at sea; he remained at sea even while attending to the management of his affairs, and frequently visited the best known ports of Italy, Spain, France, England and America. He always set at the helm of his vessel and with heart and mind ever fixed on God, he corrected, when ever the occasion was opportune, the habits of the sailors, oarsmen and deck hands; he reminded them of their duties as Christians, and his own conduct was a model of those virtues which he taught them. Blasphemous use of God's holy name, cursing and swearing

gave him the greatest displeasure, and an expression uncommonly shocking made his countenance glow with indignation, and threw upon the offender so stern a look that he did not again venture even to breathe a word in Peter's presence.

Peter at first entered the service of Holland, but, as he, being a Catholic, did not wish to be subject to an heretical government, he shortly afterward entered the military service of Portugal. In this capacity he gave striking proof of bravery and ability and was quickly promoted to the rank of Captain and cosmographer. The Portuguese were at the time building and fitting out a large fleet, and Peter was accordingly given command of many of the vessels. In the service of Portugal he traversed many seas, and always guided his own vessel in person. More than once he joined battle with the Turks and always defeated them, for the prudence and determination of the commander, coupled with the burning zeal of a champion of the Catholic Faith, allowed him to neglect no means which experience and unflagging courage put at his command, and to shirk no danger in effecting the suppression and discomfiture of the bitterest enemies of the Christian name. But amid the noise of battle and the shout of victory the voice of Divine Grace was not silent. It called Peter to the contemplation of the things of Heaven, it summoned him to a life of peaceful solitude. Accordingly, when, on one occasion, his fleet put into Goa, a city of India provided with a convenient harbor, it chanced that while there he paid frequent visits to the city and secretly went to see the Jesuit fathers who lived there. He manifested to them the state of his soul and declared that he had long desired to lead a

monastic life, affirming at the same time that God's will in the matter was sufficiently clear to him. He begged them not to be reluctant to receive him into their Society. But the Superior of the Society, knowing Peter's importance in the Portuguese navy, and that he was the Royal Cosmographer, partly apprehended that his reception into the Society would be an injustice to the Regent. Peter was unshaken in his purpose and made application to the Prior of the Discalced Carmelites. With some difficulty he obtained in the end the favor he had sought in vain from the Society of Jesus.

When the Regent became aware of the fact he grew very angry and bitterly complained to the Vicar of the Monastery who had received Peter. The Vicar modestly replied that as Peter, by right of birth and residence, was a citizen of France, he was not bound by the law of Portugal, and consequently was free to remain in the state of life he had chosen ; he promised, however, in Peter's name, that, should occasion demand, Peter's assistance would not be denied the Portuguese. The Regent was satisfied, and Peter, having accomplished his purpose, put on the habit of the Discalced Carmelites and began his Novitiate.

Not long after this event, Holland, with a large fleet besieged the Port of Goa, and the Regent, remembering the promise, called for Peter's aid. Persuaded by the Vicar of the Monastery to comply with the demand and undertake the defence of the besieged city, Denis at once got himself in readiness. He hastily mustered the soldiers, gave them instructions, began the conflict, and for three days fearlessly kept up the struggle. He used neither shield nor buckler, nor helmet, nor cuirass to repel or weaken the

blows of the weapons of war, but clad in the woollen garb of a Carmelite, bare-headed and holding aloft in place of a sword the Cross of Jesus the Redeemer, he stood in the front of the battle and opposed the enemy where they pressed the attack in densest column. He saw to everything, helped those laboring under the attack, roused the weak-hearted by word and example. The enemy finally raised the siege and the Port was saved.

The whole city turned out to greet Denis, but unawares he hastened back to the cloister. There, in the friendly quiet of solitude and tranquil peace, with renewed fervor he entered again upon his probation, which the war had interrupted. It was completed in a few months and he made his solemn vows. He was then ordained priest, and, with great cheerfulness of soul, occupied himself at first in the labors of the Sacred Ministry. He looked upon himself as the possessor of no rights, but as God's property by special contract, and so, with an abnegation of will hardly credible, he labored for God's glory, the welfare of the Carmelite Order and his neighbor's salvation. At that time the Regent of Goa sent an Ambassador to Atchem, the chief city of the island of Summatra, Francis Sozo de Castro. De Castro had the greatest esteem for Denis, on account of his great experience as a seaman, and selected him to be his spiritual director and companion. Denis gracefully accepted the position, and the Superior of the Monastery appointed as his assistant Redemptus of the Cross, a member of the same community.

Redemptus was of Portuguese extraction. His name, prior to his entrance into Religion, was Thomas Rodríguez de Cuencha. Little concerning his life

and character has been preserved to posterity. It is said that in his youth Thomas was a marine in this country's service, and that he undertook a long voyage to India. Afterwards he rested from the hardships of a wandering life by entering the Carmelite Monastery at Tatta. Here for a while he performed admirably well the duties of a janitor; afterwards the Superior of the Monastery at Goa appointed him custodian of the church. The diligence and piety displayed in the discharge of this function, won for him great praise. He was a highly educated man, courtly and gentle in his manner. He was loved by all, and so his appointment as companion to Denis met with opposition on the part of his brethren. They sought reasons to prevent, or at least delay his departure. But the desire and hope of martyrdom had entered the heart of Redemptus. He grew sanguine, the more he realized the fitting opportunity for the fulfilment of the longings of his heart, offered by the place for which Denis was bound, and he looked forward to the time when he would suffer martyrdom.

The day at length dawned when Denis and Redemptus, prepared for everything, in company with the Ambassador left the Monastery for the Port. In tears they embraced their weeping companions and bade them farewell forever. They boarded the ship, which was about to weigh anchor, and experienced sailors as they were, used to the hardships of the sea, courageously set out on their long and doubtful voyage. Denis steered the ship through the dangers and vicissitudes of the voyage, and brought her into the Port of Atchem. The King, intent on violating the law of nations, used dissimulation. He sent members of his court to welcome the visitors.

They were informed that they would be honored by him in a manner befitting an ambassador and guests. Deceived by the liberal invitation, the Ambassador and his entire suite were entrapped in the snare. They entered the city and were suddenly surrounded by savage bands of Turkish soldiery, bound with chains and thrown into prison. The King ordered all individually, to be distributed as slaves to the leading men of the kingdom.

Denis was thrown into a receptacle used for the drainage of filth and offal. To Redemptus, without a morsel of food, was given the care of oxen. In this way the servants of God dragged out a wretched existence. The ministers of Mahomet visited them at times, and endeavored to persuade them to desert the Christian faith and accept a life of freedom, wealth and honor. They urged them to exchange an uncertain good for one that was certain, but the fortitude of the Carmelites was unshaken in its constancy, they ridiculed the seductive invitation, they answered that they would not abjure their faith, God's greatest gift, nor forfeit the goods of eternity for the sake of what is fleeting and perishable; that they valued the unending joys of heaven above the torture and death of the body.

Their answer was taken to the king and he ordered all—the two Carmelites and about sixty Catholics—to be condemned to death. An exception was made in behalf of the Ambassador and a few of his household. The sentence of death was pronounced, and Denis and Redemptus were dragged to the place of execution near the sea. A disorderly multitude, curious to witness the spectacle, followed.

The martyrs, wasted with hunger, covered with filth, bound in chains,

a sight to move pity, with cheerful hearts went slowly forward. They arrived at the place of butchery, and falling upon their knees, with hands lifted to heaven begged God's help in that supreme moment. Redemptus of the Cross, already dying of hunger, received a mortal wound and expired. Denis of the Nativity, displaying the Cross which he had used in battle, strengthened the faith of his companions in martyrdom, and, in the act of encouraging those who were wavering in their last struggle, fell, covered with wounds. Thereupon a soldier, who was a renegade to the faith, smote him on his bare head with a sword and divided it in two.

Thus did the invincible heroes suffer a glorious martyrdom for Christ, and give proof of the Divinity of the Religion for which they shed their blood. News of their martyrdom quickly traveled from the remote parts of Asia to Europe, and the great reputation for holiness which the two Carmelites already possessed, increased and became more wide-spread. In due time the inquiry of the Ordinary and that of the Apostolic Officials were made, and other requirements of law complied with. The investigation of the martyrdom of its cause, and the signs or miracles was then begun. The investigation was conducted with great care, and at its conclusion the Cardinals present and presiding officials, rendered their decision. We, however, delayed the confirmation of the decision by Our final judgment, until We had earnestly prayed the Father of Light, to illumine Our mind on a matter of such moment. Finally on March 24th of this year, 1900, We ordered the decree regarding the martyrdom, its cause and the signs confirming it, to be published. For the purpose, however, of completing

the series of acts required by law, in a general assembly of the Sacred Congregation of Rites held in Our presence on March 27th, the doubt was raised: "Since the martyrdom, the cause of the martyrdom, and the miracles or signs which render the martyrdom manifest have been approved, can the process of the Beatification of the servants of God be with safety begun?" All present unanimously replied that it could with safety be done. Believing, nevertheless, that help from above should be implored, We did not then and there pronounce Our final judgment in so weighty a matter.

And so on the eighth day of April of the same year, 1900, after offering the Holy Sacrifice, We decreed that the process of conferring the honors of Blessed in Heaven on the two Martyrs, could with safety be begun. We therefore, acceding to the petitions of the Discalced Friars of the Carmelite Order, by our Apostolic Authority, in virtue of these letters, permit the Venerable Servants of God, Denis of the Nativity, and redemptus of the Cross, to be honored hereafter with the title of Blessed, and their images, adorned with rays of light, to be exposed for the public veneration of the faithful. We also grant, in virtue of the same authority, the privilege of reciting in their honor each year, the Office and Mass of the Common of Martyrs, with proper prayers approved by Us, according to the tenor of the Rubrics of the Roman Missal and Breviary. We further grant, that the Office and Mass may be said in all the churches of both Orders of Carmelites, Discalced and Calced, by all who are bound to recite the Canonical Hours. Finally, We grant the privilege of solemnly celebrating in the churches of the Carmelites, the Beatification of the servants

of God, with Office and Mass of the rite of greater double. We order, however, that the solemnization shall take place on a day designated by the Ordinary, within the first year after the solemnization in the Patriarchal Vatican Basilica.

Wherefore, all Apostolic Constitutions and Ordinations, and decrees forbidding public cult without Papal approbation, and all else to the contrary notwithstanding, it is Our will that printed copies of these letters signed by the Secretary of the aforesaid Congregation and strengthened with the seal of the Prefect, shall have the same authority in every respect in judicial discussions, which the letters themselves would have when produced as the manifests of Our will.

Given at St. Peters, Rome, under the Ring of the Fisherman, the 15th day of May, 1900, in the 23rd year of our Pontificate, Leo XIII, Pope.

Prayer.

O God, Who by Thy wonderful Providence, hast led through the dangers of the sea to the palm of Martyrdom Denis and Redemptus, grant that in the midst of the changes of the world and worldly desires, we may remain faithful unto death in the Confession of Thy Name. Through Our Lord, etc.

Secret.

BE propitious, O Lord, to our supplications, and through the intercession of Blessed Denis and Redemptus turn the hearts of us all to Thee, so that delivered from worldly desires we may follow Thee alone with a pure mind. Through Our Lord, etc.

Post Communion.

STRENGTHENED by Thy Sacraments and delights we pray Thee, O Lord, that we who rejoice over the triumph

of Blessed Denis and Redemptus, may by their patronage attain to the joys of eternal life. Through Our Lord, etc.

In answer to the request of very Rev. Fr. Dyonysius of St. Teresa, Postulator General of the Order of Discalced Carmelites, (which request was made through the Pro-Prefect of the Congregation of Sacred Rites) His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, has been pleased to grant, that a solemn Triduum in honor of the Blessed Martyrs Fr. Dyonysius of the Nativity and Brother Redemptus of the Cross, may be held in the churches and public oratories of the Discalced Carmelites, and also of the Calced Carmelites, within one year following the solemn Beatification at the Vatican which took place on the tenth of June, 1900.

With the permission of the Most

Rev. Archbishop, this Triduum was celebrated at the Carmel of Boston, 61 Mt. Pleasant Ave., May 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1901, with Masses of the Blessed, according to the concession in the foregoing Brief of Beatification.

His Holiness grants to all the faithful, male and female, who, after confession and Communion, shall visit a church or oratory of the Carmelites during the Triduum and there spend some time in prayer for the intention of His Holiness, a plenary indulgence once during the Triduum. To those who, with sorrow for their sins, visit the above mentioned churches or oratories and pray for his intention, he grants an indulgence of one hundred days, which may be gained once a day during the Triduum. These indulgences may be applied to the souls in Purgatory.

A Miraculous Cure.

An esteemed priest thus writes to the Editor of The Carmelite Review :

During the week running between June 10-17, 1900, N. N. a girl about 12 years old was taken sick. By June 21st her condition became alarming, and on the night of this day about 10 o'clock she was removed to the hospital in an ambulance. Her case being very dangerous, I heard her confession and gave her Extreme Unction. At midnight the doctors performed an operation and found that she suffered from appendicitis, and that her bowels were paralyzed and had turned almost black. Her case was pronounced hopeless and the doc-

tors said the child would not live until morning. One of the Sisters who assisted the doctor at the operation declared that the child's bowels were frightfully discolored, and that no hope need be entertained of her recovery. I had invested the child with the Scapular of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel on the day of her removal to the hospital, and promised publication in the Carmelite Review and several masses of thanksgiving in case of her recovery.

On Friday the child lived, to the surprise of the doctors and sisters. I was able to give the child her first Holy Communion as Viaticum. When

she had received she remarked that now she did not care if she had to die. This was Friday, June 22nd, the feast of the Sacred Heart. In the evening vomiting again set in. The doctors pronounced it fecal vomiting and said it was the beginning of the end: the child would die before morning. The distension of the bowels became so great that the wound was forced open repeatedly. The vomiting lasted from Friday evening until late Sunday night. There was not one who knew of the case that was not surprised at the child's vitality. Sunday night one of the Sisters gave the child the Water of Lourdes, and invoked the gracious help of our Blessed Lady. All interested in the case had been praying incessantly for the help of the Blessed Virgin. A number of promises were made. I for myself could not help but feel the child must die. Her eyes had lost their lustre; she could hardly speak; all was against her. But I hoped for her recovery. I begged for it for the sake of the Doctor, a non-Catholic, who had shown every kindness in his power to the Sisters.

On Sunday night after the Sister had given the child a drink of Water of Lourdes a sudden change took place. On Monday the doctor was surprised beyond measure at the change and declared that the child would recover. Other attendant physicians at the hospital had declared positively the child

must die. The attendant physician on seeing the change, declared that no medical skill could have accomplished that cure. He declared positively to me and a great number of others that the cure was a real miracle, since the long and severe strain of the vomiting, and such as it was, must of necessity prove fatal. Besides the condition in which the bowels had been found, the unusual distension that had forced open the wound so often; all were moments sufficient to prove fatal in any case.

The progress made by the child in recovering was marvellous. On Wednesday night the child was to be removed from the hospital only a very heavy rain prevented it. On Thursday she was taken home.

I am rather late in redeeming my pledge to our Blessed Mother to publish this cure for which I had prayed that the light of the true faith with all its grace might be given to the non-Catholic physician in attendance. I beg of the Carmelite Review to thank our blessed Lady and her divine Son for this cure, and to beg and petition for the conversion of the physician who had this case in his care.

I wish also to thank for several other graces received through the intercession of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

The doctors, the sisters, and all who were acquainted with the case, declared it a miracle:

A very dainty booklet has been gotten out by our esteemed Carmelite Sisters of Baltimore for the Solemn Triduum in honor of the newly beatified Carmelite Saints, Denis and Redemptus. Nor are the venerable Sisters of Boston behind in their typographical tributes to our beatified

brethren. We are glad to see a Carmelite represented on the program of preachers. We thank the venerable Superiors of the divers convents for invitations to be present, but we regret our inability to be present, as holy poverty, the printer and parochial calls prevent any prospective perigrinating.

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL ;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the form of the Habit of the Third Order and about dress in general.

The habit which the Brothers and Sisters of the Third Order of the most Blessed Virgin should wear day and night, consists of a Scapular of serge or woolen cloth of darkish brown color, inclining to black, composed of two parts, of one foot in length and nine inches in width, without ornaments or embroidery, the two parts of which should for the Brothers be united like the Scapular of the religious of the First Order, and for the Sisters by means of white or colored ribbons. It must always be worn under the outer garments, but not close to the body. Nevertheless, if this habit should prove to be inconvenient during sleep or in time of sickness or for other just motives, they can make use of the other smaller habit which is used by the greater part of the faithful.

It is in accordance with the Rule, and recommended by the statutes to wear, during the day at least and under the dress, the leather belt which is blessed and placed on the body in taking the habit, as a sign of chastity, when they make their profession. Finally, the brothers and sisters are exhorted to honor the religious habit, as a sign of their consecration to God and their

adoption as the children of the most Blessed Virgin. In regard to the other garments which everyone wears according to each one's state and condition, they should avoid all singularity, and the Sisters in particular should jealously guard their modesty.

Notwithstanding this, the Rule wishes that if a Brother or Sister dies, they should wear the entire habit ; those who have the means are advised to get in time a habit made for themselves, and to instruct their friends that they desire to be dressed in that habit after death.

The Sisters should, moreover, observe that, without exterior show, they can with much ease conform themselves to the spirit of the Rule, especially in the cold seasons making their exterior dress of woolen stuff, so that it may be in color like that of the Religious of the chief Order, if not in form.

Yet it is true that, if a brother takes a habit and makes his profession, it was always in use to bless and put on him a long habit of linen in the place of the regular cassock, and a cloak of white material on the shoulders, representing the mantle, which garment, if there are many Brothers or if they happen to be present at public processions, they can wear, as other societies are wont to do.

If a Sister takes the habit and makes her profession, it is customary to bless and impose the mantle of the Order on her shoulders and a white veil over her head : but this is only done in order not to deviate from what the Rule and ceremonial of the Third Order enjoins.

CHAPTER VII.

Of the interior habits of Virtue and of Spiritual Weapons.

Whilst those professing the Third Order ought not to attach too much importance to the exterior dress and ornaments of the body, they should use every effort to acquire those interior habits of virtue, which are the ornaments of the soul.

They should principally vest themselves with the sweetness, modesty and humility of Jesus Christ, and should not only cultivate these virtues interiorly, but also show them in their exterior actions.

It behooves them to avoid giving scandal by words or deeds, and if any one of the Brothers or Sisters should, as a matter of course, wound his neighbor by injurious words, behave immodestly in public, or in any otherwise give scandal and bad example, and, being admonished repeatedly, should not amend, the Superior or Director shall erase his name from the Confraternity, that it may not be dishonored by the bad example of such a person.

If, on the contrary, the Brothers and Sisters should be unjustly offended, they ought to remember Jesus Christ and His gentleness, who did good to those who were persecuting Him and bestows continued blessings on all, although he is offended by all, more or less.

The Sisters particularly should esteem modesty in dressing, in conversing and speaking, and should not give way to

that excess of curiosity which seeks to know and see everything happening in city or country.

They should use great diligence that their domestics live in the fear of God, and in their own actions give them good example. They should be present at Christian Doctrine and apply themselves to the service of the Church.

They should be fervent in saying their morning and evening prayers and offer up to God all their actions. They should have a particular devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin and perform their other works of Christian piety with zeal and diligence. It is the truth taught us by the Holy Ghost, "*That the life of man on earth is a continual warfare.*" — Job VII., 1., and "*that all those who wish to live piously in Jesus Christ will suffer persecution.*" — Tim. VII., 12., and "*that the devil, our adversary, goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.*" — 1 Peter, V., 8. Therefore, both the Brothers and Sisters of Third Order, who make profession of this spiritual warfare, must be solicitous to arm themselves strongly against so powerful an enemy.

In six ways he principally endeavors to overcome our miserable humanity.

1st. He seeks by mischievous, importune and indecent thoughts to oppress the hearts of the faithful.

2d. He makes the greatest efforts that the human heart may turn its affections away from God, and be taken up with and given to the vain appearances of this world.

3d. It is his desire that, through want of good works, faith should remain unfruitful.

4th. He tempts those engaged in this warfare to presume on their own strength.

5th. He does all in his power that the Divine Word should remain un-

used and unfruitful.

6th. Lastly, he strives by all means to render human actions worthless in God's sight, and especially by striving to make them proceed from wrong motives.

Hence, to overcome that infernal monster, the Rule enjoins that everyone professing the same, be continually armed with the virtue of chastity, thus to draw down upon themselves the favor of God, who wished to be born of an Immaculate Virgin. Not to give any place in the heart to irregular or impure thoughts, the Rule commands that the heart be strengthened by chaste thoughts and directed to the joys of Paradise, for the Gospel says : "*Blessed are the pure of heart, for they shall see God.*"—Matt. V., 8. To give no chance to the enemy to overcome the heart by inciting it to love unworthy objects, the Rule prescribes that every Brother and Sister should continually make acts of love to God and towards our neighbor, so that at any time being asked by our Lord if they love him, they can answer with St. Peter, the Apostle : "*Thou knowest, O Lord, that I love Thee*"—John XXI., 14. To the end that the faith of those professing the Rule may not become unfruitful through lack of good works, it ordains that their works be corresponding to their faith, and this, with constancy, well-grounded on the words of St. James, who says : "*Be ye doers of the word of God and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves.*"—Jam. I., 22.

In order that, in this spiritual combat, no one may rely on his own strength, the Rule commands all to place their hopes in the aid of our most generous God."

To triumph over all temptations, it wishes that each one shall not only hear the Word of God, and that atten-

tively and diligently, but keep it also in the heart and use it in familiar discourses.

In order that the works of the Brothers and Sisters may not be unprofitable, the Rule finally commands everything to be done in the name of the Lord and for His glory ; nor should they ask for any other reward than that which the angelical St. Thomas asked for : "*I do not ask for any other reward besides Thee, O Lord.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

Of their dwelling-places and of the flight from the world.

The Rule in this chapter forbids, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, familiar conversation and intimacy with worldly persons, and much more the rambling about the town or country, the visiting of theatres, balls and profane festivities or entertainments, and our Sisters, in particular, are exhorted to love retirement and solitude. Hence they should endeavor to regard their own house or room as the guardian of their innocence and as the proper place to converse with God and receive His graces.

We say *as far as possible* because many persons of divers stations cannot always seclude themselves, and hence these should seek to regulate their conduct according to the suggestions made to them by their own confessor, or Director. On the other hand, it may be observed that, in regard to the theatres, especially in our times, there is no need of belonging to a Third Order for any one to stand aloof, since every good Christian is bound by duty of conscience not to frequent them, inasmuch as, usually, the representations given are far from conducive to good morals or religion.

Visits of charity and of courtesy between the Sisters themselves, and also

to other persons, are by no means prohibited in the Rule. They are permitted to be present at honest and sober recreations which occasionally take place between neighbors and relatives, in order to cherish Christian friendship. It is also permitted to go to the wedding feasts of their relatives, kinsmen or friends, supposing that nothing violates honesty or modesty.

When it happens that they have to make a journey of considerable length or have to be absent from their ordinary dwelling places, they shall beg the blessing of their Superior or Director, or, in default of these, that of their own Confessor.

CHAPTER IX.

Of the Divine Office and other Prayers.

One of the chief obligations which the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters by their profession take upon themselves, is the daily recitation of the Office :—namely, those who know how to read have to recite the *Little Office of the Blessed Virgin*, and, if priests, they satisfy their obligation by reciting the Divine Office.

All those who are unable to read must say, in place of Matins and Lauds, 7 *Pater Nosters* (Our Father's) and *Hail Mary's* ; for Prime, Tierce, Sext, None, Vespers and Compline, respectively, 3 *Our Fathers* and *Hail Mary's*. After the *Our Father* of each hour has to be added a "*Glory be to the Father*," etc.

It would be praiseworthy and according to the spirit of the Rule, if every Brother and Sister would recite the Office or Rosary at certain distinct and determined hours, imitating the clergy ; that is, the Matins and Laud the foregoing evening or early in the morning ; the First (prima), the

Third (tertia), the Sixth (sixth), and the Ninth (nona) hours, before noon ; Vespers and Compline in the evening ;—but as our Brothers and Sisters may have necessary occupations, not allowing them to dispose of the hours of the day at their good pleasure, they should not grieve on that account and not fear to be wanting in their duty, if it sometimes happens for just motives that they have to recite their Office all at one time. They should chiefly have at heart the recitation of their prayers not with the lips only but to accompany them with the affections of the heart, so that they may not merit the reproof pronounced by God through Isaiah and by Christ applied to the Pharisees, "*These people honor me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me.*"—Matt. XV., 8.

In order to occupy their minds with holy thoughts they many offer up to God the seven hours or parts of the Office as a thanksgiving for the seven principal benefits, namely :—of Creation, Preservation, Redemption, Baptism and Vocation to the true faith, Justification and gratuitous remission of sins, the inestimable gift of the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar and of grace to receive Him so many times in Holy Communion, and the Vocation to the Third Order, this being an easier way to obtain salvation.

Three times a year they should say the Ternary for the departed souls in Purgatory, and in each Ternary they should, on three different days, pray for the departed souls of the Order—amongst whom are numbered the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters,—also for their relatives and friends and benefactors, including those who are buried in the Carmelite churches or in the cloisters or graveyards annexed, as is the practice in the whole Order.

The first Ternary is to be said in the month of January, between the octave of Epiphany and Ash Wednesday exclusively.

The Second Ternary, between Low Sunday and Ascension Thursday.

The Third Ternary in the month of October before All Saints.'

He that is able to read shall recite on the first day of every Ternary the Vespers and the first Nocturne and the Lauds of the Office of the dead ; on the second day the Vespers and the second Nocturne, together with the Lauds ; and on the third day the Vespers and the third Nocturne with the Lauds. He that is not able to read has to recite on each day of the Ternary the Rosary of Obligation in two parts ; one the usual Office and the other for the dead, saying the "*Requiem æternam*" instead of the "*Gloria Patri*."

On the 15th day of November, or on the 16th, if the 15th falls on a Sunday, the suffrages are offered up for all the departed of the Carmelite Order, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters included ; those, therefore, that can read, should recite the whole Office of the Dead, and those unable to read must say the whole Rosary, of fifteen decades with the "*Requiem æternam*," and on the following Sunday or during the Octave they shall receive Holy Communion for the same departed souls in Purgatory.

As it is very advantageous and in a certain manner necessary for every Christian to give some time to mental prayer ; it is much more so for those persons who, in a special way, have consecrated themselves to the divine service and aim at perfection ; on this account the rule enjoins that they should employ at least half an hour in this pious exercise, in the morning when

the mind is more quiet and free from other thoughts. Nor are they to be excused on reason of their domestic occupations, for even whilst we are working the mind can be occupied by some holy thoughts and derive great benefit therefrom.

All those persons who can read and have leisure moments are also exhorted to read some spiritual book ; for it is certain that both meditation and spiritual reading must be considered as food for the soul, that it may not faint in devotion, but rather wax strong so as to be always victorious in the spiritual combat.

This, however, must be done upon the advice of the confessor, who, knowing the condition of the penitent, will point out to him the best means of practising such exercises without being wanting in other duties.

Before sitting down to their meals at table they shall recite a *Pater, Ave and Gloria*, and likewise as a thanksgiving afterwards.

CHAPTER X.

Of frequenting the Sacraments and of hearing Holy Mass.

The frequenting of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist is one of the most powerful aids to the attainment of that perfection after which the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters are striving. For this reason the rule wishes that, ordinarily, they should approach them *once a week* ; but more particularly on the principal feasts of Our Lord Jesus Christ, of the Blessed Virgin and on those of the other saints of the Order ; but this is not a matter of absolute obligation, but of devotion, and always remains subject to the direction of their spiritual father or confessor, to whom alone it belongs to judge of their fitness to receive, more or less frequently, Holy Communion.

The Rule wishes also that the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters hear Mass *every day* with the greatest devotion possible, except they have some just motives for which they may be dispensed ; they can then avail themselves of that to observe silence, and to make the meditation or to devoutly recite the Office.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

BY THE EDITOR.

Admiral Dewey, during the months after his victory at Manila and before the arrival of the United States Commissioners, found that he could obtain the most reliable information with regard to the Philippine Islands and, the natives, from the Jesuit fathers in charge of the observatory at Manila. The Commissioners asked the Jesuits to arrange all the data with reference to the Philippines and allow the United States Government to print them. This is the origin of two volumes (in Spanish) which have just been issued from the Government press in Washington, entitled "EL ARCHIPIELAGO FILIPINO, being a collection of Historical, Geographical, Statistical and Scientific Data concerning the Philippine Archipelago, collected by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in charge of the Observatory at Manila." Of the 1,500 sets of the work (consisting of 2 Vols. and Atlas) thus issued, 500 were reserved by the Government for its own use, and 1,000 were given to Father Algue to be sold for the benefit of the famous observatory at Manila of which he is director. Of these latter, 200 sets will be disposed of by Father Algue from Manila: the remaining 800 sets have been placed for distribution with his agent, the Rev. John J. Wynne, 27 and 29 West 16th street, New York City.

Let us all join in spirit the triduums being held this month in honor of the new Carmelite Saints Denis and Redemptus, new flowers in the prolific garden of Carmel.

During the Pan-American year, as it is called, a large number of guests are expected at our new Hospice. We have plenty of room, but be sure to let us know when you are coming and by what route. Our institution has every comfort and modern convenience, and you will feel as safe and free as at home. Our rates are extremely low considering our great outlay. We are situated near the Falls and you can enjoy the scenery and get a new lease of life. Whilst free from the noise and bustle of the city, we are in touch with the whole country by railroad, telephone and telegraph. You can see the Pan-American Exposition buildings from the Hospice observation windows.

The oath taken by the new king of England is one that out of respect for the feelings of many good, loyal Catholic Englishmen, ought to be done away with. It is now nothing as an esteemed contemporary remarks but a sham in itself while it is an insult to all Catholics. When it was first put in force it had a very definite object in view. The law was the work of bigoted persons. They wished to make it impossible for a Catholic to become a sovereign of England. But even the most bigoted must admit that today it is a gratuitous insult to Catholics.

We regret that last month that circumstances, over which we had no control, caused the omission of our usual Notes, Petitions, Obituaries, etc. We remembered all in our masses and prayers.

We are deluged with many questions about the Jubilee. The conditions are :

1. Sixty visits to the parish church or those designated by your Bishop.
2. Prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father.
3. Confession.
4. Holy Communion.

For further information ask your pastor, or get one of the little books sold at ten cents by Messrs. Herder of St. Louis ; Benziger of New York, Cincinnati and Chicago ; Kilner of Philadelphia ; Catholic Union Store of Buffalo, and Sadlier of Montreal.

It has been a source of great spiritual joy to witness the large numbers of the faithful in divers dioceses taking part in the Missions. The harvest should be a great one and the zealous pastors are to be congratulated. The missions conducted by the Carmelite Fathers in the United States and Canada were satisfactory to all concerned, particularly those recently held in the dioceses of Pittsburg, Dubuque and Cincinnati.

"Another warning regarding the importance of punctuation is afforded by the newspaper report of a brief lecture by an army officer." says The Ave Maria. The report quotes the officer as saying : "The military service requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior." What the officer said was this : "The military service requires little : Prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior."

It is folly to attempt to please everybody. It matters not in which direction a man faces he must of necessity turn his back on half the world.

America is still awaiting the beatification of a couple of new saints in the person of the holy Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia, and his saintly Redemptionist confrere Father Seelos of Pittsburg. In the meantime we must be content with a saint brought under the stars and stripes by the sword—Saint Philip the Martyr—patron of the Philippine Islands which awoke to the sound of Dewey's guns on May 1, 1898.

The Pope never dies. Nevertheless, we must all earnestly pray for our Holy Father, Leo XIII., that he may live to see the days of Peter, which for the aged Pontiff are casting their shadow before. Hence our motto this and every following month is "*Oremus pro pontifice nostro Leone*,"—let us pray for our pontiff Leo !

The Editor of the Carmelite Review gratefully pens thanks to the many friends, far and near, who so thoughtfully remembered him with festal greetings on the first day of this glorious month of the Queen of our Carmel. The floral offering "From the pupils of Loretto" was much appreciated.

One of the conditions to gain the Apostolic blessing given by a priest who has faculties to impart the same to the Rosary, is that those who wish to gain the blessing must carry their Beads with them, or keep them in their room, or in some place near them. But this does not apply to the Scapular. *You must wear that.*

The coat of a horse is the gift of nature. The coat of a donkey is often the work of a tailor.

Our stock of "Home Annuals" for 1901 was exhausted last month.

Last month we overlooked an interesting event which lately took place in the Boston Carmel, namely the reception of Miss Mary G. Coyle of Pittsburg, Pa., now known in religion as Sister Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows. Archbishop Williams officiated at the beautiful ceremony. The candidate has a brother, Father Edwin, of Our Lady of Sorrows, a Passionist, who entered in Baltimore, and is now on the missions in South America, at Sarmiento Retiro San Pablo. There are many priests and religious in the family. Her cousin, the Rev. William Kittell, is Chancellor of the Diocese of Pittsburg. The preacher on the occasion was the venerable Jesuit Father Langcake. His sermon was first of all an eloquent exposition of what a religious vocation really is. The preacher spoke of the young man who asked of Our Lord, "Master, what shall I do to possess everlasting life." Our Lord bade him keep the Commandments. But the man who had kept all these from his youth up, urged the Master further, receiving this counsel: "If thou wouldst be perfect, sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and come follow Me." Everlasting life is for all who keep the Commandments; but to those who seek perfection amid the renunciations of the religious state, Christ has promised not only special honors and joys in Heaven, but a hundred-fold compensation for their sacrifices, even in this world. Nor is the sacrifice measured by the standards of worldly value. Some have given up fortunes, yes, kingdoms. But most have not had these things to give. St. Peter himself had little to leave, when he "left all" to follow Christ. Still the humblest gives up his or her freedom and prospects, and the magnitude of this offering in God's sight, is to be

gauged by the magnificence of the reward. God never lets Himself be outdone in generosity. Father Langcake concluded with congratulations to the novice and prayers for her perseverance.

Some one has said that if all books treating of religious subjects were destroyed, still it would be more than sufficient for us if we had the story of the Passion of our Lord. It is an inexhaustable mine. We have a host of works treating this subject. It is the theme of every preacher. We have now an excellent work in two volumes which we think, clothed in modern language, will be found adapted to the exigences of our own day. It is a book of which will prove useful to all who desire to lead a virtuous and devout life, and follow our Lord. It contains over one thousand pages and is arranged for every day of the ecclesiastical year. These "Meditation on the Life, the Teaching and the Passion of Jesus Christ" as they are styled, are from the pen of the Franciscan Father, Augustine Ilg. The translation is a good one, and the whole work is finished and complete under the editorship of Rev. Richard Clarke, S. J. The net price of these two excellent volumes is three dollars and a half. The publishers whose enterprise has given English speaking Catholics this boon are the Messrs Benziger Brothers.

"The Echoes" from "The Pines," Chatham, Ont., is a splendid publication. The Easter number was a typographical and literary gem.

Guests can leave the Hospice after breakfast, enjoy a day at the Pan-American Exposition, and be back at the Hospice for supper.

In this glorious Eucharistic age there is already a host of excellent books written or compiled by pious souls whose desire is to enkindle in every heart a love for Jesus in the Holy Tabernacle. We have had treatises on the Holy Mass and Frequent Communion in which the authors have brought forth every possible argument to urge Christians to never miss an opportunity to assist at the adorable Sacrifice and to often partake of the Bread of Life. Sad to say many only appear before Jesus veiled when the Sunday obligation forces them to do so. It is left to a few chosen souls to come into the holy presence whenever a chance offers itself. Now we have a beautiful little work on visits to the Blessed Sacrament, entitled, "Before the Most Holy." The pious Religious who brings forth this work does not do so merely to satisfy a desire to get into print. She has a real message. It was written under protest, so to speak, as Father Thurston the Jesuit remarks. The author is Mother Mary Loyola of the Bar Convent, York, England. The price of the handsome little work is forty-five cents. Write to B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., for a copy.

Rosaries blessed by a Dominican Father, having faculties from the General of the Dominicans in Rome, have not only the Indulgences of the Rosary Confraternity but also all the Indulgences of the Brigittine beads. To gain the last named no meditation is required. The Editor of the Carmelite Review enjoys the privilege of imparting these great indulgences through the sons of Dominic, and the same can be said of other confreres of ours. We shall be only too glad to indulge beads sent to us by clients of the glorious Queen of the Holy Rosary.

A charming book for all the year round, and a dainty volume for a gift is *Milly Aveling*, the latest and certainly the best work ever written by the late Sara Trainer Smith. (Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, price 85 cents; post paid.) It is the story of a well-bred Catholic family and of an invalid "outsider" as brave and patient as was the gentle author, herself a sufferer cheerily climbing the hills of pain. It is a story for boys as well as for girls. If Milly and Helena Frank are splendid ideals of Catholic girlhood, surely Tom Netterly, who takes the burdens of youth and of age upon his young shoulders, is quite as attractive heroic metal. It is delightful to realize that the last story of Miss Trainer-Smith is a sustained work of such uniform excellence that it is likely to become a classic in American Catholic literature. Much of her work was too sketchy to last, but *Milly Aveling* should prove to be an enduring memorial to the genius of the most modest of authors. It is to be hoped that it will be added to the library-shelf of every Catholic family. The book is bound in sea-blue and white, with marine designs.

Canon Guerra, who has endeared himself to many in his excellent treatise entitled, "The Confessor after the Heart of Jesus," does not intend to give us a theological treatise. He aims to treat of the virtues a good confessor must necessarily possess in order that he may be after the heart of Jesus. The author speaks to the heart rather than to the head of priests. Father Van der Donckt has deserved well in his excellent translation and adaption to our times. B. Herder, of St. Louis, furnishes the book.

All lovers of historical truth will hail with joy any reliable document covering the turbulent times which witnessed the birth of the so-called "Reformation." Janssen's *Geschichte des Deutschen Volkes*, (Janssen's History of the German People), is an opportune, reliable and interesting work. We have the second volume, the first part of which treats of some of Luther's true and pseudo friends in which is painted a living picture of things as they appeared to an unprejudiced mind. The second and third part of the second volume has captured our undivided attention. It is an X-ray view of the times and persons who figured so boldly in the 16th century. The central character is the learned and saintly Carmelite Doctor, Aloysius Postina. Having drawn pleasure, instruction and edification from this work, we earnestly pray that the same be soon done into English for the benefit of our readers who have not the good fortune to be familiar with the German language. This work is published by Messrs. B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, Saint Louis, Mo.

By an oversight on our part the interesting sketches of Very Rev. Father Blakely were crowded out of our March number. This is our first opportunity of explaining matters. The esteemed clergyman, whose lectures and writings have interested so many in America, is prompt in despatching his copy, and is, perhaps, too lenient with the printer and his accomplices.

Those who appreciate a good story treating of Kentucky in the early eighties should read Henry S. Spalding's "Cave by the Beach Fork." Benziger Bros. publish it.

Father Klauder's new revised edition of the Baltimore Catechism, which is complete in three numbers, is self-commendatory. It gives practical ways and means of indelibly implanting Christian doctrine in the minds of dull as well as bright children. The books are worth a trial. They are given out by a priest who has had practical experience with Catechism classes and ought to know the defects of the multiplicity of theoretical books on Christian doctrine. Father Klauder's cheap little books are graded. No. 1 sells at \$2.50 per hundred; No. 2 at \$3.50 per 100; and No. 3, (representing the Manual for use in elementary schools in its entirety), is put at \$15.00 for a hundred copies. The publishers, Messrs. Benziger Brothers, 36 Barclay Street, New York, N. Y., or their houses in Chicago or Cincinnati, will promptly fill your order when you write them, and will be glad to send samples to prospective buyers and up-to-date teachers of the most sublime of sciences.

Priests and seminarians looking for a book treating of the "Month of Mary" which is appropriate to the spirit and requirements of priestly life, should by all means get the new edition of Father Renandet's work adapted to the use of ecclesiastics. It costs but forty cents, and can be had from W. H. Young & Co., (27 Barclay St.,) New York.

The regular article by *Enfant de Marie*, Some notes on new books, and "petitions" are reluctantly omitted this month, and we beg our readers to be indulgent with us.

Boys' and Girls' Department.

"Live Pure: Speak True: Right Wrong!"

LAST week I heard a fine lecture on the "New Conchology" given by Mr. Bryant Walker, a prominent Detroit lawyer. The word 'conchology' is an interesting one and those of our students who do not know it, will be amply repaid by looking up the derivation in the dictionary. When the meaning of the word is clear, I think we shall be inclined to turn to "Conchology" in the Encyclopædia.

Having become familiar with the parts of the shell, we shall want to know something about the animals that live in those beautiful homes.

Mr. Walker took up the study of conchology as a relaxation from the duties of his profession, and he is now considered one of the best authorities in this country on fresh water and land shells. So those of us studying physical geography conchology will be a delightful study. Many points in the history of the structure and former physical conditions the earth that geology cannot completely prove, have been made clear by a study of conchology.

Unlike many of the sciences conchology offers no extraordinary difficulties to the beginner. As an out-of-doors study, it is equally as fascinating as botany, or ornithology. It is hoped that in a short time the State of New York may be induced to make provisions for a systematic study of the shells and shell formations in the state. At present, Michigan is the only State

where such government action has been taken.

Speaking of Ornithology reminds me that the study of birds is one that our boys and girls ought to like. Of course, the country is the best place to study birds; but, the suburbs and those sections of the city near large parks, offer every opportunity.

Last summer, a class of High School boys and girls, accompanied by their teacher, wheeled out to the park, several times a week. Reaching the park shortly after sunrise, they succeeded in gaining a surprising amount of knowledge concerning the various birds. With cameras and kodaks, they were able to get good pictures of their feathered friends, which were often used by the principal in his weekly talks about birds.

Aside from the pleasure and knowledge derived from this study, it has been remarked that children interested in bird study never rob a nest of its eggs. Instead, they watch with earnestness the daily lives of the parent birds, who are not more delighted than their boy and girl friends, when the shells open, and the young birds clamor for food.

Have you ever tried to draw pictures of the birds we see every day? The drawings filled in with the colors peculiar to each bird, help wonderfully to make us alert to every detail in the birds' costumes. These drawings help too, to strengthen our faculty for ob-

serving points of resemblance and difference in the form and color of the birds. We shall learn also that all birds do not build their nests alike, and that neither do they all use the same kind of materials. Glancing at a nest, some boys and girls can tell what kind of bird built it. We cannot learn too much concerning the birds and animals about us. Natural history is a study that brings out the sympathy and kindness in our natures, and leads our thoughts to dwell thankfully upon God's tender care towards his creatures. If our Heavenly Father "considers even the fall of a sparrow" why should we stone any bird, or rob it of the clothing and ornaments God has given it?

Facts gathered from our own observation are much more valuable to us, than those learned from books. Often individual students discover bits of information that may never have come under the observation of very learned men. For this reason, we ought to write down in a note book, kept especially for that, everything we learn about the birds.

It would be a good plan to write upon the cover "Birds I Know," and then, allowing about six pages to each, head one chapter, "The Robin," another "The Sparrow," "The Swallow," "The Canary," "The Wood Pecker," "The Blue Bird," and so on.

Under each chapter, write briefly all you know about the bird.

Draw a picture of each. Tell at what hour in the early morning you have heard them singing and chirping.

Tell how late in the evening you have heard them chirp whistle or sing.

What kind of food they like. In what kind of trees they build, and why.

What other places they select, if they do not build in trees.

Draw a picture of the nest. Describe the nest.

Tell how the male and female bird differ in size and color.

Write down any little experience you may have had with certain birds.

Tell how the parents feed the young birds.

Tell how the parents teach the young birds to fly.

Draw a picture of young birds in the nest.

Write down the day and date you first noticed each particular bird in the Spring.

Write down the day and date you last saw each particular bird, as Autumn glided into Winter.

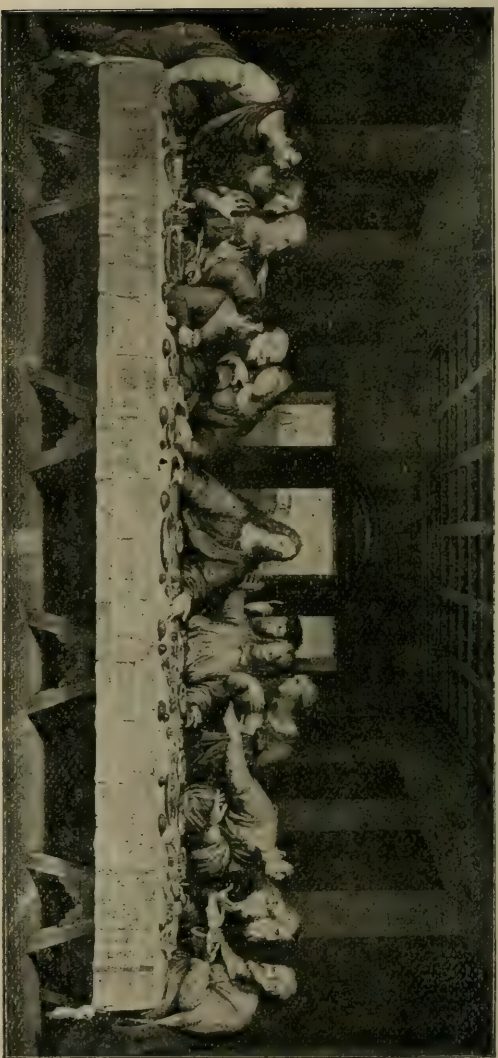
Each year add to these chapters.

Scientific men consider no item too trivial for not, proving it is true scientific men, in making their notes, write a small, neat, and very plain hand.

The Easter number of "Echoes from the Pines," came my way recently, and it recalled with great pleasure, a few days spent at "The Pines" last October. The best thing that can be said of the "Echoes" is that it reflects faithfully the happy lives and earnest work of the students. The articles are just such one would expect school-girls to write. They are short, and bearing the stamp of originality, are very readable. The "Notes" are brim full of fun; judging from the severe criticisms expressed in the column devoted to "Music." The Saturday musicals are serious affairs.

As the sight of the old apple orchard, the shady maples, and the weird pine grove come to my mind, I realize that "The Pines" offers wonderful inducements for bird study. I wish that my friends there, many of whose names in "The Echoes" recall the cordial hospitality shown to the stranger from Buffalo, would add to their note books, "Birds I Know"

MARTHA MURRAY.



The Last Supper.

AFTER THE MASTERPIECE BY DE VINCI.

[The same is to be reproduced in life-size sculpture and to be placed in the large dining-room of the Mount Carmel. It will be one of the features eagerly sought after by the visitor who does not wish to overlook all the points of interest at Niagara. See explanation in the Editor's notes this month.]



Before The Tabernacle.

Ah, list ! the evening bell doth ring ;
Attend ! Celestial choirs sing
Sweet strains of music ; I can hear
Those distant sounds, they seem so near.

Behold ! A gentle zephyr breathes
More fragrant not o'er balmy wreaths,
Than now a cherub downward swings
And to our Saviour greeting brings ;

The cherub kneels all full of love,
He rests there like a timid dove ;
His face now beams just as on high
For to his Bridegroom he is nigh.

The noon-day sun throws not to earth
More warmth, nor fills the heart with mirth,
Than Jesus with His heart aglow
His grace doth shed, and love bestow.

The hours elapse, the night doth pass,
The early bell invites to Mass ;
And parting from the Heavenly Manna
The cherub sadly sings "Hosanna."

O Love, pierce Thou with swiftest dart
My stricken, unconsolated heart.
O Heart of Love, I do implore
That I may love Thee more and more.

Edwin Ruthven.

JERUSALEM.

From "Notes of a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," Etc.

Prepared Especially for the Carmelite Review,

—BY—

THE VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

IT was close to six o'clock in the evening and quite dark when we set foot in Jerusalem on our return from Jericho. The dim outline of the "Holy City"—its bleak gray walls, flanked by frowning battlements, its dome-capped houses, forbidding-looking mosques, and meaningless synagogues—all conspired to make a weird and startling picture, as we contemplated it from the last rise in our path along the Mountain of Olives. Not a light was to be seen within it; not a sound to be heard. We felt as though we were in the presence of a mere memory; for assuredly there was nothing here to recall the ancient glory of Zion, nothing to invite or to cheer the oncomer, as of old. And the plaint of Jeremiah: "How does the city sit solitary that was full of people?"* best expressed our emotions at the thought of its incomparable past as contrasted with its present state of abandonment and decay.

Was this then indeed the "City of God," the "Mistress of the Gentiles," and the "Pride of the Nations";—that city in whose annals is enshrined all that is most noble, all that is most glorious, and all that is most sacred in the history of man? Was this that spot which, above all others, had received the impress of Jesus' feet; which He had bedewed with His tears, and which had been the witness of His

grandest miracles?—the soil on which the sublimest manifestations of the Deity to the Chosen People both of the Old and New Testaments had been vouchsafed, from the moment in which, appearing in a golden cloud, Jehovah filled the Temple with His glory, until that in which, vested in the semblance of sinful man, the only-begotten Son of God offered Himself upon Calvary's Mount, amid unspeakable humiliations, heart-rending anguish and appalling sufferings, for the redemption of the world?—the "City of David," once superlatively magnificent, because of its inexhaustible riches, marvellous structures and royal splendor; renowned throughout the earth for its men of unsurpassed valor, profound wisdom and consummate sanctity; and unrivalled in holiness, hallowed as it was under the Old Covenant by God in person, and under the New, by His divine Son, the "Great High Priest Jesus Christ," who made it the site of the principal mysteries of our holy faith—namely, the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament, His Passion, Death and Resurrection—in-inaugurating, moreover, within its walls, upon the Descent of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity at Pentecost, His spiritual kingdom on earth, by making it the cradle of Christianity and the birthplace of His Church? Thrice blessed, too, and dear beyond every place under heaven, because there was born the

* Lamentations, I. 1.

"co-redemptrix of our race"—Mary, the immaculate Mother of God,—to whom the Church, inspired from on high, applies this exultant paeon, first sung by the Elders of Bethulia in praise of her glorious prototype Judith: "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the honor of our people." (Judith, XV. 10.)

Yes, this was indeed Jerusalem, but alas how changed! How sadly were my thoughts upon its past glory disturbed by the remembrance of the prophet's wail after its downfall: "To what shall I compare thee? or to what shall I liken thee, O daughter of Jerusalem? to what shall I equal thee, that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion? for great as the sea is thy destruction: who shall heal thee? . . . All they that passed by the way have clapped their hands at thee: they have hissed, and wagged their heads at the daughter of Jerusalem, saying: Is this the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth? All thy enemies have opened their mouth against thee; they have hissed, and gnashed with the teeth, and have said: We will swallow her up: lo, this is the day which we looked for: we have found it, we have seen it. The Lord hath done that which he purposed, he hath fulfilled his word, which he commanded in the days of old; he hath destroyed, and hath not spared, and he has caused the enemy to rejoice over thee, and hath set up the horn of thy adversaries." (Lamentations, II. 13, 15, 16, 17.)

On arriving at "Casa Nova," we found those of our party who had not gone to Jericho seated at the supper table, and soon joined them. But for six of us, including myself, the meal was a hurried one; for scarcely had we seated ourselves than our Rev. Director, Monsieur l'abbé Potard, announced that the number just mentioned would have the privilege of celebrating Mass at the Holy Sepulchre on the following

morning, adding that as the doors the basilica closed about 7 o'clock, we must lose no time in starting, it being then very near that hour. He thereupon gave each of the favored ones a printed slip to be presented to the Turkish guard posted at the entrance of the Church of the Resurrection, and we set out at once, in spite of the fatigue incident to our long day's travel, etc.; for was not this to be the most signal of all the privileges which a pilgrimage to the Holy Land can confer? The inhabitants of Jerusalem are not given to being "out" much at any time and this is particularly the case after sundown. The streets were, consequently, deserted, and all was silent as the grave during our progress. Imagine what an impression this made on us under the circumstances! The guard already alluded to was awaiting us somewhat impatiently, for we were more than a trifle late. A "bak-sheesh" made ample amends for this delinquency, however (what won't it accomplish in the realm of the "Prophet?"), and after our "tickets" had been duly examined by the turbaned custodians, we were turned over to the Franciscan Father in attendance, and shown to the dormitory, where we were to repose until called for the object which had brought us, namely, to offer the Holy Sacrifice upon the tomb of our Lord. At three o'clock the following morning we heard the "Benedictus Domino," and gladly answered "Deo gratias!" A Brother was in waiting to conduct us to the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, and we followed him from the "Hospitium" of the Fathers to the basilica.* This edifice is so vast and of so great a height, that in the weak light of the few tapers that were flickering here and there,

* The "Hospice" is inhabited by the Franciscans who serve the Church of the Resurrection, and is distinct from their "convent" in Jerusalem. It immediately adjoins the basilica, and seems to form part of the same.

we could not see more than a few feet before us. Sounds that were strange to our ears—a slow monotonous chant—guided us to the Holy Sepulchre, and we found that the Schismatic Armenian priests were singing a solemn mass within its cramped and narrow area. This function was near the end when we came, and as our turn would be next, we drew lots to determine the order in which we should celebrate. I was the fourth. After the Armenian sacristan had removed everything connected with the service just mentioned, a Franciscan Brother quickly re-arranged the “altar” by placing a wooden “mensa” furnished with altar-cloths, etc. over the Sepulchre, and we said mass in rotation. This inestimable privilege was vouchsafed us on Friday, September 15th,—the octave of our Blessed Lady’s Nativity, and within the octave of the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross;—coincidences enough, you will readily admit, to bring joy to the heart of a Passionist!

And now, a few words relative to the great church under whose roof we had just passed the night, and which, after a modest refection in the dining room of the hospice mentioned a moment ago, we spent the morning in examining.

To begin, then, it stands upon the site of the magnificent temple erected in the fourth century of the Christian era by Constantine the Great and destroyed some two hundred and seventy-eight years later by Chosroes, King of the Persians. From that period until 1130, when it was rebuilt in its present form by the Crusaders, it passed through various phases of demolition and reconstruction. In point of architecture it is partly Roman and partly Saracenic, with an admixture of the Byzantine and Gothic styles—this variety attesting to the several phases just referred to and accounting for them. Its mean dimensions are 200 by 190 feet;

but, what with its irregular shape and its numerous dependencies, the area it covers is far greater than these figures would lead one to infer. That which most impresses the beholder while contemplating this huge pile is its massiveness; for of beauty, symmetry and grace there is little, and that only in detached instances. When I reflected, however, that it had been destined to cover a number of sacred sites at a considerable distance from each other and situated in different directions, it was quite clear to me that appearances had been sacrificed to utility, rather than caused by a want of taste. And while noting its almost utter lack of richness and adornment, it would be unfair to lose sight of the fact that the wealth of an empire was not at the disposal of its projectors, as was the case with the superb edifice which was raised by the first Christian emperor and his saintly mother over our Saviour’s tomb. Furthermore, apart from the ravages of time, the vicissitudes consequent upon the occupation of the Holy Land by the infidel and rapacious followers of Mohammed during twelve centuries odd, coupled with the evils resulting from the preponderating influence of the Schismatic-Greek authorities in the management of the great basilica, have had more to do with its sadly altered condition, under a variety of aspects, than it would be possible for me to express with any satisfaction to you or to myself, unless, indeed, I were to “write a book.” Still, grandeur and majesty are not wanting to it—a circumstance which is particularly true of the portion enclosing the Holy Sepulchre. This most sacred of earthly shrines reposes within a rotunda sixty feet in diameter, composed of eighteen gigantic pillars which rise to an immense height and support a double row of arcades, or galleries, one above the other, all surmounted by a magnificent dome

from whose windows pour floods of light,—the whole forming a not unworthy environment to the last resting place of Christ's mortal body on earth.

A further idea of the vastness of the mighty building I am describing will be conveyed by the mention that there are no less than fifteen chapels (some of them of great size) as also many other apartments, under its roof and even below its ground surface. Of the latter class, the "Oratory of St. Helen" is an example. This is a subterranean structure adjacent to and communicating with the dry cistern in which our Saviour's cross was concealed by the Jews soon after His crucifixion, and where it was discovered through the efforts of that valiant woman about the year 327. This oratory, once a small but handsome church, erected by the pious empress whose name it bears, was, in fact, the nucleus of the grand temple afterwards raised by her imperial son, and which in the course of ages came to be called indifferently "the Basilica of Constantine, of St. Helen of the Resurrection and of the Holy Sepulchre"—the last being the title by which it is most commonly known in our day. I may add in explanation of the underground character of the oratory I have just spoken of, that its superior walls were destroyed, in common with those of three companion chapels covering other shrines within the area of the great basilica, when the latter itself fell beneath the ruthless assault of the Persians under the leadership of their King, Chosroes II. Fifteen years after this deplorable event, Providence marvellously ordained that the wife of the royal leader of these "vandals," herself a Christian should restore these four minor edifices, which she did under the direction of the Monk Modestus, later bishop of Jerusalem; but they were again razed to the ground in 1010 by the Caliph Hhakem, fit-

tingly surnamed the "Nero of Egypt." Other restorations followed from time to time,—the one relating to the oratory in question now consisting of a well-lighted dome rising from that portion of its ruined walls which extends into the courtyard of the present basilica, and whose elevation corresponds to the level of the ground surface. But, hastening back to the great church of the Holy Sepulchre, I may say that it is a little city in itself; for representatives of no less than five different people dwell, by night as well as by day, within its precincts. Thus, just inside the portals are the apartments occupied by the Ottoman military guard, of which I will remark that those of its members who are temporarily off duty lounge on comfortable divans in full view of visitors, smoking their "chibouks" or "nargillies," and sipping the traditional "Turkish coffee," chatting meanwhile with the perfect unconcern which is a second nature to the Asiatic. Think of this profanation amid surroundings so holy! Next, the Franciscan religious who serve the few sanctuaries still left to them within the basilica by the gradually increasing usurpations of their schismatic rivals, have their dormitory, library, kitchen, refectory and guestroom in another portion of the building. Finally, there are the Greek, the Syrian, Armenian, Coptic and Abyssinian clergy not in communion with the Holy See, all of whom have separate little households under its roof.

But this hurried sketch of the great basilica must suffice, and in my next letter I shall pass to the description of those incomparably sacred shrines, namely Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, which have made it the center of Christian love and devotion throughout the world.

(To be continued.)

Summary and General Declaration
— OF THE —
RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER
— OF THE —

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

CHAPTER XI.

Of Abstinence and Fasting.

Besides the abstinences and fasts instituted and commanded by the Church, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters have to abstain from flesh meats on all Wednesdays in the year, except when Christmas falls on that day. But as most of the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters are not their own masters and have to be subject to their families, not to give any occasion for contention, they can get these abstinences commuted into other pious works by their confessor or director.

They must fast through the whole of Advent or at least during the Novena before Christmas, on all Fridays in the year (excepting Friday in Easter week and if Christmas falls on a Friday); and on all Wednesdays and Saturdays from the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, in September, until Easter Sunday. They must, moreover, fast on all the Vigils of the principal feasts of the Blessed Virgin, including the feast of Mt. Carmel, the Vigils of Corpus Christi and of St. Elias, our first father; lastly, on the Rogation days, that is, on the day of St. Mark, the Evangelist, and on the three days before Ascension Thursday.

The Tertiary Brothers and Sisters, however, being usually compelled to live with other people and hence hindered in the observance of the fasts above mentioned, are like-

ly to find strict obedience to this requirement very difficult; therefore the Director, at the conferences preceding such fasts, may dispense them, assigning in compensation certain prayers, at his pleasure. Their respective confessors have also similar authority. The Tertiaries need not grieve if they should find themselves prevented from compliance with the rule in this matter, since they acquire the merit of obedience to their Father Director or confessor.

CHAPTER XII.

Of Silence, and of the Good Use of Time.

Granting that it is not an easy thing for those living in the midst of the world to observe silence during certain fixed hours, as it is practised in religious Orders, yet the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters should endeavor to keep silence from the time of examining their consciences at night until they have said their prayers on the following morning; or at least they should make an intention of observing it during the hour of Mass and of their Office, as it was said in the tenth chapter. During the other time they should accustom themselves to speak very little. The Holy Ghost admonishes us: "In the multitude of words sin shall not be wanting." Proverbs X., 19. It is, however, not much talking, as St. Austin

explains, when one says what needs to be said, though it require many words. The Holy Ghost advises us moreover that "he who hath no guard over his speech shall meet with evils." Psalm XIII., 3; and, in another place, "He that uses many words hurts his own soul." Eccl. XV., 8; and Jesus Christ in the Gospel, "Of every idle word that men shall speak, of the same they shall render an account on the day of judgment." Matt. XII., 36.

It is therefore well always to speak little and to speak only when urbanity or duty requires it; but even then we must always well consider what we wish to say. A celebrated author says, "He that is a friend of silence shall never regret to have kept it; for, as the mouth is the door of the soul, it should never be opened except reason requiring it, and then with circumspection and great guard, otherwise death shall enter through it."

It behooves that Christians, and, much more, persons aiming at perfection like the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters, should frequently speak of God and His perfections, but with much respect and reverence. Speaking about our neighbor, we must have at heart his honor and excuse his faults. It is yet more becoming that all should guard themselves against immodest and indecent conversations and refrain from speaking in church, especially during Divine Office and in sight of other persons; for besides the want of respect due to the Church, many scandals and bad examples are hereby given. Finally, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters are admonished to have constantly before their minds the advice of St. Francis de Sales: "Speak little and well, little and sweetly, little and simply, little and charitably, little and humbly."

It being, therefore, very profitable and in a certainwise necessary to be cautious in speaking, it is not less advantageous and necessary to make good use of time. Hence the

rule enjoins on those professing the same to occupy themselves in some honest work or labor, so that the common enemy, finding them always at their work, may not by the way of idleness tempt them and take possession of their souls. Any work is honest, if done in order to provide for your own necessities, to aid your neighbor, or to promote piety and religion. It is not honest if it serves only as an incitement to vanity and irregular passions.

CHAPTER XIII.

Of Peace and Concord.

As the mutual love towards one another is the characteristic mark of Christians, Jesus Christ Himself declaring so, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters, professing to observe more exactly not only the Divine Precepts, but also the Counsels, should appreciate brotherly love very highly between themselves and their own domestics, as well as with all men, imitating in this the first Christians. Hence, in the first place, they should exercise their virtue by bearing with one another's faults; as the Apostle admonishes "Bear ye one another's burden and you shall fulfil the law of Christ." Gal. VI., 2. Therefore, if at any time we offend against charity, he who has been the first to give offence should without delay satisfy the offended person; and the other, on his part, must accept the reparation. In the second place they must be disposed and firmly purpose to pardon the injuries received from others, and love their enemies with their whole hearts, as the Lord himself commands. They must beware not to relate to any person what has been done or said against him in his absence, saying, for instance, "This or that person has said such a thing against you, or, he has done such a thing against you," for we know that "God hates and detests him who sows discord between brothers." Prov. VI., 19. They must also beware of

entertaining bad thoughts against anyone, for as St. Francis de Sales says: "An action can have a hundred different sides, and the charitable will always consider the fairest side." They shall finally seek to maintain and foster peace in their families, so that the God of peace may dwell amongst them.

Anyone aware of any dissension existing between persons of the Third Order should as soon as possible inform the Superior or Director, that he by his prudence and wisdom may re-establish peace and harmony.

CHAPTER XIV.

Of the Conferences and Meetings.

At least once a month, on a feast day appointed by the Father Director, all the Tertiary Brothers shall meet in the church or chapel selected for that purpose, to assist in a body at the holy sacrifice of the Mass and to receive Holy Communion; and then a short sermon shall be preached by the Father Director concerning their obligations. If these meetings cannot be held in the morning then they shall take place at another hour of the day, according to regulation; and it would be very praiseworthy if it could be made convenient to recite or chant the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, especially on her feasts.

The Tertiary Sisters shall also meet in a separate chapel or in the one destined for the brothers, but on another day or hour.

In these meetings, before the moral sermon they shall say some prayers, which are given in another portion of this Manual, being prescribed for such occasions; some penance will be assigned for faults committed; some virtue to be practised; some Saint selected for a special Patron and a particular topic of prayer proposed.

In these meetings the names of the departed brothers and sisters shall

be announced so that the suffrages for their souls may be offered up; and the particular fasts of the Order shall be brought to mind that they may be commuted into other practices of piety.

Lastly, as our Third Order has no income, each one at these meetings shall give some voluntary alms or offering, as their own devotion may suggest and their means permit; which offering shall be entered accurately in a book, which the Director shall keep. The offerings shall be used for the purchase of wax torches and candles, for the support of the sick and indigent brothers or sisters, and for necessary expenses. From these offerings must also be taken alms for the nine masses to be said during the year for the so-called Ternary suffrages and also for another mass to be celebrated in November for all the departed brothers and sisters.

On the solemn feast-days, to wit, Easter Sunday, Christmas, and the solemn Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, or on the days following, the general Absolution is usually given to the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters; and twice in the year the Papal Benediction is likewise given, as described in its proper place in this manual. Therefore, the Father Director will take care to notify the brothers or the sisters in the preceding meeting, and that they may receive the holy sacraments on these days, they shall engage to be present to receive the just-mentioned Absolution or Benediction and fulfil any penance that may be imposed on them.

Wherever that pious custom obtains, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters shall join, with lighted tapers, in the procession which is made with the image or relic of the Blessed Virgin, on the third Sunday of each month, by the Religious of the First Order. They should know that, besides other spiritual advantages, Paul V. has attached thereto a Plenary Indulgence.

CHAPTER XV.

Of the Government of the Confraternity and of its Various Offices.

Although those persons for whom this rule is intended do not live in community nor are, strictly speaking, Religious, yet their mode of living was called an Order by the Sovereign Pontiff, inasmuch as it is ordered by certain rules in imitation of the religious life. Now in order that these rules be observed and that no abuses or disorders be introduced, the rule enjoins that a religious priest be appointed as a Director of the Confraternity, by the provincial or prior of the convent, if they themselves will not attend to that office. If a secular priest be delegated to receive persons into the Third Order, at the same time he is appointed director of the persons he receives and is bound to exercise his office in the manner explained below.

If there be a great number of brothers and sisters, the director shall afterwards by secret votes elect, in a particular meeting, three or four assistants, calling them Discerners or Discreets, and these shall continue in office three years.

If the number of the brothers and sisters be so large that the director is not sufficient for the regular government, then, with the previous consent of the provincial and upon the advice of the Discerners, he shall appoint one brother as superior over the others, with the title of Subprior, and one of the sisters, who shall be called Prioress; and both shall hold office for three years.

He shall, moreover, appoint another one among the sisters, having obtained beforehand the consent of the Prioress and of the Discerners, who shall be called Subprioress and who shall be ordinarily mistress of the novices.

SECTION I.

Of the Office of the Director.

The office of the Director shall be to receive the brothers and sisters into the Third Order, having first obtained the consent of the Superior; to watch over all and each in particular so that they live virtuously; to preside over the meetings; to hold once a month the conference and the spiritual exhortations; to encourage the brothers and sisters to the practice of virtue and works of mercy; to visit all those who are sick; to comfort the afflicted, to correct the faults and to dispense sometimes with the Rule if there be just motives.

The Director, moreover, is exhorted to be circumspect in receiving persons to the Third Order, and in admitting the novices of the brothers and sisters to the profession. He shall therefore use all possible endeavors to try their spirit and vocation, and he shall in this have no other end than the greater glory of God and the progress of souls in virtue.

He shall not be wanting in holding the monthly meetings or conferences and the spiritual exhortations, or he should procure another in his place capable of doing this. And if sometimes this exhortation cannot conveniently be given, he should at least read from some spiritual book or from some chapter of this Rule, explaining the same more extensively and inculcating the practice thereof.

He shall not be too credulous regarding rumors coming to his ears, or concerning reports which may be made to him about the faults of some brother or sister; but he shall prudently inform himself and inquire if things are really as represented.

When he must correct the faults already publicly known, he must try to temper the severity of the correction with charity and prudence; neither shall he enjoin too

grievous penances, which rather aggravate the wound than heal it.

SECTION II.

Of the Office of Discerner.

It is the duty of the Brother and Sister Discerners to advise the director if they see anything to be arranged in regard to the welfare of the whole respective community or of any one of its members. In the deliberations they shall modestly give their opinions. They shall abstain from all offensive words and contentions, neither shall they be obstinate in their opinions—other-

wise the director shall impose silence upon them.

They shall keep secret whatever is said or done in the council, much more so if there be danger that fraternal charity be violated.

When it happens that the Third Order is established in any place, the first who make their profession shall exercise this office of Brother or Sister Discerner until the director shall judge it expedient to appoint some by way of election, as it was said above. Those who hold that office shall always take the precedence before others in their meetings.

(To be continued.)

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

First Friday—June, 1901—B. MARGARET MARY.

Sweet month of June! Its glowing days are illumined with the radiance of Jesus' Sacred Heart, and before its fairest flowers are breathing their fragrance before Him, and the feast of that dear Heart "reminds us of the love with which He burns for us, and with which He would have us burn for Him." Love therefore, shall be our absorbing desire this month; and sure Blessed Margaret Mary will be a guide to the Sanctuary, and an intercessor with its Divine Inmate. She is the "beloved disciple" of that Heart, the confidant of its secrets, the "pearl of great price" which this heavenly merchant came to seek and to enclose in the casket of His Heart.

We are familiar with the solicitations, promises, complaints, made to this Blessed One, and they echo in our hearts, calling forth varied acts of loving reparation. Let us remember this month, the seven ways in which Holy Church honors Jesus in the Adorable Sacrament. First, by the Mass in which we have

the victim of infinite worth. Then, in desert, pathless, barren land we have the Manna of Holy Communion, containing spiritual sweetness in its very source. We come into His royal presence at Exposition to offer our solemn homage, and Benediction steals over our spirits like refreshing dew. We read of the favored disciples of Emaus, and whisper their prayer, "Stay with us, Lord!" and have we not the abiding presence of this Prisoner of Love? We follow His triumphal procession, and hear the strains of that Angelic doctor whose songs are of celestial beauty. Lastly when shades of death gather round us, He comes as Viaticum to guide us through the darksome valley to the land of light. O Sacred Heart! grant us, then, what we have so often asked in Holy Communion.

"At the hour of death call me
Command me to come to thee
That with thy saints I may praise
thee
For ever and ever. Amen."

Notes on Books and Other Things.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

We regret very much that we cannot print in full the magnificent sermon delivered by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia on the occasion of the investiture of Cardinal Martinelli with the insignia of the cardinalate. One extract from His Grace's remarks deserves to be written in letters of gold. Speaking of the enemies of the Religious Orders the great prelate said :

"The religious orders, to one of the oldest of which Cardinal Martinelli belongs, have always been most dear to the heart of the church. She legislates wisely for their internal government and their relations with bishops and the secular clergy and defends them when attacked by the enemies of religion. The present attitude of Leo XIII. in their defense in France is the historic attitude of the Roman Pontiffs. To many non-Catholics it must appear a puzzle and a scandal that educated Catholics should exhibit so deadly a hostility to them as to legislate their destruction. But such non-Catholics should bear in mind that this hostility is not so much against the religious orders as it is against religion itself. They hate the orders with the hatred that Christ prophesied the world would hate His followers. Some of these enemies profess comparative friendship for the secular clergy, but we, bishops and priests, resent the insult of such a friendship, and shall stand shoulder to shoulder with the brave army of the cross (the religious orders) who fight the battles of Jesus Christ. These soldiers are dear to us, and they to Him, and with them we stand or fall ! This comparative friendship towards us is hypocrisy, and we well know that when they should have destroyed the orders

they would at once fall on us, as their fathers did on the secular clergy in the French Revolution. We should also bear in mind the most of the present persecutors of the church are men who did not receive Catholic training and are members of secret orders condemned by the church."

* * *

AVE CARDINALIS !

The following beautiful acrostic, by the Rev. George Meyer of Bayonne, N.J., formerly of Erie diocese, was laid at the plate of each guest at the dinner which followed the investiture of Cardinal Martinelli at Baltimore on May 8th :

*"Ad multos annos !" gratulor,
Vel centies si dixerim
Et tamen non exprimerem
Consensum cleri gaudium.*

*Ab omni parte patriae
Respondet vox laetitiae
De magnis Tuis meritis
In Urbe Aeterna cognitis.*

*Nam multo nobis proficis
"Alter Ego Pontificis"
Laborans cum justitia
In pacem, pro Ecclesia*

*"Sauviter in modo" Tu !
Manebas sine strepitu,
Auriga cum elementia
Regebas in America.*

*Te nunc Biretta induit,
Integritatem potuit
Non magis vitae agnoscere
Et gratiam Papa ostendere.*

*Laudemus ergo maximum
Leonem, Papam optimum
"In coelis lumen" splendidum,
Ab Urbe et Orbe cognitum ;
Vel saltem in America
Est fides Illi maxima.*

* * *

CARMEL'S NEW SAINTS.

The Catholic weekly papers have given their readers columns and more descriptive of the gorgeous and inspiring ceremonies which took place at our different convents in honor of the two new Carmelite Saints, Denis and Redemptus. We may be pardoned if we quote the words delivered at the Boston Carmel by one of our fathers, Very Reverend Ambrose F. Bruder, O.C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Convent, Pittsburg, Pa. Our esteemed and eloquent confrere said in part:—"The striking figure of Elias, the prophet, who with lightning suddenness appeared before King Achab to upbraid him for his want of fidelity to the true God, and to charge him to walk in the ways of the Lord, is a type of the mission of the Catholic Church. She, like Elias, looks back on the Patriarchal and Jewish dispensations forward to the future in which it is her mission to lead us to eternal life. He then traced the mission of the Church through the ages, she lived through the persecution of her martyrs, when for centuries the sword of the tyrant never returned to its scabbard through ages of heresy that sprang from her own bosom seeking to kill her, through the ages of the scoffer, and now when the scientist attacks her she is calm and unmoved. She is the friend of true science, and ever accepts facts for truth is but one, and the truths of science can never be opposed to the truths of revelation, but when so-called scientific theories are placed before her, she ever suspends her judgment until their truth or falsehood has been definitely ascertained. How does she guarantee to fulfil for the future as in the past, her mission of leading men to God, the answer is given in the solemn festivities about to be closed. God is wonderful in His saints. The ancient Order of Carmel has given her proportion of saints. Blessed Denis and Redemp-

tus have been added to these glorious cohorts. "And Thou, O Holy Spirit of God, proceeding from the Father and the Son, Thou the seal of the Christian, the pledge of eternal life, give us that spirit of faith by which amid the surging waves of this world of error and sin our hearts may rest firm in the divine truth Thou teachest through the Church."

* * *

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart tells us that Italy is preparing to solemnly consecrate her children to the child-loving Heart of Jesus. The ceremony, so significant, so fruitful of enduring impressions and graces for the little ones, will take place in the Holy House of Loretto. This idea of consecrating the children is likely to be taken up widely over the Church.

* * *

Honesty after all does not seem the best policy when one applies the saying to Catholic publishers. Witness the fact of our friend Mr. Philip A. Kemper, a man who did so much to give us the best and cheapest in the line of Catholic pictures. He has been stoned to death by the Jews—at least as far as the gold and greed of this world is concerned. However, he has by his great sacrifices laid up treasures for himself in heaven which neither no Jew nor Gentile can steal from him.

* * *

It would be out of place to pass by the fact that recently the good Jesuit Fathers of St. Canisius College and St. Michael's Church, Buffalo, have celebrated their golden jubilee. It is an event of more importance than any exhibition of maternal progress proclaimed by the twin American continents. It means a half century of spiritual and intellectual progress. We are happy to say that many of the Jesuit Fathers—most of whom

have gone to a well-earned reward—who lived in the past half century, crossed the Niagara into the Canadian Dominion, and their name is held in benediction, especially by the pious people of New Germany, who have not forgotten the fatherly advice of the good sons of Loyola in whose sacerdotal footsteps the writer feels honored and unworthy to follow.

* * *

The Garnett (Kansas) Journal gives us something readable and interesting in an "Historical Sketch of the Anderson County Catholic Churches." There is much told therein of the pioneer Carmelites who did so much and suffered so much to spread Christianity, piety and religion in the prairie state consecrated by the great Jesuit Bishop Miege and his energetic coadjutor, our Carmelite confrere Father Albert Heimann, the priest who baptized Father Thomas Sherman (son of the famous General), who saw stormy times during the famous John Brown raid in the fifties, who founded our Carmel at Niagara and finally went to a well-earned reward at New Baltimore, Pennsylvania.

* * *

"A Series of Ten Sermons for a Jubilee Retreat" has the matter for a mission in a nutshell all ready digested for our people who are eager to gain all the spiritual favors embraced in the extended Jubilee. This course of sermons comes from the pen of the busy, earnest, eloquent, zealous, and learned Augustinian Father, the Reverend Francis X. McGowan of St. Patrick's, Cambridge, N.Y. F. Pustet of New York will supply the book, which is marked down to the nominal price of fifty cents.

* * *

Church bulletins now-a-days are all the go. One of the latest in the field is that of the Carmelite Fathers of 28th Street Priory, New York. It is a good reminder to

parishioners of weak memories. These calendars would be better still in various ways if there was an eviction therefrom of objectionable advertisements, particularly of wholesale and retail liquor dealers. Religion does not need the support of the gentlemen who preside over the destinies of distilleries.

* * *

The Sunday School is the most important adjunct of the church, and it behooves us to attach proper attention to the same. Some practical ideas and the experience of authorized and accomplished teachers will be put before the conference to be held soon in Detroit. For further information write for a copy of the Sunday Companion, 47 Barclay Street, New York.

* * *

In this issue of the Carmelite Review we print as a frontispiece a copy of the famous "Last Supper" by De Vinci, the master painter and sculptor of the fifteenth century. His masterpiece is painted on the walls of the refectory of the Dominicans in Florence. Our reason for calling attention to this famous work is not only that in this month we commemorate Corpus Christi, but also and principally because in our large refectory at the Niagara Hospice this summer we hope to have in place an exact reproduction in wood-sculpture of the famous group. As a key to the picture we wish to point out that in the centre is Christ. On the right (in order from Christ) there are:—John, Judas, Peter, Bartholomew, James the Greater, and on the right end standing is Philip. On the left: Thomas, Thaddeus, Simon, Matthias, James the Less, and Andrew at the end standing.

* * *

The Fair in aid of the Church of Our Lady of the Scapular in New York City was started last month. This great annual fair was opened by the comptroller of New York, the Hon. Mr. Coler. Mr. Morley,

president of the St. Vincent de Paul societies, was one of the first-night speakers. He was introduced by Rev. Father Southwell, Prior of the Carmelite Fathers in New York, and spoke of the great work effected by the Fathers since the parish was organized, twelve years ago. He dwelt especially on their work amongst the sick and poor in Bellevue Hospital, where the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society have had constant opportunities of witnessing the zeal and the great spiritual advantages afforded thereby to the poor of the city by the American Carmelites.

* * *

The Very Rev. Father Luigi Malfatti, who has lived for many years in the Island of Malta, has been elected Procurator General of the Calced Carmelites in Rome.

* * *

His Excellency Mgr. Falconio, the Papal delegate to Canada, gives the Catholic Record, of London, Ont., a hearty endorsement. Writing to the editor, Thomas Coffey, Esq., he says: "For some time past I have read your estimable paper, The Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful."

* * *

PIOUS CRANKS.

A topic lately discussed is "Are Religious and Pious People Cranky?" There are many opinions pro and con. We accept the comments of a worthy Jesuit, Father Merrick. He says:—

"If I meet an agnostic friend, most probably he will say, 'How are you, Father M.? Do come and take dinner with me. I have some old port wine I wish you to taste.' If I meet a very devout friend, the first thing he will say, probably, will be to complain of the weather

or to inquire why the sacristan lit only five candles at the eight o'clock Mass instead of six. I unreservedly throw all the blame on the devil. I believe the pious people are naturally just as good fellows as the infidels, but the devil won't let them alone. Take a novice, for example. I remember seeing a novice, when I was one myself, passing a broom seven times over the same corner of a room, with his eyes quite shut. What was the sense of that? Decidedly our guardian angels are not going to suggest to us to be silly or cantankerous. Who does it, then? If not nature or our guardian angels, it must be the Old Boy. I hold for a principle that, if the above named individual would only leave pious people in peace, life would be a great deal more pleasant for all of us. I cannot admit that, as a class devout, God-fearing persons, God-loving persons are naturally disagreeable, unnatural, etc. Therefore, let us blame the devil for it all. There will be no great harm done even if we are mistaken."

* * *

Replying to a query, "Do we charge for putting poetry in the Messenger?" As a general rule, we don't, though we feel we should, in some cases. In others, we would willingly pay our poets—could we afford it—to keep their lucubrations away, says the esteemed Father who wields the pen for this excellent Canadian publication of the Jesuits. The Carmelite Review has received its quota of May musings and June blushing roses and the editor promises to pray for his persecutors.

* * *

There are only about 25,000 Freemasons in France, and they have succeeded in electing 400 Deputies and Senators. Every 60 Freemasons have one representative in the French Parliament, while people outside the lodges have only one representative for every 18,000. This

is an object lesson in organization given by the enemy, says the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

* * *

The Commonwealth, of Ottawa, Ont., sounds a note of warning to Canadians when it says :

A matter which is fast becoming a real evil to our national life, but which the press of this country has hitherto regarded with surprising unconcern, is the wide-spread circulation in Canada of the trashy American "weeklies" and Saturday editions of the "yellow journals." On every railway train and at every bookstall we find this poisonous literature, with its vile and hideously inartistic illustrations, displayed for sale at prices judiciously graded to suit the purses of the needy seekers after mental entertainment. If this sort of thing is to continue unchallenged and unchecked, who can forecast the harm that will be done to the character and culture of the rising generation of Canadians ? For, as we know, it is the young, not the middle-aged or old, who are the chief devourers of this pernicious stuff.

* * *

On May 22nd last, the Feast of Saint Julia, Virgin and Martyr, Right Reverend J. Farrelly, of Belleville, Ontario, the esteemed, big-hearted priest of God and ideal Christian gentleman who has given glory to the purple — the Vicar-General of the arch-diocese of Kingston, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination to the sublime dignity of the priesthood. Urgent calls elsewhere and unavoidable engagements prevented our being present at the joyous jubilee celebration. We were there in spirit and on the day offered fervent mementoes for the amiable monsignor.

* * *

NIAGARA HISTORY.

The venerable and erudite Dean Harris, of St. Catharines, Ont., had, we thought, exhausted in his

comprehensive works all the historic lore of Niagara. Nevertheless the unenlightened are sure to bob up unexpectedly and explanations are again in order.

A reader asks to be furnished with the earliest reference in Canadian history to the Falls of Niagara. Relying on the authority of a scribe in "The Commonwealth," of Ottawa, Canada, we beg to say :

Cartier heard of them in Hochelaga faintly, like the tremble of a far-off wonder of Nature's devising, the Indians telling him, as he looked on the Lachine Rapids from Mount Royal, that there were three such obstructions in the great river after passing which they could travel for three moons before encountering any other. Champlain located them on his map in 1632, doubtless having heard of them from the Indians, during his journey of 1615, and subsequently. Lalement in his "Relations" of 1641 describes the river as the Onguiaaheio, but makes no mention of the Falls. Rague-neau (1648) describes the Falls as of frightful height, but gives no name to them. Sanson on his map (1656) gives the name as Ongiara Sault. Gendron gives a brief notice of them in 1659. They are indicated on the map of Galinee, 1670. Hennepin, who saw them in the winter of 1677-8, describes the falls and names them Niagara (La Nouvelle decouverte, 1683). Hennepin's is the first description of them. In the 1697 edition he gives the earliest pictorial representation of them. Coronelli (1688) refers to them as Niagara Falls. The original Indian word is understood to mean "thunder of water." It is probably of Iroquois origin, (the neutral nation whose domains stretched across the Niagara river being of kin to the Iroquois Indians,) and as Parkman says was written by the Mohawks "Nyagarah." The Otchipive Indians called the falls Waianag-Kakabikawang — "the falls where there is a whirlpool." We have a survival of this

name in Kakabika Falls, west of Lake Superior.

* * *

Rev. Dr. Luke Grace, C.M., of Niagara University, N.Y., is right worthily wielding the pen in the sanctum of the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, these days in the absence of Dr. Cronin. Recently he brought into bold relief a trite truism by way of comment by saying: "A Protestant minister in Baltimore, a Dr. Harcourt, advised a class of young doctors to let no clergyman in to see their patients in critical cases. This advice may do for ministers, for they are of little or no use to the sick. But Catholics want their priests to give them the last Sacraments when they are about to die. And they will allow no doctors to stand in the way." Not even Dr. Mephistophles.

* * *

Recently religious reformers, reckless and regardless of recalcitrants who sit under their pulpits at the Canadian end of the Niagara bridges, have held up the Sunday papers from Gotham, up till now eagerly read in His Majesty's domains. Is it any loss? Perhaps not, for of Sunday newspapers a versifier lately sang that the whole ten cents' worth of paper is but:

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,
Twenty-two pages of rot;
Forty-six pages of scandal vile,
Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—
Death, disease and despair;
Lies and fakes and fakes and lies
Sandwiched in everywhere.

Thirty-four sad comic pages,
Printed in reds, greens and blues,
Thousands of items we don't care
to read—
But only two columns of news.

* * *

"Two lewd women were publicly flogged in a southern city recently"

says the Western Watchman, "yet the same city less than a year before had listened to Margaret Shepherd. These people should be more consistent." "A slight inconsistency," says our brilliant contemporary The Sacred Heart Review in writing the pithy headline to this little paragraph.

* * *

"That we honor, venerate, reverence and love her as incomparably the worthiest, most perfect and most powerful of all created beings is quite true," says Father Hudson, speaking of the honor we Catholics pay to the Mother of God, "but we never forget that she is a creature; never, even in our most enthusiastic outbursts of grateful love, place her on the same plane with the Eternal Father, the Holy Spirit, or even her own Son, the Uncreated Word. And, as occasion offers, every Catholic should impress this fact upon his non-Catholic neighbor."

* * *

With pleasure we learn that the Very Reverend A. A. Lambing, LL.D., rector of St. James' Church, Wilkesburg, Penn., has been made honorary curator of the historical collections of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, Penn. The esteemed reverend Doctor, whose name is made famous by pulpit, pen, and lecture platform, deserves all these honors. Father Lambing, student, scholar, author, worthy priest, zealous pastor and unassuming Christian gentleman, is deserving of the praises of a thousand friends far beyond the confines of Wilkesburg.

* * *

A GREAT LOSS.

"On the first of this month the Weekly Bouquet, of Boston, suspends publication. Cause—lack of support." In these terse sentences, in which Mr. Henry Coyle notifies us of the suspension of his paper, is summed up the close of too many pathetic chapters in Catholic jour-

nalism. "If some one could only as briefly set down the cause of the lack of support," says the Catholic Universe. "Some of our exchanges, we admit, deserve to die, but the Weekly Bouquet is not one of them. It is a bright, wholesome little paper, one of the very best Catholic publications for young people, and Mr. Coyle has constantly tried to give his readers originality and variety in its contents. On this account, its failure is the more difficult to understand. The field is too much divided, it is true, but it is a somewhat ironical condition that the deserving should be crowded out by the multiplication of the undeserving."

* * *

SOME DEFINITIONS.

"None of the definitions which the non-Catholic dictionaries give of 'religious' quite satisfies the current Catholic usage," says the Northwest Review. "They all speak of 'monastic' vows, and thus imply that every religious is a monk; but though the converse holds and every monk is a religious, the latter term has a far wider extension than the former. All those persons of both sexes who take the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience are 'religious'; so that the correct and sufficient definition of the noun 'religious' is 'one who has vowed poverty, chastity and obedience.' Those who are more sequestered from the world, as Benedictines, Trappists and Carthusians, are monks; those who combine parochial duties with the chanting of the divine office are Canons Regular; the Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and Minors are friars; the Jesuits, Theatines and Oblates are regular clerks; but all, whether monks or friars or canons regular or regular clerks, are religious. On the other hand, the mere fact of being, as the International Dictionary phrases it, 'devoted to a life of piety and religion' does not make one a religious.

Thus, the Oratorians, Sulpicians, and Paulists are certainly most 'devoted to a life of piety and religion,' and yet they are not technically 'religious,' because they do not take the three substantial vows. Conversely, sequestration from secular concerns is not essential to the religious state: several popes, like Gregory VII., remained 'religious' till their death, although they were necessarily immersed in secular concerns."

* * *

"The Literary Digest" wants to know whether New York will be Roman Catholic in fifty years. The Monitor of San Francisco takes pleasure in furnishing the answer to the question. "It will," says the editor. "So far as it is religious and Christian at all, New York at the present time is Roman Catholic. The same thing is true of San Francisco and of Chicago and Boston and of every great city in the United States. Those who have any doubts on the subject are invited to consult the reports of the United States census."

* * *

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT!

Talking of the necessity of turning on the lights in our public schools, listen to this written by a correspondent to the Sacred Heart Review (by the way an ideal Catholic family paper):—

"I write you this to tell you how children are taught in some of our public schools. My daughter, eleven years old, asked me this evening who would be the next Pope after Leo XIII. I told her that I did not know, as the Pope's successor would be elected by the Cardinals of the Church. That question came up in her school today. The teacher informed her pupils that the Pope's successor would be his son — 'the same as the kings.' I thought this was the worst I ever heard, especially coming from an educated woman—a young lady public school teacher of Cambridge. E. F. S."

This is but one instance of the broad and liberal knowledge of the teachers in our public schools. It is this very propaganda of ignorance or falsehood which Catholics object to so strenuously. It matters not that for this objection they are blamed quite as strenuously.

* * *

A TRUE CONCEPTION OF SUNDAY.

"Our religiously-minded non-Catholic friends," says the Ottawa Union, "are occasionally heard to complain of the manner in which Catholics—or a large part, at least, of the Catholic body—spend Sunday. It must be admitted that there is some ground for the complaint, that many Catholics are in this respect grossly negligent of their duty. The Catholic who fancies that having heard Mass he is free to devote the remainder of the day to amusement and pleasure has a very low conception of his duty. We would not make of the Sunday a day whereon people should wear long faces, and look severe, and deem it a capital offence against high heaven to smile. Between the Calvinistic Sabbath, black, dismal and gloomy, and the Christian one, redolent of the religious joys of Easter and of Pentecost, there is a wide difference. Any movement in the community which, directly or indirectly, tends to bring about a better observance of the Sunday, or to stamp out the profanation of the day, merits the support of every Catholic." The Sunday is a day for divine worship, rest and innocent recreation.

* * *

MARY NOT DIVINE.

Dr. Hillis, who is trying to fill the late Mr. Beecher's pulpit in Brooklyn, recently commended the Catholic Church for lifting to a high place of worship Mary, the Mother of Jesus Christ. He said: "No church has so perfectly recognized and understood

this as the Catholic Church. It has placed her by the side of Christ Himself, and so worshiped her, though in this it may have made overstatement of her divinity. In divinity and intellectuality, however, she represents one of the supreme things in all history. She is the apotheosis of the noblest womanhood."

"Dr. Hillis may have intended to be complimentary to Catholics in his sermon, but he was far from it," says the Cleveland Catholic Universe. "Catholics are not idolators, hence they do not place the Blessed Virgin by the side of Christ Himself, or worship her as divine. She is human, and is a mere creature, and hence is infinitely distant from Christ as God. We honor Our Blessed Lady as the Mother of Christ, the purest of creatures and the Queen of Heaven, but she is a creature. Dr. Hillis ought at least to look at a Catholic catechism before he attempts to speak on Catholic doctrines."

* * *

The Annals of St. Joseph, founded by our saintly friend, now deceased, Father Durin, asks a union of prayer for the affiliation to St. Joseph's Archconfraternity of all churches of North America, which are dedicated to St. Joseph, that they may work together for the glorification of their Patron. For the success of the above intentions, the clients of St. Joseph are earnestly requested to say the following prayer: Remember, O most pure Spouse of the Blessed Virgin Mary, my sweet protector St. Joseph, that no one ever had recourse to thy protection or implored thy aid without obtaining relief. Confiding therefore in thy goodness, I come before thee and humbly supplicate thee. Oh, despise not my petitions, foster father of the Redeemer, but graciously receive them. Amen. (300 days indulgence once a day for reciting this prayer is granted by Pope Pius IX.)

The news of the death of Father Joseph Le Halle, S.J., which occurred at St. Canisius' College, Buffalo, on Saturday, May 11, will be received with deep regret by his many friends throughout America. The deceased was fifty-six years of age, having been born in Prussia, January 31, 1845. He made his studies in the famous Jesuit College of Maria Laach, Germany, and Dutton Hall, near Liverpool, England. He was ordained for the Jesuits by Bishop O'Reilly, at Liverpool, August 9, 1877. The next year he went to East India and worked zealously on the missions there until 1886. Then he came to America, and spent three years teaching in Buffalo.

* * *

We learn that a relic of the true cross is now in the possession of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. It is the gift of the alumni who are studying for the priesthood in Rome. It is very small and is enclosed in a large crucifix. The relic was brought to this country by Count Colacicchi, the bearer of the red biretta to Cardinal Martinelli. We hope this month to have the pleasure of entertaining the illustrious Count who has graciously signified his intention to accept the hospitality of the Carmelites at Niagara Falls.

* * *

No Catholic in the land, no matter how limited his worldly means, can refuse to send his mite to his Catholic brethren in Jacksonville, Florida, who lost everything during the late disastrous fire. Contributions should be sent to Very Rev. Vicar-General W. J. Kenny.

* * *

Several persons have asked the opinion of the reverend editor of the *Annals* of St. Joseph in regard to a so-called "prayer," which is recommended as being infallible in obtaining whatever we may request. The following sentence, which is found at the end of the

quasi prayer, gives sufficient proof that it is nothing less than a bogus prayer or joke; it says: "Repeat the above prayer once a day, for 9 days make 24 copies, send one of each to 24 friends and ask St. Joseph for any favor, and it will be granted." It is a superstitious prayer. Put it in the fire.

* * *

ANOTHER ST. JOHN NEPOMUCENE.

One of those awful mistakes of human justice found a sad illustration recently in France. The Rev. Father Bruneau, parish priest of Laval, France, was executed in July, 1894, for the murder of his curate. The trial produced a world-wide sensation at the time, and though the evidence was entirely circumstantial, the guilt of the accused priest was considered amply proven. No motive was adduced for the deed, but it was alleged that the relations between the pastor and the curate were not quite harmonious. The dead priest's body was found in the parish priest's well. The anti-Catholic papers of France fairly howled with delight at the death-sentence that was passed on the sacerdotal reprobate, as he was called. Now, one of his serving-women has just died after having made the public declaration that she and an accomplice committed the murder and then went to confession to the parish priest in order to put it beyond his power to speak on the matter. No martyr's crown will be brighter nor hermit's throne more glorious than that of Father Bruneau, murdered by the faulty ways of human justice, but justified and guiltless in the eyes of Him with whom final judgment rests.

* * *

According to the New York *Free-men's Journal*, the noted Presbyterian clergyman, Dr. Watson (better known by his pen name, "Ian MacLaren"), said to an American interviewer a few years ago, that

among the admirable qualities of the Irish people "is that moral purity which is one of the glories of the Catholic Church in Ireland." And the "Times" of November 16, 1872, reports that virulent enemy of Irish Catholics, James Anthony Froude, as having said in the course of his fifth lecture in New York: "In the last hundred years, at least, impurity has been almost unknown in Ireland. This absence of vulgar crime and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character were due to their everlasting honor, to the influence of the Catholic clergy."

* * *

THE DANDELION.

With locks of gold today ;
 Tomorrow, silver gray ;
 Then blossom-bald. Behold,
 O man, thy fortune, told !

—Father Tabb.

* * *

LONG LIVE THE POPE !

The Church Progress is right in saying that there is no subject which should command the prayers of the Catholic world more generously just now than the continued life of the greatest man of the age—our venerable Supreme Pontiff. Standing in the shadow of his ninety-second year, he is pre-eminently incomparably the peer of all living mortals. Spanning a century of existence as the rainbow spans the heavens—colossal in his mentality, childlike in his humility. Pure as the untainted snow on the mountain peaks—as far above men as God is above angels—the only light in the Christian heaven is Leo XIII. Let every Catholic knee that bends beg God to grant him the years of Peter. Let the Catholic world unite in this petition. And if granted, what homage the world will do him—if granted the year 1903 will mark the meeting of God's great monarchs in a manner indescribable. Let us, therefore, pray for the day.

Speaking of that pious and zealous priest of Baltimore, the Rev. Edmund Didier, the worthy chaplain of the Carmelite Sisters, the Pittsburg Observer remarks that Father Didier is one of the most prominent priests in his native city, was for many years the zealous pastor of St. Vincent's Church, clearing off a large debt by his untiring exertions, besides putting many improvements on the church, without calling upon the congregation for contributions. Out of his own means he has established two homes for young women and St. Ann's Home for Aged Women, besides making numerous gifts to charitable institutions.

* * *

There is nothing remaining to be asked or answered after perusing "The Rosary — The Crown of Mary," just compiled by a Dominican Father and printed by the Ben-zigers. The book sells for a dime.

* * *

Some one has asked us a question concerning the "Crozier" indulgences, which can only be imparted to beads by the Canons of the Holy Cross. This is a special privilege given to these religious by the Holy See—as the Brown Scapular is a privilege of the Carmelites. Five hundred days' indulgence is granted for each individual Crozier bead. Now, it is a generally misunderstood notion that this is the greatest of all indulgences attached to rosaries,—we are speaking on the authority of a Dominican Father. Members of the Rosary Confraternity can gain five years and as many quarantines (2025 days) for each time they pronounce devoutly the Name of Jesus in the "Hail Mary" while reciting the Rosary. This alone (without considering the many other indulgences) is almost four times as great as the Crozier indulgence.

* * *

CHRIST IS GOD !

"The Divinity of Christ," by Mgr. Bougand, is an argument which cannot be refuted by men who are not devoid of mental faculties. From the Translator, Mr. C. L. Currie, we learn that the design of the author in the great work of which the present volume forms but a fragment—a work completed in five volumes—is to exhibit Christianity in a point of view suited to the present time. The Abbe Bougand does not purpose to write an apology for the Christian Religion, but to state it simply as a fact, to describe its polity, and to unfold its creed. He considers there is more ignorance of truth than antagonism to it; and that those who outwardly are the most bitter opponents of Christianity, desire in their inmost hearts to find it. Christianity then requires to be known. It requires to be exhibited to the world under a form which will arrest the attention of the present age. The method employed in its defense by a Pascal or a Bossuet is not suited to our day.

The first volume of "*Le Christianisme et les Temps presents*" demonstrates the necessity of a religion. Then comes the question—what religion? More than eighteen centuries have elapsed since a Man lived and died in Jerusalem who has ever since claimed the homage of mankind. Is this Man God? If He is, if He has founded a religion we must accept it. Natural religion will no longer suffice. Is Jesus Christ God? The whole question resolves itself into this. The answer to the question is to be found in the contemplation of the life and death, of the doctrine and virtues of Jesus Christ: and this forms the subject of the second volume. A scientific study of the human beauty of the mind, the heart, and the character of Jesus Christ has been reserved for our age; and has absorbed the attention of Protestants and Catholics alike, and formed a

theme for the eloquence of unbelievers. Whilst yet in its very infancy this study has awakened a sort of enthusiasm for the Person of Jesus Christ, even in men who have not the faith. It will specially commend itself to those who in Cardinal Newman's words "wish to justify with their intellect all that they believe with their heart; who cannot separate their ideas of religion from its revealed Object:—but who have an aching dissatisfaction within them, that they should be apprehending Him so feebly, when they would fain (as it were) see and touch Him as well as hear. When, then, they have logical grounds presented to them for holding that the recorded picture of our Lord is its own evidence, that it carries with it its own reality and authority, that His "revelatio" is "revelata," in the very act of being a "revelatio," it is as if He Himself said to them, as He once said to His disciples, "It is I, be not afraid"; and the clouds at once clear off, and the waters subside, and the land is gained for which they are looking out." The translation embraces only the author's statement of his argument, its premises and its conclusions. This argument is presented to the English reader, in the hope that it will be received as a valuable contribution to the literature on the Divinity of Jesus Christ. It is recommended in a special manner to Agnostics, inasmuch as it professes to keep strictly within the bounds of human observation and human reason. The work of Abbe Bougand can be had in English dress from William H. Young & Co., 27 Barclay Street, New York.

* * *

The much-esteemed and learned Doctor A. A. Lambing, the good priest of Greater Pittsburg, whose solid and instructive works are not few, has had done into print by the Herder firm of St. Louis, Mo., a most excellent work entitled "Come

Holy Ghost!" The industrious author, who modestly styles himself the compiler," in a foreword truthfully says "devotion to the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity is gaining new life and is felt to be the cure for our times of religious indifference, infidelity, intellectual pride and insatiable thirst for gold which are drying up the fountains of spirituality." This is a work that should grace the library of every cleric and be seen in the reading room of every religious community. It sells at \$1.50 net. Address B. Herder, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

A new revised edition of "The Catholic Pioneers of America," (their name is legion) by John O'Kane Murray, M.A., M.D., has been put on the book market by Messrs. H. L. Kilner & Co., of Philadelphia. In his preface the learned author sounds a trite truism when he remarks that "among people otherwise well informed, there is, beyond all doubt, a great deal of disgraceful ignorance as to what Catholics have achieved in the New World." As an illustration of supine stupidity the scholarly Doctor says that some years ago he was "amused to hear an educated gentleman state that Champlain was a Huguenot, because his name was Samuel; and he assured me that he had this ridiculous piece of information from a principal of a (public?) school in Canada." Let the light shine. Read Dr. Murray's work. It should dispel the errors of darkness. His index alone gives a long litany of the giants of long ago who did great things for God, the Catholic Church, this glorious land, and for humanity at large. They are too great to allow their names to be printed in public school readers or inscribed on the tablets of so-called "Halls of Fame" erected by bigoted and pusillanimous pigmies.

* * *

The Mass is the heart and soul of all devotion, and the most perfect worship of God. All saints, all Catholics, and every Catholic book on the subject proclaims it. Even the non-Catholic, — for example, Thomas Carlyle — has gone so far in his writings as to say that the Mass was "the only genuine thing of our time." There are many books — good ones, too — treating of this subject. But we wanted one for the people at large. We now have such a work, which has brief, practical and comprehensive instructions on the Mass. The book is of the prayer-book size. It is the best of its kind. In fact it leaves no room for improvement as far as we can see by a hasty glance over its pages. The price is seventy-five cents net. For sale by the publishers, Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay Street, New York, N.Y., or from their branch stores in Cincinnati and Chicago.

* * *

GOD'S BANQUET.

Father F. X. Brady, the eminent and learned Jesuit, has edited an excellent work written by Rev. Stephen Coube, S.J., who, in his preface tells us, was invited by the Bishop of Liege to deliver the evening discourse before twenty bishops and four thousand persons during the Eucharistic League at Lourdes in 1899. The collection of these discourses as we have it in book form is entitled "The Great Supper of God," and the sub-title "Discourses on Weekly Communions." There is also an appendix of historical and other documents bearing on the subject. The translation is a very good one, by Ida Griffiss. Christians in our days bear a striking contrast to the early Christian as regards Holy Communion. The desire and prayer of every zealous pastor is to prevent his flock from spiritual starvation. Frequent communion is the remedy. Such a work as Fr. Coube's is a desideratum. It will be the means of sending many

a Christian to the altar rail not annually but weekly. The book is neatly printed, bound in cloth, with rounded edges. It sells for one dollar and is worth it. However, there might be a cheaper edition for general distribution among those who have no overloaded pocket books. Address the publishers, Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, or Chicago.

* * *

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

The Church would have us revere Mary as Immaculate in her Conception, Ever-Virgin, the true Mother of God, higher in Heaven and nearer to God than any other creature, with the most loving heart in Heaven for the children of men, save only the Heart of the Divine Redeemer, and most powerful with Him when she pleads for us whose Mother she is. But the Church sternly checks all devotion to Our Blessed Lady which goes beyond this, or is only with difficulty and extravagance deduced from it, says the editor of the Boston Pilot commenting on "True and False Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." There is a case in point, in the refusal of the Holy Office to approve the so-called "Cross of the Immaculate Conception." Of this, the editor of the American Ecclesiastical Review says, in the "Conferences" in the present number :

"Under the plea that the Virgin Mother of Christ had a share in the Passion of her Divine Son, and that her immunity from the stain of original sin is the anticipated fruit of the Cross of Christ, it combines the image of the Blessed Virgin with that of the Cross, and puts the figure of the Immaculate Mother where the body of the dying Saviour is properly placed to show that He died for mankind. Him we adore when we bend the knee to the symbol of the Cross ; and it is utterly misleading to place upon the Cross our Blessed Lady, who, however exalted she is among the child-

ren of men, differs from her Divine Son by the illimitable distance that exists between the Creator and the creature, between God and man. So the pretty cross is apt to teach false doctrine and should not be used by Catholics ; for a symbol that serves to deform truth is itself at best but a beautiful pretence.

* * *

Soldiers and sailors seem not, as a rule, the material out of which saints are made. "Yet," comments The Pilot, "the two newly beatified martyrs of the Carmelite Order, Blessed Denis and Redemptus, in whose honor religious functions of extraordinary interest took place recently at the Boston Carmel, were soldiers and sailors both. The former, before he became a monk, was a commander in the Portuguese navy, and in this onerous position was a model of manly and Christian virtues. Even after his entrance into religion, he came forth at the need of his countrymen, and saved the port of Goa when it was besieged by the Dutch. Both are modern men, having begun and ended their eventful careers in the 17th century."

* * *

Rev. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, said before the Congregation Union conference, on April 22, that "He sympathized with the Roman Catholics, who were wounded by the pitiable insults heaped upon their religion by the antiquated and despicable oath put into the sovereign's mouth. He declared that the oath must be improved off the earth." Mr. Parker is anything but a pro-Catholic advocate, but he shames some of the weak-kneed English Catholics who would excuse Edward VII. for taking the oath, on the ground that he did not believe in it !—Boston Pilot.

* * *

The low railroad rates to Buffalo will help you to mark in your itinerary a visit to our Lady's Shrine.

A PRAYER TO MARY.

Mary my Mother, on thee will I
call;
Thine is forever my heart and my
all;
Listen, I pray, to this sorrowing
heart
From thy bright throne, now thy
comfort impart.

Always thy goodness is ready to
aid,
Whether in sunshine or hovering
shade;
Never withheld was thy generous
hand,
Never did't man in his sorrow dis-
band.

Yearning and waiting for beautiful
May,
Hearts are prepared to receive thy
bright ray;
Grant then, dear Mother, that I,
like the flowers
Blossom forever, beneath thy soft
showers.

—Edwin Ruthven.

* * *

A FRIEND OF CARMEL.

Sketch of St. Francis, from the
masterpiece of his life by Rev. Leo-
pold de Cherance, I.S.F.C.

"God is admirable in all his
works in the least as well as in the
greatest, in the smallest drop of
dew on the leaves of the forest, in
which are reflected the glowing
lights of heaven, as well as in the
vast seas, where thousands of ves-
sels ride majestically with sails un-
furled. He is still more admirable
in His saints, the masterpieces of
His grace, and the ideal of human
nature regenerated, restored, exalt-
ed by the light of the Gospel and
the Blood of Jesus Christ."

These glowing words from the
beautiful "Life," of which we desire
to give some idea to our readers,
seemed a fitting prelude to our lit-
tle sketch or "book-notice." Admir-
able, indeed, are the stars differing
in glory as they differed in grace,

and most consoling to contemplate,
praise, love, and from afar, even
emulate. In St. Francis the var-
ious rays of beauty seem in some
way to combine, and there is a dif-
ficulty in deciding to which of his
natural gifts or supernatural per-
fections we shall apply our reflec-
tions. We see him with the sweet
"Bambino," the little Babe clasped
tenderly in his arms, and again we
hear him mourning amidst the
wooded heights of Alverno and lis-
ten to the pathetic accents "Amor
meus crucifixus est!" The Sacred
Wounds impressed in our Saint
made Him as it were a living cruci-
fix and completed the likeness that
commenced at His birth in a stable
of Assise.

Lofty contemplation, Apostolic
zeal, admirable fortitude, magnan-
imity and courage, combined with
profound humility, sweetness, and
the simplicity of a child, perfected
the work of grace, and love, for
this was the prevailing tint, and
the key-note of his life-long melody.
"Deus meus et omnia!"

Why have we styled him a "Friend
of Carmel?" Because of his connec-
tion with their glorious martyr St.
Angelus, with whom he formed a
most holy friendship when they and
St. Domine met in the chapel
of St. Sixtus at Rome. Be-
cause, also, it was on the 16th
of July, 1228, that the glori-
ous ceremony of our Saint's canon-
ization took place, while Holy
Church was calling on her children
to rejoice, "celebrating a festival in
honor of our Lady of Mt. Carmel."
(We may be forgiven a little digres-
sion here, to remark that the 16th
of July was the birthday of St.
Clare, his illustrious daughter.)
Perhaps it is to be expected that to
an "Enfant" who lives to "make
melodies," there is a special attrac-
tion in the poetic taste and wonder-
ful live of nature we see in the "Ser-
aph of Assisi."

The wild beasts became gentle at
his bidding. The birds, his "little

brothers," sang to and for him, and nestled in his habit. The fishes listened to his voice. Beautiful scenery ravished his soul, already vibrating with a wondrous spirit of praise, and the joys, sorrows, needs of God's creatures, found echoes of love and sympathy in his world-wide charity. Our author remarks, "Is it not, in effect, one of the most precious prerogatives of recovered innocence, that after the original fall, a child of man should in the fullest sense of the word, be king of creation? The flowers were to him like a smile from God; the stars in the firmament told him of the glory of the Omnipotent." St. Bonaventure compares him to an inspired musician, standing in the midst of nature's concert, and concentrating all the harmony of its voices in his own soul.

Ascending on the wings of prayer, who that has even a slight knowledge of St. Francis does not know his love for and familiarity with the Holy Angels, Saints, and their glorious Queen? We refer to the beautiful words of this life once more. "All nature was to him a transparent veil behind which God was hidden, as a harmonious harp-sichord whose every note extolled the Divine perfections. The 'Canticle of the Sun' is at once a hymn and a prayer — the saint's whole soul, all the wealth of his imagination, all the boldness of his genius, have passed into his work."

It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the beauties contained in this work by Father Leopold of Cherance (I.S.F.C.), translated in masterly style by R. F. O'Connor, and published by Benziger & Co., etc.

We would fain linger over these treasures of nature and grace, and recount even a few more sweet passages, touching details and simple anecdotes, but trust enough has been said to recommend its perusal by Carmelite readers. All the beauty, sublimity, pathos of the

"Seraph of Assisi" is reflected, finds a counterpart in their own cloistered life of prayer, as well as in their "zeal for the Lord of Hosts." May this glorious saint re-kindle the fire of love in our hearts, or inflame it still more where it is already burning! May we, like him, aspire to Jesus crucified, and at death, desire as He did to leave the prison of the body and soar away on spirit-wings to praise His Name.

Enfant de Marie.

* * *

CITHARA MEA.

In a recent number of the Carmelite Review we called the attention of readers to Father Sheehan's exquisite paraphrase on the "Magnificat," and remarked, "The harp of Erin has vibrated in tunes worthy of being listened to . . . wherever she is called Blessed." Since then, we have seen another precious contribution to the literary world, under this graceful title, "Cithara Mea," from the same gifted pen. This mystic "harp" gives forth melodies of that plaintive sweetness which characterizes Irish music, especially when touched by a priestly hand so skilful in the science and art of poetry. The opening poem expresses how the soul longs for the hidden beauty and goodness of God. "The Hidden" is its title. In "The Revealed," these longings are responded to, and, to use the expression of a simple hymn, "Faith shows the crown to gain." There is a quaint Irish legend of "The Culdee" very beautifully told, also sonnets descriptive of Alpine scenery, that are masterpieces of artistic word-painting. A beautiful tribute to a contemporary poetess, "S. M. S.," S. M. Stanislaus, I.S.D., daughter of Denis F. McCarthy, speaks of her as "heiress of his wealth of song," and styles him "poet of May-blossoms" in allusion to his well-known "Waiting for the May."

We feel quite inadequate to com-

ment worthily on this volume, and trust one more skilled in poetic insight may do so as it deserves, but, at least, we desire to recommend it earnestly and add in conclusion that it has been brought out in an exceedingly nice style. This last is frequently desirable when we select a gift-book for some dear friend. That Fr. Sheehan may contribute many interesting stories, and many sweet songs to refine the taste, to elevate the soul, to glorify God, is the earnest desire of *Enfant de Marie* of St. Clare's.

* * *

THE DIVINE CONSOLER.

J. M. Angeli (of the Lazarist Fathers). Translated from the French by Genevieve Irous.

This sweet title is most attractive for all are in need of consolation in this "vale of tears," and Jesus ever whispers, "Come to Me," etc. "Blessed are they that mourn!"

In His Tabernacle a Heart of Divine compassion is ever beating "for us men, for our salvation," and rays of light and love illumine souls who draw near to visit Him.

This beautiful little book contains holy thoughts and affections, tender words of invitation, and devotional prayers which will be acceptable to every lover of the Eucharistic Presence.

The "visits" are, as it were, tender invitations on the part of our Hidden God, and, on the other, earnest responses of the soul which receives "the veins of the Divine whisper."

Prayers by St. Thomas, B. Margaret Mary, B. Gabriel, the glorious Vincentian martyr, and other saintly souls, are added, and amongst them is one by General de Sonis whose life lately appeared in this Review. We earnestly recommend this attractive book to our readers confident that it will be a treasure of grace and consolation.

Enfant de Marie.

* * *

ROSE FRAGRANCE.

Consoling Symbolism of the Holy Rosary.

We often read of God's ordinary and extraordinary dealings with souls and admire their beauty and variety, but there is one which seems very frequent in His adorable ways, namely, that souls have, as it were, a springtime of grace, and their passion-shadows gather round to lead them on towards a glorious resurrection. Beginners often bask, as it were, in the sunshine of Jesus' smile; it lures them on, and earthly light fades away, and ties of home are broken.

Perhaps we find them very soon in "the obscure night" and toiling in their "ascent to Carmel," and hear echoes of His Gethsemane "Fiat": or "My God, My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" Take courage, dear souls! "Look at the star, call on Mary." Had she not also Nazareth, Hebron, Bethlehem? Did not her soul "magnify" the Lord, and exult in Him? Then we have sorrowful mysteries, and hear the mournful plaints of Calvary, and remember there is a Crucifix attached to our Rosary-chain. We stop not here, but in spirit contemplate the glorious mysteries in which we rejoice with Jesus and Mary, and take courage in our sufferings, for "after night day comes, and after winter summer." Cause of our joy, pray for us.

* * *

When writing to us be sure to give us your full address, otherwise mistakes will happen for which we are not responsible.

* * *

The ideal and dream of the one who looks for peace of soul and body is a something as a plus quantity having the conveniences of the city and the advantages of the country minus the inconveniences of the country and the disadvantages of the city. We are conceited enough to think that the Hospice of Mount

Carmel at Niagara Falls comes as near to this ideal as anything we know of on this continent, or in the Western Hemisphere, as Cardinal Gibbons put it when writing to us. Editor Bok has much to say on this subject in his May number of the Ladies' Home Journal. He wants sensible folks to seek the country, where he truthfully says: "There is a bigness, a freedom, an honesty, a sincerity in the life of the farm and its folk which thousands of us know nothing about. The sanest, the highest lives are led by these people, and yet in our narrow horizon we think their lives are contracted. The fact is, that we are narrow, not they. It is their lives that are real; not ours. It is the essence of the lives that are lived in the country that we need so much in our lives; the essence of simplicity, of sincerity, of freedom from things which are eternal and not worth while. We cannot, of course, live in the city and live as do country folk. What we can do, however, is to go to the country in the summertime and live with them and extract some of the wholesome lessons of simple living which their lives can teach us. The love of nature is implanted in all of us to a more or less degree; the crime to ourselves is that we give it so little chance of development or expression. And the crime is doubled when we withhold the expressions of Nature's workings in our children."

* * *

No one denies that the Exposition at Buffalo on the whole will be a great source of instruction and be an aid to human progress in a material way. However, the good done seems to be very much counteracted by those so-called abominations of amusements included in "the midway." An appropriate placard placed at the entrance to the same might be made up from these words of holy writ: "Depart from the tents of these wicked men, and touch nothing of theirs, lest

you be involved in their sins." Numbers XVI, 26.2.

* * *

The readers of Our Lady's magazine will, we are sure, be sorry to learn of the death of Miss Sue X. Blakely (sister of the Very Rev. Aloysius M. Blakely, C. P.), which occurred at Erie, Pa., on May 17th last, the feast (this year) of the great saint of the Scapular St. Simon Stock. To propagate the devotion of this same Scapular and to spread the glory and knowledge of the Queen of Carmel, our deceased friend has, in and out of season regardless of bodily pain, done much with her prolific and versatile pen. Indeed her unselfish and endless tasks were to her a labor of love. Readers of these pages know well how much we owe to this friend and benefactor of ours. We shall show our gratitude to her by our fervent and frequent suffrages for her soul and now beg the prayers for the same from all who read these lines.

* * *

The Carmelite Fathers extend a cordial welcome to all our readers to visit our Lady's Shrine and the Hospice this summer. The Prior of the Monastery and Director of the Hospice of Mount Carmel, Very Reverend Father Dionysius F. Best, has left nothing undone to make the Hospice a guest-house acceptable to the most fastidious.

* * *

The Brethren of that flourishing fraternity, the Catholic Mutual Beneficial Association of Canada, will send their delegates to the great convention to be held at Niagara Falls in August. The Hospice is already spoken of as an ideal rendezvous for some of the delegates. Welcome, Brethren!

* * *

Some meditative person has called our attention to the fact that the Pan-American Exposition buildings are placed between Buffalo's fashionable burying ground and the

State Insane Asylum. What food for reflection! It is an example of the vanity of vanities.

* * *

On the American side of the Niagara falls the shadow from the spire of "Our Lady of the Cataract." The zeal of the good pastor Father Nicholas Gibbons has made St. Mary's Church a prominent point of interest to every pious pilgrim.

* * *

Exhibit "A" of the Exposition at Buffalo is conceded to be Niagara Falls. The Hospice is immediately in the vicinity of the great cataract. Some one has truthfully and facetiously said that "the Falls are in the back yard of the Monastery." Moreover, a beautiful night view of the Exposition can be seen from our verandahs and cupolas. The view at a distance is enchanting.

* * *

We trust our subscribers who are in arrears will be generous towards us this year. We recoil from the thought of having to appear before our visitors this season in threadbare habits.

* * *

If you or your friends intend to stay over a day or so at the Hospice, be sure to write to us fifteen days ahead.

* * *

Cards with our rates, etc., and other things of interest concerning the Hospice will be mailed to you for the asking.

* * *

At the Canadian end of the Grand Trunk Railway arch bridge is the terminus of the electric line which runs direct to the Hospice. It is a yellow car. Be sure to ask for the car that runs via Lundy's Lane.

* * *

All Michigan Central trains stop near the Hospice, whether they cross the Niagara by way of the Cantilever or the International bridges.

* * *

The Carmelite Fathers at Niagara Falls will be pleased to tell you where to find all the points of interest in the shortest time and at the lowest cost.

* * *

Do not forget that the Novena preparatory to the great feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel commences on July seventh next.

* * *

The annual pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls will take place this year on Tuesday, July 16th.

* * *

July sixteenth next is the Scapular Feast. His Holiness the Pope grants a **PLENARY INDULGENCE FOR EVERY VISIT TO A CARMELITE CHURCH ON THAT DAY**, commencing at 2 o'clock on July 15th and lasting until sunset on the 16th. Thousands will as usual make the visits (for themselves or the departed souls) at the Niagara Shrine.

* * *

The usual special train for the Shrine of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, at Falls View, this year as formerly, will leave Exchange Street, Buffalo, direct for the Shrine without change. Pan-American visitors, please make a note of this! The Michigan Central Railroad is the name of the line to take.

* * *

Answering the enquiries of a few members of the devout sex who say they feel a calling towards a religious life particularly in an order devoted to hospital work, we with much pleasure recommend them to the good Sisters of St. Joseph, who need plenty of laborers in their holy vineyard. Any further information required can be had from the esteemed Mother Superior of St. Vincent's Hospital, Erie, Pennsylvania.

* * *

One of the most edifying sights in these latter days is the great devout and orderly processions of the divers congregations of Catholics making the Jubilee visits. What an edifying spectacle for those not of the household of the faith and how glorious expression of devotion and obedience towards God's earthly representatives !

* * *

The matter in this number of the Carmelite Review is set up by that wonderful creation of genius, the "Monoline" type-setting machine, which has been recently installed at Niagara Falls. Our many friends who come here this season should not fail to see this paragon of printers' machines. The Monoline does wonderful things, which astonish the "gazing rustics ranged

around," but two things it refuses to do, viz., it will fight shy of italics and likewise the names on the mail-list of subscribers who have not been heard from since last century. It is an up-to-date machine. We should be glad to be able to say the same of some of our delinquent subscribers.

* * *

Every church, big and little, nowadays is bound to have its St. Anthony's Altar, shrine or statue surrounded with a blaze of light. Some think this devotion is overdone. Perhaps these critics are right in some cases. However, under the guidance of prudent and zealous pastors, this devotion can be made an efficacious means of drawing people to Holy Mass and the Sacraments. Many roads lead to God.

OBVIABIT ILLI SICUT MATER HONORIFICATA.

WILT Thou not meet us as our Mother true
 What time we go to seek Thee and arise
 From sordid bondage under alien skies
 Turning towards our home? If we but knew
 The peace untold that must to us accrue
 From finding Thee, how should we fools despise
 Thy loving call? Nay, rather, growing wise
 From prompt obedience, should not we pursue
 Thy paths of pleasantness? Nor turn to seek
 Freedom that robs us of Thy sweet control :
 And since Thy mother-love forgives the whole
 Of our ingratitude ; knows well how weak
 How frail, each child of Thine, wilt Thou not speak
 A word of welcome to each home-come soul ?

—FRANCIS W. GREY.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

MAY 24, 1901.

The Carmelite Review is a monthly magazine well adapted to spread the devotion to our beloved Lady of Mount Carmel. I warmly recommend it to those of our people who wear her Scapular.

H. GABRIELS,

BISHOP OF OGDENSBURG.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

By *Enfant de Marie.*

All the melodies of reparation, gratitude, love, which arise from earth, and all the canticles of saintly and angelic praise above, cannot be so sweet to the Divine Heart as those ever vibrating o'er the silvery chords of Mary's Immaculate Heart.

In Bethlehem or Nazareth, in the public life or during Passion-time, as a holy writer says, she "lends (or adapts) herself" to her children's needs, attractions, aspirations.

Now the beautiful May-time with its light and joy, its azure skies and fair white blossoms, the Resurrection-time in grace and nature, we will echo her sweet "Summer Psalm,"* and rejoice in God our Saviour. When in spirit we watch Him ascending into Heaven, let us remember how He tells us that wherever our treasure is, there also shall be our heart, and therefore like Mary, all our aspirations should ascend to "things that are above." But while awaiting them, let us live in and for His Eucharistic Heart, as she did in the exile-years that elapsed before the longed-for summons, "Arise, my love, and come."** Our earnest prayer this holy month will be, to love Jesus more and more with Mary, and to love her in union with Jesus.

"O Jesus, that I could love Thee as Mary loved Thee! O Mary, that I could love thee as Jesus loved thee!" What are all the lovely titles by which we salute her,

"Morning Star," "Refuge of Sinners," etc., in comparison to that which styles her, not merely Lady and Queen in the realms of nature, grace, and glory, but even over the boundless kingdom of Jesus' Sacred Heart! May she open to us its treasures in this life, and "after exile," unveil the beauty of Jesus' Face!

* * *

BLESSED BENEDICT POPE AND CONFESSOR.

(Feast June 6th.)

From a solitude monastic
Where the mystic rose-buds fair
Breathe sweet fragrance to our
Lady

In its silent, tranquil air,
Came that white-robed Son of
Dominic

Walking through those ways he
trod,

On to rule, as King and Pontiff,
O'er the Holy Church of God.

Like the morning star his shining*

Or pale, silvery moonbeams calm

Like sweet roses in the spring-time

Which its gentle air embalm.

Pure as lilies by clear streamlets,

Noble as the cypress high,

Or the olive and the palm-tree

Waving in soft zephyrs' sigh.

Light of great Saint Dominic's Or-
der,

Shining in God's holy place!

"Blessed" in thy name and virtues,

Gazing now in God's own Face!

Pray for us, O glorious Pontiff!

Guide us to that restful shore,

Where the billows of life's ocean

Sink to rest for evermore.

Enfant de Marie.

* Magnificat.

** Canticles.

* Ecclesiastical.

Boys' and Girls' Department.

"Live Pure: Speak True: Right Wrong!"

IN our talk about birds last month, I remarked that frequently boys and girls discover bits of knowledge that may never have come under the observation of very learned men. Do you remember? Last Monday I was honestly glad to hear a true story about a boy in Washington, D.C., that, in a way, proves the truth of my statement.

Several of us were talking about the general knowledge concerning familiar objects boys and girls acquire by intelligent observation, when one of our number told the following:

"In a family in Washington where I frequently visit are several boys and girls. Suddenly, at dinner one evening, one of the boys blurted out, 'Say, John Burroughs made a mistake about that sparrow!' Somewhat amused, his father remarked that it was rather presumptuous for a boy of fourteen to criticize so noted a writer and scholar as John Burroughs.

"Well, I know it is not so!"

"What isn't so?" I asked.

"Well, John Burroughs says that sparrows do so and so when they're building their nests; but I know they do it very differently, because I've watched them."

"Why don't you write to John Burroughs and tell him so?" I said.

"The boy wrote, and in a few days he received a charming letter from that noted author. This was part of the letter: 'When I wrote that book, I thought sparrows built in that way. Since then I have discovered my mistake. You will find on a marked page, in a later work, that I have corrected my mistake. I take great pleasure in sending you a copy of the book.' In a few days, to this boy of fourteen came the book, and on the fly-leaf

was written, 'With sincere compliments of John Burroughs.'"

* * *

I think it does one good to hear a story like that. Don't you?

Here was a boy who knew when he was right, and had the courage to maintain it. Here was a noted author honestly admitting to a boy of fourteen that he had made a mistake. Did the man become offended with the boy? Did the boy think less of the man? No. To the boy, John Burroughs became an authority. That book, "with the sincere compliments of John Burroughs," encouraged the boy in his Nature studies. He is now twenty-one years old, and is pursuing a course at the Smithsonian Institute, making a specialty of the study of ferns.

Do we not all feel that some day he will be considered an authority on plant life?

* * *

John Burroughs' works are worth reading. Those of us who wish to take up the study of birds, will find his "Wake-Robin" most helpful. He calls it "an invitation to the study of ornithology." In the preface, he says that he did not know exactly what to call the book, so he cast about for a word thoroughly in the atmosphere and spirit of the book, and hopes that he has found it in Wake-Robin. This is the common name of the White Trillium, which blooms in all our woods, and which marks the arrival of all the birds.

This book can be procured at any city library, and a glance at the table of contents will give a good idea of "Wake-Robin." Contents: I. The Return of the Birds. II. In the Hemlocks. III. Adirondac. IV. Birds' Nests. V. Spring at the Capital. VI. Birch Browsings.

VII. The Blue-Bird. VIII. The Invitation.

* * *

Speaking about the white trillium reminds me that soon our woods will be beautified by the tall, nodding blossoms of those graceful wild flowers. I believe there is a yellow trillium, but am not sure. At any rate, we shall find large quantities of the red, whose unpleasant odor prevents it from becoming the favorite it should be. The large white trillium, and the small white, sometimes called the "smiling wake-robin," are often found quite near the red. Other spring flowers that can soon be found are the anemone, spring beauty, violets, Jack-in-the-pulpit, and the blood-root. Pleasant and profitable hours can be spent comparing the blossoms and leaves of these wild flowers. To some, the study of the roots is fully as interesting as that of the flower. Those of us who have microscopes ought to squeeze a few drops of the juice obtained from the root of the blood-root upon a small piece of white glass. Then, looking at this juice through the lens, you will see a beautiful and wonderful sight.

* * *

To speak of wild flowers naturally suggests the month of May, when blossoms of many kinds suddenly burst into beauty. Who can think of May, and not let one's thoughts float upwards to Mary, queen of earth and heaven? In the Sunday School Companion for May 19, I find this sweet little poem:

MARY'S FLOWERS.

By Elvira Sydnor Miller.

Now springtime's airy bugles blow.
And music fills the woodland ways,
Arise, dear hearts, and let us go
Where Mary's flowers are all ablaze;
They all unfold their hearts of gold,
Our Lady's darling flowers.

Fair is the cool green afternoon,
The skies are like a rose ablow,
And keeping time to some wind tune

The lilies sway, a glittering row;
They rise, they fall at music's call,
Our Lady's darling flowers.

Behind us is the noisy town,
A dusky shadow on the skies;
But here the bending heavens look down

Fair as some dream of paradise;
And robed in white are lilies slight,
Our Lady's darling flowers.

Dear hearts, each blossom like a star

E'er holds a mystery enshrined.
A message blown back from afar,
Like songs upon the evening wind,
O'er land and sea,
From heaven, may be;
Our Lady's darling flowers.

* * *

Think a little about this poem. Talk it over among yourselves. I know that every boy and girl who reads it will be impressed by the spirit of gladness and real joy that pervades every stanza. Melody rings out in the very first verse, "Now springtime's airy bugles blow." Find the next allusion to music. In the second stanza, there are at least five allusions to music. See if you can find them. Read the third stanza and see how easy it will be to imagine yourself in the woods, picking white trilliums. "Behind us is the noisy town." "And robed in white are lilies slight." Read the fourth stanza. What mystery is enshrined like a star in each blossom? What is blown back from heaven "like songs upon the evening wind?" Reading this little poem, this thought comes to me, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin." In the New Testament, music, poetry and flowers all find beautiful expression. In the VI. chapter of St. Matthew we

find, besides the allusion to the lilies, many others equally beautiful. In this chapter, too, we are taught that most beautiful of all prayers beginning, "Our Father, who art in heaven." With this prayer renewed in our hearts every day, and Our Lady's darling flowers ever blooming in our lives, surely we shall always "Live Pure; Speak True: Right Wrong."

Martha Murray.

* * *

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Cave by the Beech Fork" is a capital story of Kentucky. The author is Henry S. Spalding, S. J. Price eighty-five cents. Don't miss reading it. It is published by Benziger Bros., 36 Barclay street, New York.

Benziger Bros. have also issued "Meditations on the Life, Teachings and Passion of Jesus Christ" a splendid work in two volumes, suitable for communities, edited by the noted Jesuit Father, Richard F. Clarke. Cloth bound. Price, net \$3.50.

"The Confessor After the Heart of Jesus," by Canon A. Guerra, honorary chamberlain of His Holiness the Pope. This most valuable book has been translated and adapted from the second Italian edition, with the author's sanction, by the Rev. C. Van der Donckt. It is a work exclusively for priests, and therefore out of the province of a secular reviewer. But we cannot forbear quoting this beautiful picture of the true confessor, of which, happily, hosts of Catholics say, "It is true to life. I have just such a spiritual father": "Like unto a placid river, whose crystal waters divide themselves into many streams, which lave and fertilize the earth; through him sons grow up docile and obedient, daughters are kept chaste and pious, wives faithful and devoted, mothers provident and loving, fathers wise and true Christians. Through him is preserved in families the spirit of faith and of Christian charity. Through him stolen goods are restored, slanders are retraced, back-biting is hushed, discords settled, hatreds extinguished, scandals ended, and justice, charity and peace enthroned in all hearts. He teaches integrity to the magistrate, courage to the soldier, probity to the citizen, honesty to the workman, patience to the poor, and generosity to the rich. He consoles the afflicted, cheers the faint hearted, relieves the infirm,

and opens to the dying the door of eternal peace. Through him the individual, the family and society follow the rules of justice and the dictates of the Gospel. Will we not proclaim his ministry sovereignly useful and holy?" This book is in dark, serviceable binding and well printed. (B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.)

There has just been published the new revised edition, *The Catholic Pioneers of America*, by John O'Kane Murray, M. A., M. D., author of the "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States of America," "Prose and Poetry of Ireland," "Little Lives of the Great Saints," "Lessons in English Literature," and "Lives of the Catholic Heroes and Heroines of America." One of the most industrious, gifted, and widely admired writers of American Catholic literature was the late lamented Dr. John O'Kane Murray. In placing this book before the public it should receive the recognition it justly merits. Handsomely bound in cloth, with new design inked stamping. Printed on good paper. 12mo, 433 pages. Price \$1.00. Special prices to the reverend clergy, institutions and the trade. H. L. Kilner & Co., publishers and importers, 824 Arch st., Philadelphia, Pa.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently:

Mrs. John Hamilton, an old, respected and much esteemed resident of Niagara Falls, who died with all the rites of holy church March 12, and who was buried near the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace.

Philip H. De Gruchy, late of Toronto, Ont.

Parents of Miss Bertha McCauly, of Stratford, Ont.

The Venerable Sister M. Afra Halahan, a Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, who died peacefully in the Lord and went to receive a well merited reward from her divine spouse at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ontario, on May 9th, 1901.

Sister M. Chrysostom McArdle, a Religious of the Community of St. Joseph, Toronto, Canada, who died on May 6th last.

Father Albert Caruso, late Procurator-General of the Carmelites, Examiner of the Clergy, Confessor Extraordinary at the Vatican, and Consultor of the Congregation of

Bishops and Regulars, who recently died at the Carmelite Convent in Rome.

Nicholas Blundy who went to a reward after five years of patient suffering at New Germany, (Snyder, Ont.) on April 22nd, 1901, last.

Sister Mary of St. Maur, (Murphy), who died peacefully in the Monastery of the Good Shepherd, Troy, N. Y.

Miss Mary J. Tweeney, who died in New York March 27th.

Mrs. H. G. Donnelly, Latrobe, Pa.

Miss Alice Dodge, Washington, D. C.

Miss Sue X. Blakely, who died at Erie, Pa., on the feast of St. Simon Stock, this year, Deceased was the author and translator of many beautiful and edifying sketches concerning the Brown Badge of Carmel, and did much to unveil the lives of Carmel's saints. She gave, and caused others to give, much substantial aid to our Hospice at Niagara Falls.

And may all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace! Amen.

ENROLLED IN THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular; * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M. TO ST. SIMON STOCK.

Names received at New Baltimore, Pa., from : Ridgely, Md.; Auburn Centre, Pa.; Burkhardt, Onia, and Detroit, Mich.

Names for registration received at Scipio, Kansas, Priory, from Carrollton, Illinois.

Names received at Carmel Priory, Niagara Falls, from : Freeport, Pa.; Mainadieu, C. B.; Sisters' Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y.; Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Agnes' Ch., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Leechburg, Pa.; St. Martin's Ch., Starkenburg, Mo.; Holy Cross Ch., Holy Cross, Ia.; Castroville, Texas.; Sacred Heart Ch., St. Vincent, Ky.; St. Alphonsus Ch., Windsor, Ont.; Detroit, Mich.; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont.; Kittanning, Pa.; Cheltenham, Ill.; St. Joseph's Ch., Londonville, Ohio, Ingersoll, Ont; Notre Dame, Ind.

Names received at Niagara Falls Priory from : St. Alphonsus Ch., Suisan, Cal.; St. Michael's Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Columbus, Ohio; St. Joseph's Ch., Hamilton, Ohio; St. Joseph's Mission, Dickpoo, Idaho; Walker-ville, Ont.; St. Brendan's Ch., Bon Bay, N. F.; Mainadieu, C. B.; Leechburgh, Pa.; St. Agatha, Ont.; St. Anthony's Ch., Oakland; Cal.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Macton, Ont.

PETITIONS.

"Pray for one another that you may be saved. For the continual prayer of a just man availeth much."—St. James V. 16.

The following petitions are recommended to the charitable prayers of our readers :

Special, 1; sick, 2; employment, 6; general, 10; not specified, 30.

THANKSGIVINGS.

C. K., Stratford, Ont., gives thanks to Our Blessed Lady for favors received.

J. J. F., Washington, D. C., renders thanks for relief from sore throat.

S. McG. gives thanks to Our Lady for many favors received.

* * *

The Independent, the leading Protestant weekly of America says :

"From the elaborate statistics of the divers Christian denominations published we gather the result that the adjective 'priest-ridden,' attaches not to Catholics, but in its fullest sense to Protestant denominations. These very statistics show that the Catholic priests have the largest parishes, and the Baptist the smallest; that the Methodist have four times as many churches and three times as many ministers; the Baptists nearly five times as many ministers as there are Catholic priests in the country, although they have little more than one-half the communicants. The result is that there are only ninety Baptists on an average to one of the churches; 110 Methodists to each of their congregations, whilst the average number of Catholics to one church is not less than 767."

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 160 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



Our Lady of the Scapular.

Carmelite Review.



VOL. IX.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., JULY, 1901.

NO. 7

Feast of Mount Carmel.

Our Lady's Invitation to Her Children.

○ FT we hear sweet invitations,
Stealing through the "gentle air,"
When the pearly dawn is breaking,
Or at tranquil evening prayer.
Softer than those twilight zephyrs
Sighing low through woodland trees,
Soothing like the ceaseless murmur
Of the rippling, sapphire seas.

On bright festal days of Mary,
Breathe her accents "Come to me !"
O what tenderness maternal !
What celestial sympathy !
"Come, dear souls ! for exile sorrow
In my love there is a balm,
Come, O restless hearts and weary,
Near my Shrine is restful calm.

But there is a special gladness
In God's Holy Church today.
Is it caught from golden harp-strings
Of the light-land far away ?
Through the aisles of grand cathedrals
Thrills a grand, melodious voice,
And the solitudes of Carmel
Echo : "Let us all rejoice !"

In the silvery chime of joy-bells
Ringing through this summer day,
Or in humble rustic chapels
Where the peasants watch and pray,
Glorious Queen of Holy Carmel !
Thou enthroned so far above,
With most joyful hymns we greet thee
As the "Mother of fair love."

We are all thy favored children,
In this desert pathless land ;
We are clothed with "double garments,"
Given by thine own dear hand.
May this holy feast of gladness
Bring new gifts of choicest grace,
Lead us ever upward — onward,
To the vision of God's Face !

Enfant de Marie St. Clare's.



WE, acceding to the request of our beloved son Aloysius Maria Galli, General of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, have decided to enrich the Carmelite Churches with a singular privilege.

—Words of Pope Leo XIII.

swallowed edifices,, and also citizens when they were least on their guard. John's genius was luminous, agreeable, incomparably bright and suave, but on occasion bursting forth like thunder from a calm sky and reducing to powder human fortune and glory—things which appeared to all eyes as firm and unshakable. Anthusa, not yet knowing what her son might be nor even what he desired to be, gave him an education suitable to his times and rank. It was the education then in vogue among the noble and wealthy families of Antioch. Good schools were opened in the city, and John was first seen among the grammarians. Great care was also taken in these early days for the physical training of youth. Antioch was ruled by the old Greek spirit and thought, and body and mind were simultaneously developed. In the Palaestra John learned how to control the various members of his body and to compose his exterior. He practised gymnastic exercises so zealously that his attitudes and the slightest motions of his body were ordered and accomplished with the greatest grace. A more graceful orator never stood in a pulpit. According to the training received in these ancient schools of "physical culture," he was rubbed well with oil, moulded and kneaded by the hands of professional athletes, rolled in the dust, deluged with the healthful sweat of his own exertion, and then bathed in pure and perfumed water. His muscles, under such treatment, became supple and hard, and his limbs alert and strong. John entered with zest into this daily exercise, and he endeavored to subdue his body which in time yielded to the effort of his will as does the wild beast to the whip of its tamer. When in after years he exhorted his hearers to overcome their unruly senses, he did not fail to recall to their minds the peaceful but laborious contests in which they engaged under the direction of the gymnasiarch.

The grammarians taught John how to read and write. It was the custom even among the Christians to place the pagan writers of antiquity in the hands of their children, for these authors were considered to be the well-spring of the beautiful and also models of reasoning and elegance. Another motive which induced the Christians to have their sons taught the pagan classics was derived from the active opposition displayed by the rhetoricians to permit the Christians to read the ancient writers. In fact Julian the Apostate published a decree in which he forbade the Christians to read the pagan classics, and he told them to be content "with Matthew and Luke." John's mother, though very pious and devoted to religion, did not hesitate to initiate him into the studies of pagan antiquity. He read assiduously the classic poets, and they were afterwards explained and commented on in the schools. He was particularly pleased with Homer, that inexhaustible narrator of adventures and battles who captivates the imagination of the young. He also became acquainted with the writers of the Alexandrian epoch who were very popular with the frivolous Antiochians on account of their airy elegance and agreeable philosophy. He knew by heart the finest passages to be found in them, and recited them in loud voice and with admirable action before his fellow-students. This was a practice in the ancient schools, charmed by the harmony of sounds and the music of verse. Accordingly John stocked his fertile mind with the pleasing fictions of Greece, and later on it will be no surprise to find him dwelling on some characteristics of the classic poets whom he desired to forget in order that he might think of God and meditate on the Sacred Word. This acquaintance with the poets of antiquity served him well in later days, when he became a writer, for he knew perfectly how to clothe his

discourse with a rhythm and cadence which would caress the delicate ear of the Antiochenes, like the murmur of the waves dying sweetly on the Syrian shore. He also scatters here and there in his sermons the charms of poesy, stories that are enlivening; historical incidents that call up classical memories, all of which captivated the mobile spirit of his fickle audience. "How shall we laud the order of the year's seasons?" he exclaims. "Is it not like a band of fresh young girls dancing a roundelay, which they keep on continually executing, following one another in perfect order, or in which those in the middle of the circle lead on gently and easily their companions from one extremity to the other?"

Accompanied by his pedagogue, with his tablets and stylus under his arm, the young scholar, going and returning, heard the din and the cries of the street. In the morning, the city awoke in a confused bustle. There were the sailors of the Orontes discharging their cargoes; the workmen in the arm-factories incessantly pounding on their anvils; the peasants coming into the city to salute their patrons and to sell their commodities. The last class drove on their heavy lumbering carts which grated on the marble pavements, and grains of wheat and barley fell from them, which the doves from the neighboring roofs picked up ravenously. Often the way was encumbered by troops of lazy mules, urged on by drivers as indifferent as the beasts themselves.

Under the shadow of the porticos, on either side, was ranged a long line of shops and booths, for Antioch possessed an immense market, which was not confined to one locality, but rather extended through the length of the city, so that the citizen could provide for his wants almost at his own door. The young student often looked at this blustering, noisy crowd of Greeks, Syrians, Persians, Arabians and Egyp-

tians, all in their strange costumes, exchanging in the public place of Antioch the products of the East and the West, which ships or caravans had brought from most distant countries.

At midday, when John was returning home from school, he came on another scene none the less interesting. He met the leisurely class, the loungers who were returning from the bath, arrayed in tunics of silk and gold, on which were embroidered in the midst of arabesques figures of fantastic animals: griffons, sea-monsters, chimeras, and these fabulous beasts seemed to live on the fine silken tissue of the garments. The Christians were easily to be recognized by the scenes from the Old and the New Testament and sentences from the Scriptures wrought on their robes. John gazed for a long time at this daily spectacle and was dazzled by its magnificence. He also watched the rope-dancers and the acrobats who were wonderfully skilled in their art. Some, forming themselves into a circle, rolled along like the wheel of a chariot; others, by means of wings attached to their bodies, flew in the air. There were jugglers who threw daggers into space and received them on their sleeves, and others who held on their chin a tree in the branches of which were perched children like birds.

As the young scholar gazed on these different scenes, he was making an ample provision of forms and colors for future days. Like the painter preparing his palette, John was collecting in his imagination a variety of shades and tones, and was acquiring that infinite wealth of ornament amidst which his personages would be drawn in days to come. We may justly say that St. John's discourses are, from one end to the other, a tissue of many-colored images, slowly unfolding themselves in the midst of an oriental luxury of gold and silk.

At home John received Christian

instruction from his mother. "Your parents" he said later on to his townsmen, "formed you to piety; from your childhood you were instructed in Sacred Letters." Every day Anthusa opened the book of Scripture and read from it; she then gave it to her son to read, and he thus tasted early the honey of God's Word, which was more pure and palatable to him than any other food. It would seem as if he remembered those pious and recollected scenes of home-life, when he narrates in his picturesque style the history of Anna and Samuel or when he preaches the eulogy of the Mother of the Machabees. The narratives of Genesis, as simple and gracious as those of Homer, Abel and his flocks, Rebecca's marriage, Noah in the ark and Joseph at Pharaoh's court, all made such a deep impression on his soul that he was able to reproduce their emphasis and noble simplicity in his numerous commentaries. The holy Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles captivated his mind and heart. St. Paul in particular appealed to his religious sense; the Apostle's journeys, voyages, prisons, miracles, and eloquence transported him with admiration and excited in his fervent young soul the desire of the Apostolate. These thoughts acted on John's imagination more vividly than they act on ours, for Antioch whose child he was had in former days listened to the voice of the great Doctor of the Gentiles. There was yet to be seen in St. John's time, in a quarter of the city known as Strigonia, the place where St. Paul had often preached and the house which he had sanctified by his presence. Anthusa could have recounted to her son in these very places the birth of Christianity in a city which had been the witness of numerous prodigies. The first missionaries had come to Antioch from Jerusalem and from it departed to Cyprus and Syria, and they preached the good tidings not only to the

Jews, but also to the Greeks. The conversions were so numerous in a short space of time that the Ancients sent Barnabas to Jerusalem to give an account of the state of things. Seeing that he was unable to govern so large a church alone, Barnabas went to Tarsus to seek Paul, to whom he entrusted the office of preaching. From Antioch both of these Apostles departed on their Asiatic mission, and to it they returned to re-establish peace which had been sorely vexed by the quarrels of the judaizers.

As John grew in years, he began to love his native city not so much for the number and beauty of its buildings and palaces, as for the honor of having given the faithful the name of Christians. He congratulated it for being the second cradle-land of Christianity, the Jerusalem of the Greek people, the luminous centre whence the Gospel had shone on Asia and the Isles. The day that St. John departed from Antioch for his see of Constantinople, he shed tears and left his heart in his native place. "Do you want to pronounce the eulogy of Antioch?" he said. "Do not boast of the groves of Daphne, nor of the number and height of their cypresses, of the fountains of water, the multitude of her people, the freedom of promenading in her public places till a late hour in the night, the abundance of her markets, for all these advantages refer to sensual satisfaction and are limited to the present life. But we glorify Antioch when we publish the virtues of her people, the gentleness of her manners, their almsgiving, their holy watchings, their modesty and wisdom."

The suburbs of Antioch were not less beautiful and interesting than the city itself. Numerous chapels scattered through the country surrounded the city like a cincture of faith and imparted a religious atmosphere to the city's environs. These small buildings were dedicat-

ed to the martyrs whose relics and statues reposed in them. The martyria, so they were called, were erected everywhere: on the mountain-sides, in the midst of rocks or verdure, generally not far from the places sanctified by the blood of the martyrs, or, again, they lined the right bank of the Orontes, placed at different points among the reed-grass and the aquatic plants. The rich visited these picturesque sanctuaries when their leisure-time hung heavily on their hands, and the poor walked to them when they were urged by the call of faith. John paid many a visit to them in the company of his mother. In later days he will also revisit them to celebrate the Synaxis on the festivals of the martyrs and to pronounce their eulogy before the Christian populace.

It was from among the pagan rhetoricians who had surrounded Julian the Apostate and acclaimed him as the Restorer of Hellenism that John's mother selected his teacher of eloquence. The choice was the celebrated Libanius, some of whose writings have come down to us. The child's faith was not in danger, as paganism at this period was in a dying condition and the home influence continued simultaneously with the teachings of the sophist. Besides, Libanius enjoyed an almost universal renown. He had taught at Athens, Constantinople and Nicomedia, and in the midst of his glorious career, he was seized with a longing for his birthplace, Antioch. He returned to his native city and opened a school which was at once much frequented. His former pupils were scattered all over the empire and occupied positions of trust and honor. He counted among his friends governors of provinces, prefects, consuls, bishops and emperors. By reason of his intimate relations with the court and the army, he wielded a powerful influence.

Anthusa understood what benefit

in future her son would derive from the teaching of a master who was not merely a rhetorician, but who was devotedly attached to his pupils and followed them with his solicitude and influence even after they had left his school. None of them departed without receiving a letter of recommendation, which facilitated the bearer's appointment to posts of honor and distinction. The day that John appeared in the school of Libanius, the master asked whose son he was. One of the scholars replied: "He is the only son of his mother." "How long is she a widow?" returned Libanius. "Already twenty years," was the answer. "Great gods!" the teacher exclaimed, "what women there are among the Christians!" It was Anthusa's glory that she drew from the lips of an obstinate pagan the eulogy of both her religion and her widowhood.

We can hardly say that John learned eloquence from the teaching of Libanius, for that noble art had been lifeless for a long time, but he was taught the mechanism of discourse and the canons of rhetoric, which, if they are not sufficient to make one eloquent, yet help him in becoming such. He was trained in all kinds of discourse, the two principal ones of which at that time were exhortation and controversy. He wrote out and delivered before his master and fellow-students descriptions, parallels, eulogies, accusations, apologies and invectives; he spoke for and against the physicians and the tyrants; he pleaded fictitious cases drawn from the famous quarrels of antiquity, as, for example, the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. By this mental exercise he acquired a marvellous versatility of passing from one subject to another without effort, a splendid wealth of invention and a prodigious faculty for public speaking. When he was Patriarch of Constantinople and was almost continually absorbed in the multi-

farious duties of his pastoral ministry, he was always ready to preach and would draw thunders of applause from his appreciative audience. If he saw that his hearers were distracted and would not listen, he gained their attention by his oratorical flights, stories, interrogations, dialogues and artifices of all kinds.

The disciple soon equalled, if he did not surpass, his master, and the latter, it appears, dreamed of bequeathing his chair to him, if the Christians would not steal him away. At the same time, John also studied philosophy under Andragathius, of whom we know little but his name. In the Antiochian schools, the ancient systems of philosophy were condensed and reduced to a kind of gnosis over which Platonism ruled. The teaching consisted chiefly of the history of philosophy on which the master commented, introducing the ideas which he particularly cherished. In this way John read and studied all the celebrated philosophers: Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Diogenes, and all others who had left a name and works. The judgment he formed of them was altogether unfavorable. He complained of the obscurity which enveloped their writings, a fault which makes them inaccessible to the multitude; for it requires length of time and much study to extract their meaning. Again, it was sure to happen that the subject treated disappeared, overwhelmed by the waves of inexhaustible verbosity. He admitted their beauty of language and refinement of style, and some of them, he knew, were rightly esteemed for their eloquence, as for instance, when the Athenians exposed to the view of the public Plato's letters which Dion had sent them, but he maintained that the result of their labors was of small account; they disagreed on many important issues; the most humble peasant knew more than they about

the immortality of the soul, if he had attended the school of the Apostles who were but simple fishermen.

In his younger days, John did not always speak so harshly; indulgent towards himself, he was equally so towards others. He frequented the theatre and listened to the plays without, however, giving into indolence or dissipation. With a few of his fellow-students he was the most industrious and best disciplined of all the scholars. His enemies, who were numerous, after ransacking the particulars of his early life, could not discover the least vice in it. He owed his purity of character to his mother and his love of study. A simple catechumen, destined for the bar, master of a good fortune, he wished to see the world and to be seen by it. His sermons are full of precise details regarding the usages of elegant society. He brings us to the shops of the perfumers, where the young men discuss the news of the city, while the frivolous old gallants are much disquieted if every hair is not in proper shape and repeatedly ask the hairdresser if everything is well arranged. In the shops of the jewellers, he shows us the fashionable world; the dandies, the effeminate and the indolent aristocrats who have come hither to inspect the precious stones and who cast wistful eyes on the pearls and gold ornaments. He gives us a glimpse of every phase of social life in his moral pictures, and skilfully dissects the malice underlying it.

Of all public diversions, none delighted the people of Antioch more than the spectacles. Daily large crowds gathered to see and admire the cleverly-executed voluptuous dance of the mimes, who interpreted, to the music of the flute, the pleasant and questionable fables of antiquity by their motions and wonderful play of the face. The masterpieces of the ancient drama

had not been yet eliminated from the theatre. The comedies of Aristophanes were still acted. John was probably acquainted with them, at least from his reading, since many believe that they find a trace of them in some of his writings. Moreover, he employs in his criticisms of popular vices and caprices all the irony, vehemence and crudity of expression to be found in the plays of the Athenian satirist.

Following the custom of the Asiatic Greeks, John passed his leisure time in the forum. At Antioch the forum was a magnificent, vast quadrangular place paved with marble and bordered by porticos, traversed from east to west by the street of Herod and from north to south by a great thoroughfare that began at the bank of the river and extended to the citadel on Mount Silpius. It was in the heart of the city, and at the junction of the streets which passed through it was the central point, the navel of the city from which all distances were reckoned. The forum was equally the centre of business and pleasure. In its vicinity were the shops of the larger tradesmen and the grand hotels famous for their number and the excellent fare they provided. Merchants of all kinds exposed for sale between the columns of the porticos everything beautiful and costly produced by nature and art. Precious stuffs, jewels, toilet articles, cordials and perfumed confectionery, bronzes, carved work, exotic curiosities,—all the caprices and fancies of fashion were retailed under the porticos and excited the desires of the loungers. At night, the number and brilliance of the lamps shed a light almost equal to that of day. On days of festivity the monuments were covered with purple draperies and the columns engarlanded with flowers; roses, which were much used, crowned the capitols and fell down in graceful festoons.

John learned as much amidst the splendor of the forum and its varied crowd as among the rhetoricians; he learned the science of life

which is not written in books. Mingling with the loquacious and gossipy throng, he listened to its derisive talk anent the deliberations of the Senate, the extortions of the judges, the campaigns, the monopoly of grain, the result of the races and the relative value of the contesting horses, the celebrated comedians and their intrigues, the dancers most famous for their excellence and beauty, and the public and private scandals that helped to swell the Antiochian chronicle. It sometimes happened that the hero of an incident or anecdote appeared on the scene, superbly dressed, inebriated with glory and power, surrounded by an escort of parasites who drove the chafing crowd before them. John was not insensible to such scenes; he drank in impressions which he has communicated to us when they were purified by the touch of religion. He drew, however, from them the taste of plastic beauty and the love of form which pleased his fellow-citizens so much. "A sculptor," he said, "appears to us especially admirable, not when he places before our eyes a beautiful statue of gold, but when he fashions from the clay a perfect finished image. Thus nothing is more calculated to make us admire and praise the ability of the Sovereign Artist than the beauty which He has imprinted on ashes, than the ineffable art which shines from the creation of our body."

He saw only dust and ashes in all human beauty, and this contemplation of death led him logically to contempt for the world and its pleasures. A radical change came over the direction of his thought and the project he had in view for the future. "We have lived the life of the flesh," he writes, "let us henceforth live that of the spirit; we have lived amidst pleasure, let us now live in virtue; we have lived in neglect, let us now live in repentance."

This is what he did with the grace of God and he became Saint John Chrysostom.

The Cost of a Soul.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

PROF. Hermann Mittelsstrom was idly drawing wonderful chords from the small pipe-organ which enriched his music-room. His thoughts were elsewhere and cast a tone of involuntary sadness into the rich, rolling splendors of his improvisation.

"Lost souls!" he murmured. "How many, Lord—how many? Yet they are Thine, Blessed Jesu; Thine, every one! Oh, save them for Thy mercy's sake!"

Before his ardent vision loomed up the immense throng of his concert audience the evening before. He was a musical genius, of profound learning in his own profession and so finished in his renderings of the great master-work that his piano and organ recitals not only drew the public, but held it, as with magnetic spell. Those swelling crowds, that sea of upturned faces on the previous night, even — ah, what a concourse of souls! If he could only charm some of them into the Kingdom—a few, even, a very few—his gift of sweet music would not be in vain. The power was his — that he knew, — and he cried aloud, "O Jesus, give me Thine own consecrating unto its more effectual use!"

Even as he breathed the prayer, he caught the sound of approaching footsteps. His door was half open and looking up he perceived two young women at the threshold. One, plainly the elder, a smart, aggressive girl, looked very mannish in her tailor-made suit and a sort of slouch hat, yet behind her came a sweet little Aphrodite, whose witchery he knew. There were the deep eyes, blue as the sea, which always made him think of an unawakened soul. It was Constance Ellesmont.

He came forward to greet her

with a distinct sense of satisfaction.

"This is simply delightful, Miss Constance," he exclaimed. "I am only too happy to meet you again. But, pray, where did you come from? You did not drift down from the skies?"

The smile that came in response to this was simply delicious in its frankness. The girl had not yet reached the age of suspicion, when compliments weary. Moreover, her old teacher, this very Herr Mittelsstrom, had been stern—yes, often severe—in her callow days of piano-playing. She had been decidedly afraid of him. Now she merely looked up at him in unconcealed gladness, like a voiceless Undine, and it was the smart girl with her who answered his question.

"We came over from Brooklyn, where I live, this morning, Herr Professor. Miss Ellesmont is my far-off cousin, and my guest also, just at present." Then the tailor-made girl rushed off into a broad discussion of matters musical, in which Herr Mittelsstrom bore his appointed part, as in duty bound, yet mechanically and with his thought fixed all the while upon his former pupil. How beautiful she had grown! The years since he had seen her last had wrought magical changes! Yet there was still the same soft, misty, unawakened look in her eyes that used to puzzle him. "Her soul has no home! O, the pity of it!" and, as he whispered this within himself, his face fell. "She is even yet astray in God's universe!"

Then he asked her to play. She did so, with the simple obedience of a little child. At the first notes he started in pleased surprise. Finish, execution, and a certain attractive, individual style she had cer-

tainly attained. Yet, much as she had gained during her stay on the Pacific coast and excellent as her San Francisco training had evidently been, there remained the old lack of spiritual quality. Whatever of perceptiveness now marked her work was not her own, but put into it by some musician whose teaching possessed power.

The tailor-made girl, Miss Ethel Schwartz, was by this time getting impatient and hastened to broach her errand. Could not he, Prof. Mittelsstrom, get them a couple of tickets for the first public representation of the new opera, in which the great Bavarian prima-donna was to take part? But alas! that very morning he had given away the last of several tickets placed by the manager at his disposal. Poor Mittelsstrom! He would have been everjoyed to do the young ladies this little service, yet fate decreed otherwise.

Miss Schwartz hardly listened to his explanation, but, rising with promptitude, summoned her companion with a glance. Again, the appealing blue eyes; and, this time, they gave the Professor an inspiration.

"Let me tell you!" he interposed eagerly. "I had nearly forgotten it—but Madame Makzinski is to sing next Sunday at the Cathedral. If you should go—and go early—you would have a fine opportunity to hear her. She is *bonne Catholique*, *l'enfant adorable*! I love her voice myself."

When they had gone, the Professor shook his head soberly. "They are Protestant," he murmured, "I doubt if they will go."

None the less, however, he besought the Mother of Mercy and Her Dear Son for these two souls, precious in God's sight, that they might be led into ways of salvation and into paths of peace.

He had slight faith that his prayer would win answer; yet, at the Cathedral, he beheld his two visit-

ors of the week before seated at but short distance from him. Then, he took courage—the Blessed Mother had, indeed, heard his prayer!—and he prayed again, with many an "action de graces," that her Divine Son would pour the great gift of faith on these stray souls that had sought His Presence.

The music, that day, surely soared to heaven, for Madame Makzinski sang with the warmth that only faith can give. Miss Schwartz sat and listened with precisely the same air of well-bred appreciation she would have worn at a concert. But the beauty of it all, the glory of it, the sense of unearthly mystery—nay, even the consciousness of Divine presence were slowly revealing themselves, one by one, to Constance Ellesmont. One swift glance showed the Professor that the blue eyes, which had been his study, were suffused with quick tears. Then the little bell rang and Constance, with soft impulsive motion, fell on her knees with the rest.

"Most Blessed Virgin, Mother of Mercy!" prayed the devout musician, in all sincerity, "Hear, oh hear her petition and show her Thy Holy Child Jesus!"—and the winged prayer might well have been caught and borne upward by waiting angels.

She went home that day in a grave mood, hardly knowing what had happened to her. "How lovely it all was!" she cried in rapture, over and over again. "Indeed, it was good to be there!" Ethel Schwartz was more than puzzled. "I did not think Constance was so impressible!" she said, in the depth of her heart. "Perhaps I ought not to have taken her there." But aloud she contented herself with declaring that Makzinski was superb; one could not help being touched by such musical power.

During the many weeks that followed Prof. Mittelsstrom lost sight of his former pupil, save for a stray

glimpse of her, now and again, among the worshippers at the Cathedral. Some attraction drew her thitherward—that was evident—and with much power. Miss Schwartz did not bear her company; she glided in alone, in a timid way, and knelt humbly in a quiet corner.

She was destined, however, to be brought before the Professor's mind—and sharply, too,—at this juncture. One fine day Adolph Levasseur, manager of the Folies Dramatiques, a light entertainment company, came sauntering up to his little table at Riccadonna's. This Levasseur, with whom the Professor had some slight acquaintance, was a brilliant fellow, a respectable singer, a man of the world, at home everywhere, but a man, also, who always had an eye to business. During lunch he surprised the Professor by a sudden question flung into a white-capped sea of chat.

"By the way, Professor, how is the little Ellesmont getting on? She used to be your pupil, years ago, she says."

The older man looked up in amazement.

"I mean," pursued Adolph, airily, "has she any talent? I have half an idea of engaging her and bringing her out soon. She looks teachable—has a way of flashing out things, that is 'taking'—and is adorably pretty, besides!"

The good Professor answered not a word. He was trying to collect himself. He knew he had reason to be startled. If Adolph should meet the Angel Gabriel himself, straight from heaven, he would try to engage him for the trombone or French horn! Reverence was not in his nature. It took all Professor Hermann's self-control to answer calmly.

"I did give Miss Ellesmont a few piano lessons, at one time. She has made progress since, but I do not know her present capabilities. May I ask how you made her acquaintance?"

A sarcastic curl of the lip proved that the impresario understood the Professor's hauteur. "I was presented by her valued friend, Ethel Schwartz"—and again came the curl of the lip. "She can sing after a fashion, your Miss Ellesmont! Has some sweet tones in her voice and some vibrant force." Six months' training under old Baumbach would bring it out—at least, enough for my purpose. A light song,"—here the Professor shuddered—"fairly sung, with one of her bewitching smiles annexed, would score a success, I know! The crowd would shout. Yes, she is a winning card, sure!"

"Perhaps she would refuse to serve."

"Nonsense, mon cher! They are all dying for a chance to appear! Twenty-five applicants yesterday, for chorus places, with hard work and poor pay. I can do better by Constance!" Again the Professor ground his teeth. "Yes, she'll come when I whistle! They go for the theatre like moths for a candle, the little dears!"

And with this parting shot, the manager rose from the table and went his way.

The thing weighed on the soul of Professor Hermann. It haunted him night after night, like a dream of evil. He woke each morning with a boding dread of the day. It oppressed him so that he went to take counsel with Mother Mary Francis of the Carmelite Prioress. Mother Francis had advised with him before; she was a woman of calm good sense, yet warm sympathies, and she felt the sincerity of his distress as he told his tale.

"She is a motherless girl, away from home. Her father lives in New Haven now, and is deep in business cares. He supplies her with money and lets her flutter about, as American fathers do! Her friend, Miss Schwartz, has not the right influence, I am sure. She is pure as a star now,—so innocent of all evil that she does not know it, or fear

it. She is in peril, unawares. Adolph Levasseur feels the charm, knows that the world will feel it also, and means to make money out of it."

"The old story of Eve and the serpent" replied the grave Superior-ess, looking at him with pity, as a sudden uprising of wrath choked his utterance. "But do not be unhappy and do not despair! Heaven protects its own; the holy angels are her guard of honor. Moreover, innocence has peculiar ways of protecting itself, even in the midst of evil. Yet there may be work left to us, also."

"How? Miss Schwartz is Protestant and friendly with Adolph. I dare not warn the girl, myself. I could not prove my disinterestedness! She would only think me malicious, envious of Adolph or bent on injuring his troupe. No, you cannot snatch away a new toy from a child without his resenting it. This hope of public success is her bright, toy balloon! Oh, the pity of it!"

"Use her musical gift to save her with, my friend. Do not oppose her openly, but lead her to the nobler melodies, to the Divine in music! And I will pray—we will all pray for your little white lamb."

Days and even weeks passed, after this, in a silence deeply fraught with anxiety. The one item of intelligence that came in regard to Miss Ellesmont was of evil omen. She had begun taking lessons in voice-culture from Herr Baumbach, a competent trainer for opera bouffe. This, as the Professor knew was part of Levasseur's scheme and his heart sank within him. It so chanced, nevertheless, that soon after, on his way to a rehearsal he came upon her most unexpectedly. She was alone, tripping along with her music-roll, a vision of daintiness. A fluffy leather boa, curling about her neck with its softness of white and gray, enhanced the effect of her black picture hat. Within

the shadow of the latter shone the sweet face, touched to rose by the sharp winds of autumn. The glad smile flashed out from him in swift recognition just as it had before, Adolph Levasseur had not drawn her away from her old friends.

Then, the Professor's courage rose her greeting seemed just as cordial. and he ventured on his first counter-move.

"I have had some lovely Hungarian music sent me from Buda-Pesth by Herr Potowsbi of the Imperial Chapel. Will you not come in some time and let me play it over for you? I am sure you will like it."

"Oh, thank you!" was the quick response and the blue eyes shone with delight. "Indeed, I will come and with the greatest pleasure. You are good to me always."

"Are you at leisure Wednesday afternoon from three to four?"

She nodded assent, but only the angels knew that on that little nod hung mighty threads of destiny.

Never had the Professor striven for the applause of great audiences as he now strove for the musical subjugation of Constance Ellesmont. She sat listening, mute, fascinated, entranced — her eyes often suffused with tears — all that Wednesday afternoon, while two girl-pupils of the dull sort sat in the low window-seat trying to write exercises in Harmony. To her the rare music was harmony and melody in one, a deep blue sky alive with stars. Its throbs and fine vibrations filled the very core of her being. And there were other Wednesday afternoons of like experience. Rich Catholic music, the marvels of Palestrina and Sebastian Bach, the strains of Handel, the Passion-music, the rich religious Oratorios,—it was the great music, ever and always. The greatness charmed her and swept her out of herself, like archangelic strains, great fiery blossoms from out the Central Glory.

Her bright intelligence caught the

new meaning. "He is trying to teach me something," she said to herself, "and he is teaching against Herr Baumbach."

The opportunity for more direct teaching arrived at last. Appearing a bit late one afternoon in a whirl of excitement, and with many apologies, she dropped her music-roll and several sheets flew out. Picking them up with his usual grave politeness, he cast his eye upon the titles. To see one was enough.

"My child," he cried,—there was a world of tender reproach in his tone,— "what sort of a song is this?"

A flush of scarlet mantled the delicate face. "I am not to blame, Herr Professor. That song was given me to learn. I had no choice."

He looked down upon her with a supreme pity. Beneath that gaze, which she understood only too well her self-restraint gave way. The ice was broken. A burst of confidence ensued, whose sincerity swept away every barrier to a perfect understanding between them.

"Herr Professor, honestly, I do not like this thing!"

"Of course not. I was sure of that."

A look of intense relief illumined the mobile face. She had not forfeited his respect, then, and he still had faith in her. His own face, too, shone with delight. Then he motioned her to a seat. "Now, let us talk it over, my child."

Through her fresh, vivid expressions, he beheld the whole case, as it were, mapped out before him. Levasseur had begun with deferential attentions, aided by flattery; then, interested and fascinated her with accounts of European theatres and foreign singers, exciting her curiosity, stirring her imagination, picturing glories and triumphs which had crowned others and might one day be all her own. His indignation rose at the cunning of the man. Yet he spoke with quiet solemnity.

"Once, in the history of the world our Blessed Saviour was taken up into an exceeding high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; then one said to Him, 'All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

The girl shuddered. "Is it as bad as that?" She fixed the blue eyes on him with a startled gaze. "Can it be? A Satan-offer! God forbid! That is fearful."

"I am reasonable, my dear child. If you were forced into this by poverty, by any dire extremity, you might take your soul in your hands, beseeching God and His Holy Angels to guard you. But if you go wilfully, in defiance of warning, is it not tempting Him? If you cast yourself down from the pinnacle whereon you stand, at the bidding of any evil, can you ask Him to save? There is a price to pay for all the Evil Angel gives. For a worldly success you will sacrifice your peace of mind, your independence—for you will be a slave to the public—your beautiful white purity which wraps you round now, like a snow-drift, for it will be soiled, of necessity, by contact with the evil—nay, perhaps your love and worship of the Divine will be swept i with the rest. Dare you risk this?"

"I will consider what you have said, Professor—truly I will. I am not sure, though. If I have any musical gift, it is the gift of God; why should I lose faith in Him by using it?"

"It is given you only in trust, to be used in His service. Why not use it, as the angels do, for His praise and glory? For example, why not study the great music? Why not learn the organ? Why not sing in church or in the great oratorios?"

"Signor Levasseur says I have not the talent; that I am only fit for light operetta."

Again Prof. Hermann groaned in spirit. The sweet humility of this girl only made her the more helpless, more of a mere bleating lamb,

in the hands of this hireling who cared not for his victims. Could no one lead her to the Good Shepherd?

"Besides," she continued, "I have no time. I cannot—unless I leave Herr Baumbach."

"Leave him, then, my child, and, like Mary, choose 'the better part, which shall not be taken from you.'"

The bright, hesitating face, uplifted so eagerly, gave him many rays of hope. But the opposing force retained its grasp. She spoke slowly—he thought with reluctance, even.

"It would be hard breaking my word. Consider, Professor. Signor Levasseur has my promise. But I will reflect! He may be willing to release me, but I fear not." Then she bade him a hurried good-day and disappeared.

The next Wednesday she failed to present herself in the music-room; and yet a friend had informed the Professor that M. Adolph Levasseur was on the point of sailing for Italy; that a fine opening, which he had not expected, now lay before him in Florence; and that he might even remain abroad for some years. This good news the Professor had, in his turn, communicated to Mother Mary Francis and both had rejoiced. But, as chance would have it, in the midst of his joy, he came upon Levasseur himself at one of the hotels. The manager greeted him with a mocking smile.

"Sorry for you, Professor!" he cried, "and for your lost game! You have been working on the tender conscience of my little debutante! Never mind that, though! Every man to his trade. But now I am going to take her away from you. We sail next Saturday and I shall bring her out in Florence."

Adolph flung out his irritating laugh, with a mocking salutation as he bid the other good-day.

"The supreme hour has arrived," murmured the Professor, "and I am helpless! I can only pray. O Blessed Mother of Succor, Fount of Sal-

vation! O Thou Only Saviour, Shepherd of the Sheep, help and strengthen the soul of this child! Defend her and save her, in mercy and power, for evermore!"

The prayer calmed him, yet he renewed it insistently. "Out of the deeps I have called upon Thee, O Lord! Lord, hear my voice!" All day long his spirit lifted the *De Profundis* of the ages for this frail, white butterfly,—this child-soul of today, which despite its feebleness, had uplifting power of wings. Out of the eternal depths of Divine Pity fell answer, sharp yet sweet.

He was sitting alone at his organ awakening its *Miserere* cry, when his door sprang open and Constance Ellesmont came flying in, like a frightened dove.

"Oh, Professor, pray take care of me!" she cried, holding out her clasped hands. "Take me away somewhere, anywhere! I will not go to Florence. I have run away; I am afraid of them. He shall not talk to me again. He shall not drive me. I will telegraph my father! I will not be made to go."

"Hush, my child! Do not tremble so. You are safe here. And I will take you to Mother Francis, our good Mother Superior. Be quiet just a moment and I will telephone for a cab."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" she cried nervously, her wide-open eyes still full of fear.

On the way he gathered from her broken disclosures that the impressario had presumed too much on her supposed feebleness. There had been a scene, during which he had dropped his tone of deference and grown, at last, authoritative. In her anger she refused to sign the contract he brought, or any other, and he had departed, furious. She had next outwitted Miss Schwartz whose watch had been that of a cat over a mouse, and stolen away from her guardianship.

In the convent calm she regained composure, Mother Francis advising her to remain within its walls

till Levasseur had left New York. But, for a long time after, she timidly lingered, her affection for the Sisters increasing as the days went by. The organ lessons were begun and her beautiful voice expanded like a flower. She was received into the Church and after a short visit to New Haven returned with her father's consent, declaring that her one wish was to become a member of the community. Her novi-

tiate seemed to Mother Francis a direct response to prayer, and the Professor said, in his grave way, "God be thanked! The Good Shepherd has folded His little lamb!"

Yet his friends remarked that Herr Mittelsstrom was growing old, and he was sometimes heard to exclaim wearily, "O Lord, Thou alone knowest the cost of salvation—the cost of saving even one soul!"

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

By *Enfant de Marie*, St. Clare's.

July, 1901—BLESSED BAPTISTA VARANI.

THIS fair flower of the Franciscan Order is chosen as Patroness in July (the month of Jesus' Precious Blood) because of her singular devotion to His agonising Heart. The life of Princess Camilla Varani, in religion Sister Mary Baptista, is most attractive in holiness and beauty. We would gladly record its most striking incidents, were it not that they far exceed the limits of our First Friday reflection. However, to one feature at least we call attention, as the "Holy Hour" has now become so well known, and is so fervently practised, namely the love of Blessed Baptista regarding it.

She entered into, and tasted in spirit the agony of Jesus, and her revelations are profound, yet touching, encouraging, and consoling. She tells us that His interior pains far surpassed those of the exterior, and that the consideration of them is even more profitable. "Not every one wishes to navigate the sacred

sea of the Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

Let us listen, as we kneel before Him, to the mournful words: "Could you not watch one hour with me?" and respond to the pleadings of love by the "Holy Hour," or if unable to do this, at least by visiting Him frequently, compassionating His loneliness in Gethsemane and pouring forth our varied feelings of contrition, love, confidence, gratitude for the Precious Blood of our Redemption.

We might, also, remember the "Hour of Guard," which only needs a little aspiration to direct an hour of the day to reparation, and sanctify it by purity of intention, and loving remembrance of Him.

Thus may we emulate from afar the Blessed Baptista, and, with her eternally chant the canticle above.

"The Lamb that was slain, is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction."—Apoc. VI., 12.

The Parish School.

FOLLOWING is a synopsis of the most excellent discourse delivered at the corner-stone ceremonies at St. Cecilia's, Englewood, N.J., last month by the Rev. Henry Brann, D.D., pastor of St. Agnes' Church, New York. This powerful defence of a great system by an able champion was the occasion of many fierce and illogical attacks in the New York press by the rabid enemies of Christian education. Dr. Brann spoke as follows :

"It is a great pleasure for me to be here today, my dear brethren, to be back in my old parish where thirty-five years ago, we laid the corner-stone of your church, and named it in honor of St. Cecilia the patroness of music. I am glad to see that so many of those who were present then are still living to witness this important ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of a new parochial school. Your good pastor, Father McDonald, and your former pastor, my old friend, Father Anastasius Smits, and the other Carmelite Fathers are to be congratulated on their success, the result of a zealous apostleship in your beautiful city.

"Although absent from you for many years, my brethren, I have been always near you in thought and love. Besides my associations in New York with actual or former residents of Englewood (New Jersey), have kept constantly before my mind the people and the neighborhood. I hear that now just as in my time all the neighbors help in the good work, and just as in my time every non-Catholic, people of all creeds and classes gave me assistance, and contributed to the building of the small church which you have since enlarged and beautified ; so to this day the courtesy, the kindness and the generosity of

the people of Englewood are not limited by race or creed. I get all the news about you almost daily from one of your most distinguished citizens, my personal friend, General James, who is as well known, respected and beloved by the people of my parish of St. Agnes in New York, as he is in this neighborhood where you have bestowed on him well-deserved honors in the State of New Jersey.

"And why should not all help a good work ? If I should ask you now, and if I could call back the dead and ask them also, whether the erection of this church was a benefit or an injury to the neighborhood, all would answer that the building was a blessing. Catholics would say so, because they remember the many spiritual favors and graces imparted to them from the Sacraments received at its hallowed altar. Non-Catholics would admit at least the financial and commercial value of a Catholic Church. It brings Catholics to the place where it is built, and makes them content to remain in it, for no good Catholic wants to live where he cannot hear Mass and have the services of a priest to give him the Sacraments. Although specially intended for Catholics, your church has benefitted all. It has increased the population of the place and enhanced the value of the property of the citizens, for nothing can benefit a part without benefitting the community taken as a whole. No one will deny that the church has also preserved and increased the purity, the honesty, and the sobriety of the people, and promoted law and order in the community. This is the record of your church, and of your priests.

"Now, after thirty-five years of struggle and progress, prompted by

the teaching of the Vicar of Christ and of all the bishops, but particularly of all the American bishops assembled in the last plenary Council of Baltimore, you lay the cornerstone of a parochial school, a necessary annex of the church, a fortress to defend and preserve the faith and morals imposed on all men by the Divine Redeemer of the human race, Jesus Christ, our Lord and our God. What is a parochial school? Let me briefly answer this question and some of the objections made against the parochial school system of the Catholic Church. The parochial school is the school of the parish. The parish is a limited district in a diocese, and is governed by a parish priest. His subjects are the Christian families of the district. The parish has the same relation to the diocese that the township has to the state. The one is an ecclesiastical, the other a civil division. The parochial school is a Christian school, because its purpose is Christian; it is founded by Christians, controlled by Christians, and because its pupils are Christian children, under the control of Christian teachers. No infidel or agnostic is allowed to teach in a Christian school. The children learn in this school all that they could learn in any other. The course of secular instruction is the same in the parochial as in the state school; and although the state school is supported by all the power of the state, and by all its wealth drawn from general taxation, the parochial school, although built and supported chiefly by the contributions of the poor, holds its own and compares favorably with the state school in general results. In a long experience, I have yet failed to see any superiority of the children of the state schools, over the children of the parochial schools. The influence of religion on the teacher and on the child in the parochial school, makes both conscientious in the discharge of

duty; the one has a higher motive in teaching, the other is more industrious in study. A common Christian faith and a common Christian charity, unite teachers and pupils in a union of hearts as well as of intellects. The spiritual and the ideal, as well as the material, find a place in the parochial school.

"But, besides the secular education, a specific religious education is given in the parochial school. Religion is not merely for adults. If it is good for the old it is good for the young. Every child in the parochial school is instructed in the principles of Christian faith, and taught to obey the precepts of Christian morality. The child is taught to pray to God, to reverence holy persons and holy things, to revere the Bible as the inspired Word of God, to know and keep the Ten Commandments, and thus become sober, chaste, honest, truthful, and obedient; to be a good Christian and consequently a good citizen. In a word, the parochial school specifically tends to preserve and promote Christian faith and morals. Now, how can any Christian fail to appreciate this training? How can a man call himself a believer in the divinity of Christ and oppose a training which is founded on that dogma? An enemy of Christianity, an agnostic, an infidel might, or if there be a man who hates the name of Christian, he might find fault; but every Christian must logically approve the action of the Catholic Church in insisting on the religious education of the young. I cannot weary you by a complete development of this subject; but I shall put my argument in a short syllogism, and challenge the world to gainsay it. Whoever believes in Christian faith and morals should help whatever specifically tends to preserve and promote them; but the parochial school specifically tends to preserve and promote Christian faith and

morals ; therefore, whoever believes in Christian faith and morals should help the parochial school. I ask those gentlemen, who call themselves ministers of Christ and yet attack our Christian schools, to reflect on this argument and answer it if they can. Let them be just to the parochial school. Is this a Christian country ? Is the majority Christian ? If it is, why is it that no child is allowed to learn the Christian religion in a state school, and that teachers are forbidden by law to teach any form of Christianity in a state school ? Yet the majority of the parents and majority of the children, and the majority of the teachers are Christians ; and the lawmakers are supposed to be Christian. What an anomaly ! But it will be said : "We want no union of church and state." Why ? Is it a crime for the state to aid the church ? Does not the church, unasked, aid the state ? Remove the church and what becomes of the state ? Why then should not the state reciprocate ? The three greatest nations of Europe today are those in which there is the closest union between the church and the state. The state in Russia, England and Germany helps the church ; and the state is not weakened by the alliance. Politics are neither pure nor sound when they are not moral, and they cannot be moral without religion.

"Now Catholics certainly want no such union of church and state as exists in Russia, England and Germany ; but they are not frightened by "bugaboos," or by the stage thunder of so-called Christians who do not believe in the Bible, or by sham patriots who talk about the "flag" while they are pocketing the appropriations. To exempt people who build and

support their own schools from the burden of double taxation which they are now paying for education, or to give them back in subsidies a part of their own money, is not a union of church and state. The doing of this would simply be an act of justice to fifteen millions of Americans -- a very large and efficient portion of the population. In many cities and towns, Catholics are the majority of the inhabitants. Surely they deserve some consideration for all that they are doing to prevent the spread of anarchy and socialism. No power in the country is so strong as the parochial school in enforcing the Commandments, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not steal." But there are people who say, "It cannot be done. We cannot solve the problem. It is not fair, we know, but we cannot help it." Such talk is an insult to American statesmanship. Germany has solved the problem and recognized the parochial school. England has solved it. Canada has solved it. Is it not an insult to American politicians to say that they cannot solve a simple problem which has been solved by the politicians of a neighboring province ? The solution is easy if you follow the natural law of justice.

"But whether it is solved or not, my friends, we shall go on building and supporting Christian schools to preserve Christian faith and morals which are our best inheritance. We believe them necessary for the good of the country and we believe them necessary for the salvation of our immortal souls, for 'What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul ? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?' Matthew XVI., 26.

A LITTLE WREATH OF FLOWERS FOR OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

By Eufant de Marie of St. Clare's.

1st Day—"Look at the star ; call on Mary."—St. Bernard.

2nd Day—"As the soul nears Mary, it also nears its own birth-place in the heart of its Creator, and is drawn with an ever-quickening speed to its final repose."—Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J.

3rd Day—"Mary must be our model of the interior life."—Ibid.

4th Day—"How close to God, how full of God,

Dear Mother, must thou be,
For now the more we know of Him,

The more we think of thee."

5th Day—"There are many things we wait to learn in Heaven ; Mary is one of these."—Fr. Faber.

6th Day—"A child of Mary cannot be lost."—St. Alphonsus.

7th Day—"O Jesus, that I could love Thee as Mary loved Thee ! O Mary, that I could love thee as Jesus loved thee!"

8th Day—"Mary, His Immaculate Mother, His Apostles and Disciples in the New Law have suffered. Every suffering, borne well, is a grain of spiritual gold treasured up." — Rev. J. B. Leybourn, O.C.C.

9th Day—"Devotion to my Rosary is a great sign of predestination."—(Words of the Blessed Virgin to a Dominican.)

10th Day—"The true children of the Rosary shall enjoy a great glory in Heaven."—Ibid.

11th Day—"The 'Memorare.'"

All ye who pass by the wayside
With many an anxious care,
Look up to the far blue heavens
And breathe St. Bernard's
prayer.

—E. de M.

12th Day—"Of what use would be Mary's great power if she did not employ it in our favor ?" — St. Augustine.

13th Day—"Do not, then, forsake me,

Mother of sweet love."

—St. Alphonsus.

14th Day—"Go without fear to the Blessed Virgin, pray lovingly to her ; you will always find her ready to grant all you ask."—St. Bernard.

15th Day—"Whenever our Holy Father Leo XIII. is presented with any flowers he always places them before the statue of the Madonna." Let us do likewise.

16th Day—

O beautiful flow'ret of Carmel,
O fragrant and clustering vine
Round the hearts of its loving
children

Thy care and protection en-
twine.

—E. de M.

17th Day—"Daily return thanks to the Blessed Virgin for all the benefits you have obtained from her."—St. Anthony.

18th Day—"We have not yet praised, exalted, loved and served Mary as we ought to do."—B. De Montfort.

19th Day—"Mary, most glorious, mediating between God and man." —St. Ephrem.

20th Day—"O holy Virgin, Queen of my heart, I wish to behold you." —B. John Soreth's dying words.

21st Day—"O Mary, it is from thee that Jesus has received the blood He shed for us."—St. Hilary.

22nd Day—"Each of us is called to be a star in Mary's crown." — Rev. G. Tyrrell, S.J.

23rd Day—"Mary's soul is a lily from the spotlessness of its purity, the fragrance of its charity, the grace and delicacy of its form." — Ibid.

24th Day—"O Immaculate and Most Blessed Virgin, Mother of the

Lord of our salvation, pray to Him for us thy children who have recourse to thee."—Dr. Ullathorne.

25th Day—"Oh! blessed is he who clings with love and confidence to those two anchors of salvation—Jesus and Mary."—St. Alphonsus.

26th Day—"Very sweet in life is the most holy name of Mary; sweeter still will it be to us when dying."—Ibid.

27th Day—"O Mary, if I put my

confidence in thee, I shall be saved."—St. Andrew of Candia.

28th Day—"All the treasures of the Mercy of God are in thy hands."—St. Peter Damian.

29th Day—"O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary! bless us now and at the hour of our death."

30th Day—"O Splendor cœli! May we gaze for ever on thy beauty."

31st Day—"Grant us a mother's blessing and care." *Monstra te esse Matrem!*

THE PURITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

By *Enfant de Marie* of St. Clare's.

"*Sancta et Immaculata Virginitas,
quibus te laudibus offeram
nescio!*"

The purity of Mary has been in all ages a source of noble inspirations in science and art, and poetic minds have, as it were, raised the veil from many of creation's beauties that we might see how symbolic they are of God's master-piece, the Immaculate Virgin.

They have twined around her dear name the early snow-drops and sweet May-blossoms. They have gazed at her reflection in crystal streams and placid lakes, and the white moonlight or pearly dawn. Fragrant lilies, and pure wild-roses of summer, and the untrodden snows of winter—in a word, all that could even faintly serve for emblematic praise, has been laid at her shrine accompanied by the devoted love of her children. God Himself was enamored of her stainless heart, and, as Father Faber so beautifully expresses it, in his learned work on "The Precious Blood," "There is no place in creation so white with its redness as her Immaculate Heart." O Blessed Mother! scientists have written

well of thee, and poets have sung thy praises in ever-varying strains of graceful emagery. Artists have endeavored to delineate thy beauty, and Saints have contemplated it with ecstatic love. But I,—an "Enfant"—what can I say but this, "*Quibus te laudibus offeram nescio!*" Truly I know not how to praise or love thee worthily, but I at least know that Jesus' Sacred Heart, like a golden lyre, is ever praising thy beauty and ever loving thee with infinite love. There is restfulness in this thought, my Mother! and in union with Him I offer this unworthy tribute and earnestly pray thee to make our hearts more like to His and thine.

Pure as the lilies, Mother dear, forgive

The fond but feeble trope,
Mother of Hope,
Fair love, and Holy Fear, there
does not live,
Virgin Immaculate,
In all the grassy haunts where lilies
blow,
As white, as rare, as sweet a flower
as thou.

—Eleanor C. Donnelly,
(In *Carmina Mariana*.)

EFFICACY OF DEVOTION TO THE HOLY PROPHET ELIAS.

THOSE who have carefully read the Old Testament know the power with which the Prophet Elias was invested. At his prayer streams of fertilizing rain poured down on earth. By his word Satan was confounded with his agents ; virtue became triumphant and the holy name of God was glorified. The immense influence, which this great prophet had over the heart of God, became still greater after he, by one of the most wonderful miracles, ascended into heaven in a fiery wagon, drawn by blazing chargers. His protection often has been shown by great miracles. With unlimited confidence his mediation has been sought. The holy Patriarch, whose charity is only equalled by his power, takes care of everything confided to him and provides for all wants. Most especially Elias is invoked in the following cases :

1. To obtain rain, as can be easily verified by perusing the Book of Kings.

2. For the recovery of sick people. In the year 1659 the plague raged in the Kingdom of Naples. Every day a great number of inhabitants died. Medical skill was powerless against the terrible scourge. At Sperona stood a church, dedicated to St. Elias. The picture of the Saint was above the altar. The prophet appeared to the curate and told him that he would stop the plague immediately, if the parishioners repaired his church and would keep burning a lamp before his image. This the curate told to his flock, which promised to do the bidding of the Saint. The sickness disappeared. But after the danger and the first fervor were over the people neglected to fulfil one part of their promise. The plague appeared again and raged more than

ever before. Then the people asked forgiveness from St. Elias, repaired and embellished the church and the altar, prayed fervently and fixed a continually burning lamp before the image of the Saint. Now the plague disappeared for good. This Sanctuary of St. Elias became the center of much-frequented pilgrimages. From this example we may learn to surround the images of St. Elias with every kind of veneration in order to deserve his favors.

3. To dispel dangers which threaten families. The inhabitants of Capua, Italy, were disconsolate in consequence of public calamities. Every family had had its trials and was threatened with new misfortunes. There was a continuous fear. The authorities placed the city under the protection of St. Elias. All promised to celebrate every year most solemnly and with great piety his feast. The people kept their word. Peace was no more disturbed, every danger disappeared and calm was restored to this pious city, so much devoted to St. Elias.

4. To end wars. Roger, Count of Sicily, had terrible struggles with the Saracens. He addressed himself to St. Elias, who, armed with his sword, appeared to Roger's enemies and filled them with such fear that they fled precipitately. The grateful Count erected in honor of St. Elias a church and a monastery, which he gave to the Carmelites.

5. To find again the peace of soul. St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland, once was assaulted by the most violent temptations. It appeared to him as if hell were opened to swallow up his soul. In this terrible anxiety, which only a God-loving heart can understand, the Saint turned to St. Elias, who im-

mediately came to his rescue, dispersed his fears and gave back to him the peace of soul.

6. To attract abundant blessings on souls consecrated to God. St. John of the Cross, at the beginning of his religious life, asked from St. Elias the gifts of prayer and mortification. His prayer was granted and he excelled in these two virtues thus, that he became a great Saint, a true disciple of Elias. Great was the devotion of St. Teresa to this grand patriarch whom, with filial confidence, she called "Our Holy Father Elias." The Patriarch assisted her almost marvellously in her work of reforming the Carmelite Order. The Venerable Mother Anne of St. Bartholemew always addressed herself to this powerful Thaumaturgus, who showered inestimable benefits on her. One day, while in ecstasies, she beheld Elias holding his mantle over a general chapter of bare-footed Carmelites. Later on Mother Anne learned that the Saint had visibly shown his mighty protection over that venerable assembly and had showered abundant blessings on its works. This tender piety of the virtuous mother to Elias greatly edified the whole Carmelite Order.

7. To insure the security of monasteries. The monks of Mount Carmel, seeing their monastery threatened by the Mohammedans, invoked St. Elias, who filled the infidels with such fear that they did not dare renew their hostilities and left the monks undisturbed.

8. To be protected against misfortune. The inhabitants of villages adjoining Mount Carmel did not consider themselves safe until they had placed themselves under the protection of St. Elias. They

often made pilgrimages to the Church of Mount Carmel, venerating there the statue of St. Elias, covering and surrounding it with votive offerings on the feast of the Saint. Numberless examples of the miraculous protection of the Saint are told.

From the above we see that all human wants are objects of sympathy to St. Elias. No wonder, therefore, that he is held in so great veneration. A great number of churches, altars and statues have been erected in his honor. Countries and cities have chosen him as their patron. It is known that, 'when leaving this world, Elias bequeathed to Eliseus the gifts of prayer and mortification, contemplation and activity, love for God and the neighbor; all these heavenly gifts, which were the very soul of his actions. His disciples had the courage to make shine forth these virtues, which unite so intimately the soul to God and procure for it much glory. As its motto the Order of Carmel has adopted the words of the illustrious chief of the prophets, "I am burning with zeal for the Lord, for the God of hosts." Every year on the 20th of July his feast is solemnly celebrated.

These are the claims of the holy prophet Elias to our veneration and pious homage. The devotion to this grand servant of God befits our time. Competent voices do not cease to repeat, that the ever-rising flood of human iniquities, finally will exhaust divine patience and bring down on the world great misfortunes. Therefore let us not delay to place ourselves under the protection of this kind patriarch, of whom has been written in Ecclesiasticus, "He hath been chosen to appease the wrath of the Lord."

Come to Our Lady's Shrine on July 16th. It is the Feast of Mt. Carmel. All wearers of the Brown Scapular are welcome at the Hospice that day and every day.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Reverend Bernard Feeney of St. Joseph's College, Mt. Angel, Oregon, has done good service in bringing out what he has named a "Manual of Sacred Rhetoric." "It is intended," he says, "first of all, to inculcate the necessity of earnest preparation for preaching in view of the present requirements of American life," and to show "How to prepare a Sermon." The work is timely and practical. There are plenty of works treating of the same subject, 'tis true, but Father Feeney's book fills a much-felt want. B. Herder of St. Louis prints and sells this book. Price one dollar and twenty-five cents.

One of the great masterpieces of mystical theology is "A Mirror for Monks." This is a new and revised edition from the work of Lewis Blossius. It is an ideal book for religious. It is printed and sold at twenty cents the copy by B. Herder of St. Louis, Mo.

PSALMS PENITENTIAL.

"Meditations on Psalms Penitential" will recommend itself to many. It is published by B. Herder at seventy-five cents. The seven songs called by holy Church "penitential psalms" have been the voice of her penance in every age. "From the wealth of her treasure in the Psalter," says the author in his preface, "she singles them out specially for use in her public Offices, and commends them for the private devotion of her faithful children. She appoints them to be sung at the Consecration of her Altars and Cemeteries; they accompany the Public Excommunication and Reconciliation of her Penitents; a

newly-elected Abbot receives her Benediction in the spirit of their humility. She weaves them into the framework of her Canonical Hours, orders them for the daily Lenten use of her Priests, and sanctions them for constant recitation by her Religious Orders.

But not only to the sons and daughters of the Church does the Psalter bear a message of consolation and hope. A tired generation, wandering bewildered through time's desert, fevered with the spirit of analysis, sick with disappointment as one by one the mirages of its theories of life sink into sand and nothingness before its eyes, turns again and again by the sheer necessity of its being to slake its thirst at the waters of the ancient wells of Life, preserved undefiled through the ages by the guardianship of the Catholic Church. Such deep and living wells are these psalms of penance. The profound spiritual experience which they reveal finds a response in the yearning of every unsatisfied heart; the assured faith of their inspired writer is a beacon-light to the perplexed and despondent. In them the true penitent has an inexhaustible fount of devotion; for the contrite soul can find no fitter words wherein to break silence and utter its lamentation before God."

B. Herder (17 So. Broadway) of St. Louis, Mo., has published "The Bible and Rationalism," or "Answer to Difficulties of the Bible," completely revised and greatly enlarged, by Rev. John Thein, author of "Christian Anthropology," "Answer to Difficulties of the Bible," "Catechism of Rodez," and "Ecclesiastical Dictionary." There are

four volumes, cloth binding with gilt title on back and side of cover. Vol. I.—Answer to Difficulties in the Book of Moses, 167 pages, \$1.00. Vol. II.—Answer to Difficulties in the Historical, Didactic, Sapiential and Prophetical Books of the Old Testament, 200 pages, \$1.00. Vol. III.—Answer to Difficulties in the Books of the New Testament, 162 pages, \$1.00. Vol. IV.—Answer to Difficulties in the Mosaic Cosmogony, Anthropology and Biblical Chronology, 259 pages, \$1.25. Each volume forms a whole by itself, and sells separately.

The "Spiritual Letters" of the Venerable Father Libermann, founder of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, have been brought out by the Holy Ghost Fathers of Detroit. These letters make delightful reading.

The Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell, pioneer Sister of Mercy in California, has been compiled by her brother, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., and published by the Apostleship of Prayer, 27 and 29 West Sixtieth street, New York City. Those who read this account of the life-work of this noble woman and holy nun, as it appeared in instalments in the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart, will be glad to have it in book form. Mother Mary Baptist Russell occupied a unique spot in the hearts of not alone the religious, but of the outer world with whom she came in contact. The book is well produced, being enriched with many photographs of more than the average interest. Price, cloth, 75 cents, morocco \$1.50.

July is the month dedicated to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, who gave us the Brown Scapular, and you cannot honor our Queen in any better manner than by becoming a member of "The Pious Union

of Mt. Carmel," from July 16, 1901, to July 16, 1902. Ask our fathers all about it when you visit the Shrine and Hospice.

POISONED TONGUES.

"Knocking" is the latest slang phrase for backbiting. Commenting on the same the New York Sun says :

"You can hardly take up a newspaper without finding in it some story of desperate affray or suicide or murder, of somebody done to death by poisoned tongues. But even these positive and palpable results of 'knocking' are not so sinister as the effect of it upon the hardened though perhaps unconscious practiser of it. He or she, acquiring the censorious, snooping, backbiting habit, becomes a nuisance and a curse, a mere bag of bile and jaundice, a collector of the oil of ill nature."

"The language is strong but just" says The Pilot. "Alas that the Sun is compelled to say 'he or she'; for it is a fact that even the gentler sex is sometimes, thoughtlessly of course, given to speak other than unvarying eulogy of its sisters and brothers."

A COMMON EVIL.

The Chicago Record-Herald pronounces against the high schools of that city on the ground that "the people are supporting the institution to enable a very small percentage of our hundreds of thousands of school children, mostly of one sex, to fit themselves for a single business or profession." It has been figuring on the statistics of the classes graduating from the high schools, and estimates that the percentage of girls to boys is at least 75 to 25. It is explained by the principals of the Chicago high schools that many boys are taken from the schools before they can complete the course, because they

are obliged to earn a living. "The girls are kept in school mainly in the hope that they will become teachers." Might not the same state of affairs be found to exist elsewhere if thorough examination were made ?

AN UNSULLIED PRIESTHOOD.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his only tribute of praise to the Catholic priesthood concludes by describing the clergy of today as "a priesthood eminently virtuous, and, by partnership in ages of suffering, justly endeared to the people, but trained at Maynooth under an intensely sacerdotal system, and turned out in an almost hide-bound condition of imperviousness to the intellectual influences of the day."

"Mr. Smith would be perhaps surprised," remarks the Ottawa Union, "to be told that his highest praise of the Irish priesthood is contained in the last words of the above sentence. That noble body of Christian scholars and gentlemen rejoice in nothing more than in their open indifference and undisguised contempt for the crazy vagaries of a century of unmeaning shams and ephemeral catch-words dignified into 'intellectual influences.' "

The Ave Maria says that a pretty feature of the first Holy Mass of Father Ralph Kerr, of the London Oratory, was the circumstance that the server of the Mass was the young priests's father, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, K.C.B. Lord Kerr is, under the King, the commander-in-chief of the British navy (for that is what his position amounts to as First Lord of the Admiralty) ; and a convert who was followed into the Church by almost all his near relatives. Readers of the life of General De Sonis, which appeared in these pages, will remember the model soldier.

SPREADING THE LIGHT.

The International Catholic Truth Society has published its second annual report. This excellent society is now on a solid footing. Amongst the good accomplished by it must be mentioned the fact that it was instrumental in having the unjust Brooke Marriage Law in Cuba repealed ; that it succeeded in driving Margaret Shepherd out of New York State for all time as a law-breaker ; that it did much to popularize Catholic authors of real merit and have their works placed in public libraries ; that it supplied poor families, missions, convents, etc., with many journals, magazines and books, which proved to be truly precious gifts ; that it imparted information about the Faith through private letters written by specialists to numbers of persons outside the Church ; and that its members individually refuted numerous slanders and misstatements in leading daily papers. Any one interested in the work of the Society will be gladly supplied with further information on writing to the Rev. William F. McGinnis, 225 Sixth avenue, Brooklyn Borough, New York City. The International Catholic Truth Society is a thoroughly active and practical organization, and as such should receive the encouragement and assistance of Catholics everywhere in this country, through the medium of membership at least. Among the religious leaders connected with the society are Cardinal Gibbons, seven Archbishops, twenty-seven Bishops and a large number of priests.

A Plenary Indulgence can be gained on July 16th at every visit to Our Lady's Shrine at Niagara Falls. See the Letter of the Pope. We also call your attention to the first page of our advertisements.

You may confess or communicate in your own parish church on the morning of July 16, or you may receive at the Shrine. We shall have early Masses. High Mass later on the porch of the Hospice. We supply refreshments to the pilgrims. See June number of Carmelite Review.

MEXICAN MANNERS.

"It is admitted that foreigners rarely enter the best Mexican society, and the why and wherefore of their exclusion has been guardedly discussed of late in the journals of that land," says the Boston Pilot. "F. R. Guernsey the Mexican correspondent of the Boston Herald, declares that it is simply because of their bad manners and vulgar prejudices against the Catholic faith. He gives some striking examples from his own observations of the shocking rudeness of 'evangelists,' and other money-makers. These assume ignorance and obtuseness on the part of the 'natives,' even against the evidence of their own senses, and discuss the Mexicans brutally in English, in which language the latter are sometimes more proficient than their self-constituted instructors and reformers and rescuers from the tyranny of Spain. Adds Mr. Guernsey: And in this way we go forth to conquer hearts and rescue souls in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines! Our inward graces must make up for our outward lack of politeness, and let us hope the 'natives' discern our true spiritual goodness and the benevolence of our intentions. It is pleasant to know that the natives estimate American assumptions at their true value. The Mexican gentleman accounts no man educated who is not well bred. With him, 'Manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.' Book-learning, apart from character and breeding, is mere 'instruction.'"

The Annual Pilgrimage to the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, under the auspices of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston and the reverend clergy of his diocese, will take place this year on Tuesday, July 23. Pilgrims will, as usual, be conveyed by special trains over the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways. Michigan Central trains leaving Exchange street, Buffalo, make close connections at Toronto. The Pilgrimage will be under the immediate direction of Rev. D. A. Twomey, Tweed, Ont., who will cheerfully supply all necessary information to persons wishing to visit the shrine.

In a timely letter to the New York Sun, Rev. Dr. H. Brann touched on a vital point when he said, "The masses are drifting more and more toward infidelity and socialism. One of the popular evening papers, within a few weeks, has been advocating the feeding of the children in the State schools at the public expense. Thus would socialism, through the schools, deprive children of Christian faith, and thus degrade and pauperize the laboring classes. They now pay enormous taxes for education, and the money is spent in 'fads' in large salaries to teachers of the luxuries of education which the poor man's son can never enjoy. The politicians and the bigots would not give a dollar to help him to be a good moral Christian, but thousands a year to show him how to make artistically a mud pie!"

This month Detroit celebrates its two hundredth anniversary. As its establishment and the foundation of the Church within its limits were simultaneous, the Right Rev. J. S. Foley, Bishop of Detroit, deemed it becoming and proper, that while co-operating with their fellow-citizens in celebrating the wonderful

material progress of the city during the last two centuries, the Catholics should also hold a distinctive commemoration of the establishment of their Church.

The Hospice is now open to Pan-American guests. Everything here is safe, neat, comfortable, and home-like. In order that you are not disappointed let us know of your coming beforehand. Address "The Hospice, Niagara Falls, Ontario."

There is a Plenary Indulgence attached to every visit you make to the Shrine of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel at Niagara on July 16th. This indulgence is applicable to the poor souls in purgatory.

The Novena in preparation for the Scapular Feast commences on July 7th.

Try to arrange your itinerary so that you can be at the Central railroad station in Buffalo on the morning of July 16th. A special train will be there in waiting to convey you to the Hospice without change, starting at 7.30 a.m. sharp.

Solemn High Mass will be celebrated as usual on the open porch of the Hospice on the Scapular Feast. A prominent clergyman has been engaged to address the pilgrims.

THE CARMELITES IN THE EASTERN STATES.

The excellent school buildings erected during the past few years by our fathers in the Western diocese of Leavenworth, Kansas, and in the diocese of Pittsburg, Pa., not to speak of our new college recently opened in Chicago, are speaking monuments of the zeal of

the Carmelites on behalf of Christian education. Looking towards the East we beheld a few weeks ago the laying of the corner-stone of a large and substantial parochial school in the vigorous little town of Englewood in New Jersey, whose spiritual interests are in care of the Carmelite Fathers. The ceremony of laying and blessing the stone was performed by the Very Reverend A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Provincial of the Carmelite Fathers. This ceremony was very impressive and was closely watched and listened to by a multitude. On the platform besides Rev. Father Kreidt and Rev. Dr. Brann were Rev. Father T. J. MacDonald, pastor of St. Cecilia's; Rev. Bernard Fink, assistant pastor; Rev. Angelus Lager, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Tenafly; Rev. Paul W. Ryan and Rev. Father Huygen, besides General T. L. James, ex-Postmaster-General. The feature of the day was the sermon by Very Rev. Dr. Brann, of St. Agnes' Church, New York, the first pastor of Englewood.

OUR AUGUST VISITORS.

Everybody is coming our way this year. Next month the great annual pilgrimage will arrive from Pittsburg city. The excursion will probably start on or about August 13th next so the pilgrims can celebrate the Feast of the Assumption at Our Blessed Lady's Niagara Shrine. The pilgrimage will be under the auspices of the Carmelite Fathers (1501 Centre Avenue) of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who will gladly give any required information to those who contemplate joining the party. A postal card sent to the General Passenger Agent, 299 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y., will bring to your address all printed information about fast trains of the Michigan Central, which come from all points direct to the Hospice.

ALL WELCOME !

The Catholic people of Pittsburg diocese, to quote "The Pittsburg Catholic" of June 12th last, "contemplating a visit to the wonderful exposition at Buffalo, will miss a splendid opportunity if they do not avail themselves of taking a few hours, even a day or two, in visiting the famous Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls, Canada. Here the Carmelite Fathers, with that zeal and forethought characteristic of this most ancient order, have turned by their labors what naturally is a most beautiful spot into a veritable paradise. It would take columns to describe the wonderful scenery that surrounds this religious Eden. The Hospice is famed for its genuine hospitality. The excellent monks vie with each other to make the guest, the transient visitor, feel at home. The headquarters of the order for the American province are located here, and it is the residence of the provincial superior. It may not be generally known that the place is open the year round for guests and there are always many here, who come to enjoy the salubrious air, recuperate their jaded senses with the unsurpassed scenery and to make spiritual retreats." The Carmelite Fathers of Niagara Falls extend a hearty welcome to all their Pittsburg friends.

In the language of the street we recently heard a passenger exclaim, as he alighted from a Michigan Central train at Falls View, "that's the real thing !" So it is. In fact the best, only satisfactory and most comprehensive view of the great cataract is to be had from this Canadian view-point.

Recently we heard a zealous priest during a mission urging his hearers to always wear the Brown Scapular. He also recommended the black scapular saying

that it should appeal to the men especially, as the wearer had no obligation to say any particular prayers. This seems to imply that the wearers of the Brown Scapular of Mt. Carmel were obliged to the recitation of certain prayers. They are not. No prayers are prescribed or made obligatory.

SEEKING STRAY SHEEP.

From an interesting letter from an active missionary who has labored in the West some valuable suggestions are taken. Speaking of his methods for reaching those not of the fold this good priest says :

"Dealing with non-Catholics I treat them as I treat my own people in a social way, never standing aloof from them, doffing my hat and speaking to them in passing, talking kindly to them as much as possible, manifesting an active interest in all their concerns, inviting many to call on me, an opportunity neglected by few, presenting them with some little medals, some with Sacred Heart badges, and others with catechisms and missionary prayer-books. To some who I feel will use and appreciate the gift, I present Cardinal Gibbons' most excellent "Faith of Our Fathers." Always when invited, and sometimes when not invited, I call on my non-Catholic friends, and make myself at home very much. A few days ago a Jewess told me on the street she had been sick, and was at one period of her illness about to send for me, for she said : 'I know you could have done me good.' Would I have gone ? Certainly. What would I have done ? Given her the priest's blessing, a St. Benedict medal, and said to her in German or English, 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.' At every funeral, large and small, of the old and the young, even infants, I preach a short sermon on some beautiful Catholic truth, for many non-Catholics and lukewarm Cath-

olics attend funerals who do not at any other time darken the door of a Catholic Church. My experience teaches me that the pointed funeral sermon is productive of the best spiritual results."

An indescribable sight of unparalleled grandeur is the electric illumination of the great Falls of Niagara by the searchlight of the Michigan Central Railroad. It will be the topic of a lifetime for all Hospice guests.

The song of the whip-poor-will out of the darkness of the evening twilight is sweeter than the song of the robin in the early dawn. The sweetest of all songs is the song in the night.—Lyman Abbott.

MAY FORTUNE FAVOR IT !

Mr. Charles J. O'Malley, formerly editor of the *Midland Review*, has assumed the editorship of the *Pittsburg Observer*, with the avowed object of making that journal a daily within the next nine months. If that is true, it will be an interesting and notable experiment. There is plenty of capital to back the enterprise, says the *Catholic Telegraph*, and that is what is chiefly needed to develop the highest possibilities of Catholic journalism. Mr. O'Malley has ability, but ability without money is worse than money without ability, because in the latter case there is always the power of purchase. Whether he has the executive force and largeness of grasp essential to the making of a great daily, only the opportunity can discover. *Pittsburg* deserves to be the first city to bring a Catholic daily to light and Charles Jaegle is the man who has the energy to push such a scheme as one glance at the pages of the *Pittsburg Observer* will readily show. A German Catholic daily—the *Beobachter*—has been issued from the same office for many a year.

We are glad to hear from Berlin's bright and busy "Bee" that Mr. J. William Fischer, a worthy alumnus of St. Jerome's College and one who is no novice in the literary world, has passed his third year's examination with honors at the London (Ontario) Medical College.

The patient reader will, we pray, kindly pardon the printer and ourselves if we postpone the insertion of the interesting notes of Very. Rev. Father Blakely until our August number.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"In loco pascuæ ibi me collocavit."—Ps. XXIV. 35.

How beautifully expressive of Jesus as "Good Shepherd" in the Most Holy Sacrament, is the twenty-fourth Psalm.

On the second Sunday after Easter, it seems, as it were, murmuring with unwonted sweetness through the liturgy of Holy Church. He is indeed a "Good Shepherd"; we want for nothing in this "place of pasture," and St. Paul tells us "in all things you are made rich in Him." Here are refreshing waters of grace, to satisfy our thirst, as He Himself has declared. "If any man thirst let him come to Me and drink." He has "converted" our souls, attracting them to Himself, and watched over them with unceasing vigilance. His strength sustains, His compassion consoles, His love gives us rest and peace and even now an earnest of everlasting happiness.

Each one of His sheep is known by Divine and human knowledge and to each Jesus is "all in all" during life, if only they on their part belong wholly to Him and follow the guidance of this Good Shepherd. They need not fear the "valley of death" if strengthened by the Holy Viaticum, and may hope for that eternal Kingdom illumined by the Lamb, where they will praise

with rapturous gratitude His mercies in the Most Holy Sacrament, which was their "place of pasture" on earth until they attained the vision of His face in Heaven. Let us echo the glowing aspirations of St. Thomas, "Angel of the schools and of the Altar" :

"Bene Pastor, Panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere,
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium."

—Lauda Sion.

Jesus! Shepherd of the sheep
Thou thy flock in safety keep;
Living Bread! Thy life supply
Strengthen us or else we die,
Fill us with celestial grace!

—Enfant de Marie
St. Clare's.

SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

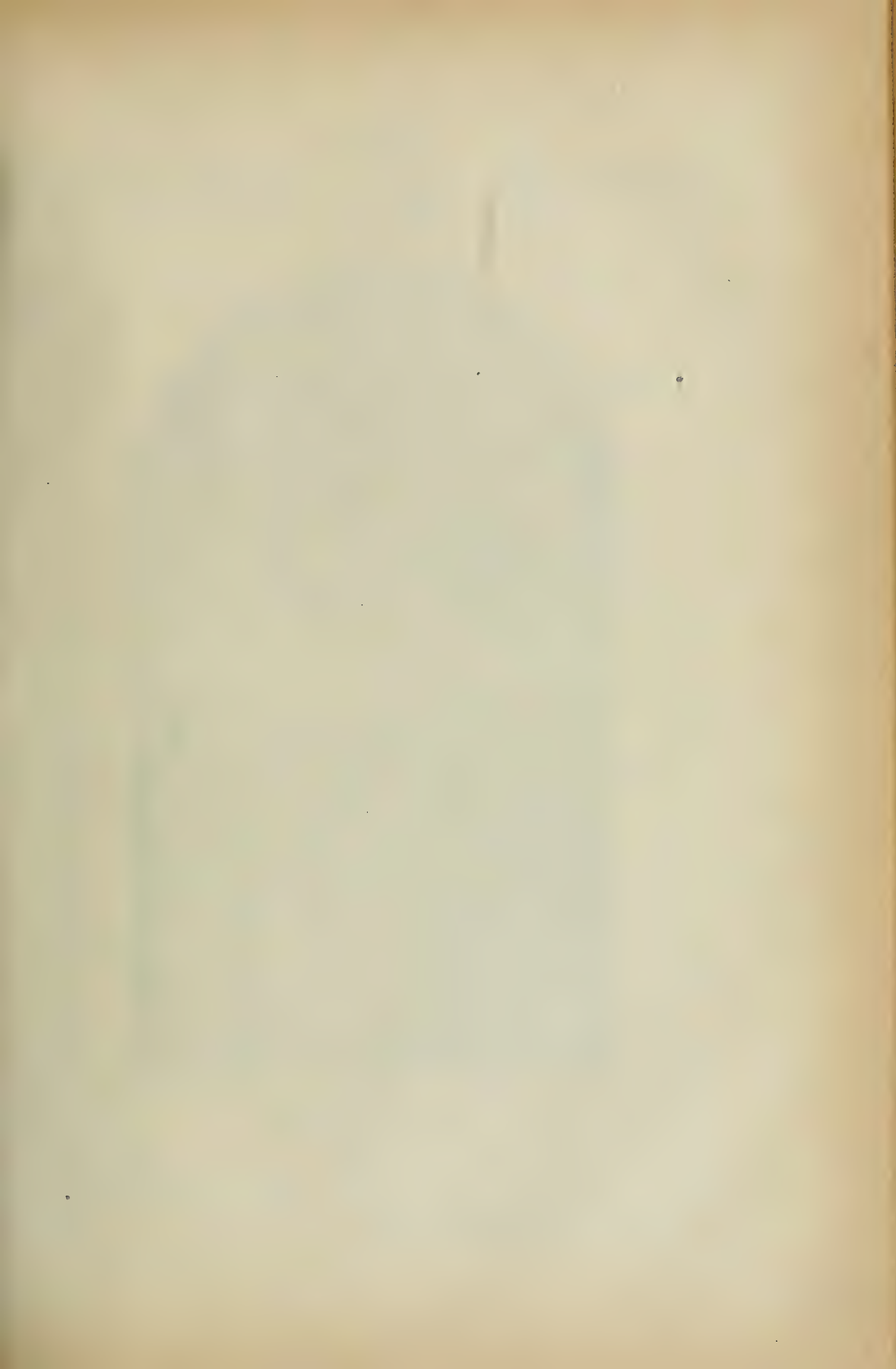
The following letter was written by a poor widow to a person acquainted with her troubles. The letter is dated January 8, 1889.

My troubles increase every day. The loss of my employment, the impossibility for my son to leave, are the climax of the difficulties which have been harrassing me so long a time. But I have most solemnly promised not to hasten the hour of my death and, though I have to suffer very much, I shall keep my oath. For, hardly two months ago, I have tried to die and without a miracle of Divine Providence I would have been lost eternally! Judge for yourself the infinite mercy God has shown to me.

Towards the end of last October, having no means whatever, being a burden to my son-in-law, without work though I tried very hard to find some, I gave way to distress and despair and went to drown myself in the Seine, looking at death as a deliverance from all miseries. What I suffered that day is impos-

sible to describe. Leaving Paris in the morning I went towards St. Cloud. On the way I thought of my past life. At six o'clock in the evening, at a lonesome place, after having prayed the Rosary and the Angelus, I, without any hesitation, jumped into the Seine. Nobody can understand the tortures of my agony. Nevertheless, all my thoughts centered in God and in the Blessed Virgin. At the moment when death seemed certain, at the moment I was going to be lost eternally, Providence saved me! As far as I am able I will give you a full account. In the fearful convulsions, caused by asphyxia, I suddenly felt the touch of a hand, but neither touch nor hand seemed human. This hand—this supernatural support—raised me from the depths to the surface of the river. At this moment of grace God permitted that a belated laborer saw from afar a floating black mass. The brave man threw himself into the water, and, not without much trouble, taking hold of my shawl and my dress, brought me to the shore. His hand had not touched me. The indefinable sensation I had had came from my Saviour. I will not attempt to express what took place in my heart since that time. There are secrets which cannot be written down and which can be told only while we are kneeling down, confessing with a low voice our sins. After my miraculous rescue I was brought back, a dying woman, to Paris. The Superior of a convent took me to her house and there, my soul and my body being taken care of, I recovered under the influence of a generous and sympathizing charity, which I forever shall hold in deep gratitude.

Never, never,—with the help of God—shall I forget the protection I was favored with at a moment when I gave way to despair. Never shall I abandon the Scapular which on that day I had on me.





The Assumption.

Carmelite Review.



VOL. IX.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT., AUGUST, 1901.

NO. 8

St. John Baptist Before King Herod.

“ ‘T is not lawful for thee!’—bold and clear,
The warning rings the pillar'd hall within ;
—Thro' yonder open portal, comes the Seer,
The desert-prophet, in his camel-skin:

The Baptist, whom the King doth dread, yet love,
Aye, love the more, because that fearless Saint,
The son of Zachary, is set above
All base time-serving—every venal taint.

How gaunt and weird he stands before him now,
His deep eyes full of heaven's purest light !
The godlike majesty upon his brow,
Besemeth well his noble, towering height.

“ ‘It is not lawful!’—lo! the King Divine,
The Lord of lords ; (whose will should ours compel)
Forbids thee hold thy brother's wife as thine!—
Let her depart,—and save thy soul from hell!’ ”

The spouse of Philip, near the royal seat,
Watches the King with cat-like vigilance,—
And while her daughter crouching at his feet,
Plays with her tambour, waiting for the dance ;

The dance, whose witching grace shall garnish Guilt,
Whose meed shall be a life beyond all price,—
A Saint's pure blood for Truth and Justice spilt,
A hero slain, for Lust's foul sacrifice !

See ! guilty Herod, (writhing in his chair),
Settles and darkens 'neath the Baptist's eye!
He hears not in his shame and black despair,
The woman's hissing whisper, “He shall die!”

Yet knows he that a mighty Grace hath come
And gone, despised. — Remorse is in that frown,—
Child of Herodias! art thou deaf and dumb ?
A martyr waits to win, through thee, his crown !
—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

MARY.

THE soft vibrations of that Name
"At which all knees should bow,"
Shall blend, in mystic unison,
With His sweet Mother's now.

Of old, the Holy Spirit touched
The harp-strings of a Saint,*
And joyful were its notes of praise,
And touching each low plaint !

I may not to Saint Ephrem's gift
Of glorious song aspire ;
'Tis only by an "Enfant's" hand
Resounds our Lady's lyre.

And yet, O Blessed Mother mine !
I fain would sing of Thee,
And hail the pearly morning-dawn
Of Thy bright purity.

And in the restful eventide
I'll raise my thoughts afar,
To gaze upon thy silvery beam,
O gentle "Ocean Star !"

The white moon in the tranquil night,
So silent and so still,
With low and plaintive melody
Oft makes our spirits thrill.

We know that in our lonely hours
Of anguish and of pain,
Her guiding ray illumines soft
That land we hope to gain.

Her feasts come round—those welcome days
"Like stars they strew the year,"***
With holy thoughts and beautiful
Of Jesu's Mother dear.

And many a song of gladsome praise,
And many a mournful strain
Arises on her joyful feasts
Or sighs in those of pain.

O, Mary ! Name more dear than all
Save Jesus' Name so blest !
O may it breathe in our last sigh
Whene'er we sink to rest.

Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

* St. Ephrem. "The Harp of the Holy Ghost."

** "Bright days that strew the year like stars."—Fr. Faber.

A Tale of The Indian Days.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

CHAPTER I.

The Parting.

"There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

—Moore.

"**G**OODBYE, Colette! Goodbye!"

Sad words indeed they were, falling from the lips of a young, sturdy Canadian settler, who with tearful eyes, in parting held close to his manly bosom, his wife and only child.

It was only a moment—the door opened wide and he waved his hand and with one long, last, anxious look Eduard Harrison disappeared and was lost in the inky blackness of night.

Colette was a handsome woman, not very tall, with such a girlish face, wreathed in its folds of deep brown hair, and with dark eyes that flashed and danced continually. Her cheeks still had the blush of youth upon them and she could not have been more than twenty or twenty-one. She was still standing at the door of the old log cabin clasping fondly to her throbbing breast her six months old Angela, and gazing with red and tearful eyes into the darkness beyond. She listened until the last sounds of her husband's footsteps had died away. More than once she had whispered almost unconsciously to the soft, cool breeze that swept through the willows, "Goodbye, Eduard! God bless thee! God guide and protect thee!"

Notwithstanding all that Eduard had said to her with a fond hope that he would soon return again—in probably a month or so—notwithstanding his many hearty pleadings and kind words of encouragement and of love, she was

afraid and her heart was nigh bursting with its weight of pent-up sorrow. A presentiment of evil seemed to pierce her very soul. There was a mysterious something raging within her, which her feelings could not suppress.

Hardly knowing what she was doing, Colette closed the door behind her and returned to the room, where one of the servants was busy at work. Walking up to her side, she placed the sleeping babe in her arms and then, passing into a room near by, she threw herself upon a sofa and wept loudly, and the bitter, salt tears, that rolled silently down her red cheeks, shone like dew-drops on the rose of summer.

Slowly the first three weeks wore away. Colette began to breathe more freely and each minute brought its atom of cheerfulness to her eyes, red and sunken, that were so often filled to overflowing. As a wanderer, oppressed and careworn, speeding through a dark and gloomy forest, rejoices when for the first time he sees, far in the distance, a few streaks of silver light smiling playfully through the leafy branches, so, too, did Colette greet the first happy day of the fourth and last week of her solitary separation.

No one seemed to understand her feelings better than her infant child—the blue-eyed, little Angela—for whenever she whispered softly, "Papa will soon be coming," the little, chubby cheeks of baby lit up with a merry smile and she seemed

to understand it all.

It was Monday evening. The day had folded its sunny wings in a sea of crimson and gold, and Colette, her child upon her arm, was slowly walking in the direction in which she expected to meet her husband. It was harvest time. On her way she conversed pleasantly with the reapers, who were all in the employ of Eduard, as they were gladly wending homewards along the dusty road. The overseer, a stout fellow with a sunburnt face, spying her, crossed the street and expressing his pleasure at meeting her, asked her to come across the field to ascertain her opinion as to a certain piece of work he intended starting in the morning. Angela had fallen asleep in the arms of her mother and being tired and thinking everything safe, Colette wrapped her up in her warm woollen shawl, and laid her down softly on an elevated spot on the green hill near by, while she stationed her faithful dog Moro to watch the little darling and following the man her eyes were almost continually upon Angela.

Suddenly Colette stood still in the middle of her conversation with the overseer and trembled visibly, for the piercing howl of a dog was ringing wildly in her ears. Quickly she hastened back to her sleeping child. What meaning in that unearthly cry—was it perhaps a note of warning? Angela was still asleep, and Colette was happy, but the glaring eyes of her faithful dog were riveted on the fallen trunk of a massive tree, which lay near by, and they could not suppress his wild bark and cry of anguish. "Madam," the servant broke forth, "I am beginning to think that the wolves are prowling around this neighborhood. I will quickly call a few men together and with our rifles—who knows we may be able to shoot the wily invaders." And off he galloped at a hurricane speed and was soon lost to view in the

deep gray mists that were creeping lazily around the green hills. Colette, too, her heart stirred to the highest pitch of excitement, snatching her sleeping infant from the grass, set out briskly in order to reach the old log cabin by the shortest way, and left the wolves to face the battle of the hissing bullets.

Trembling with fright and pale and exhausted, she had now reached the forest of maples and birch trees, that lay like a brooding sea between her and her destination. The dark and creeping shadows of the night had fastened their steady hold on everything around; the deserted harvest fields lay gloomy and black behind her and before her eyes there loomed that awful forest like some hateful spirit, dark and loathsome, that might embrace her at almost any moment—and as she gazed onward, her temples throbbed loudly as closer and closer she pressed Angela to her bosom. Slowly and piously she raised her eyes to the starless sky above her and prayed, while the whispering leaves rustled a sweet Amen:

"O Mary! Heaven's mother, mild!
Come help me! Save my sleeping
child!"

Scarcely had these tender words fallen from her quivering lips and Colette, her child in her arms, was pulled to the ground by two strong and grasping arms and a blanket was thrown over them. She tried to cry for help but her tongue and lips were paralyzed with fear. She tried to pray but alas! she could not; all control had left her, but through her mind there still ran in rapid succession those tender words—that loving prayer:

"O Mary! Heaven's mother, mild!
Come help me! Save my sleeping
child!"

A moment the cruel arms relaxed their hold, but only to fasten themselves tighter in their reptile grip. Another moment and Colette and Angela were being borne away on

horseback by the thief with the rapidity of a windstorm—little dreaming, ah! poor ones! where they were going.

To Colette the speeding hours of that awful ride seemed almost unbearable—the suspense was terrifying and the cold and rough blanket still held them fast. At last she was able to give vent to that awful feeling, which was gnawing at her heart, in an outburst of tears. "O God, my God!" she cried in broken and smothered words, "what will become of me? Thou hast watched cheerfully over little children—save and protect mine now! And Eduard? O my God!" Her cries became louder and now she wept almost convulsively. Angela, having been roused from her sleep by her mother's voice, cried violently. But the tears and cries of a wounded mother's heart and child seemed to produce no effect on the hardened soul of the unknown man. Faster, still faster they galloped on as the whip landed often and unmercifully on the foaming flanks of the beast. At last the thief stopped suddenly and, having lifted the blanket from his powerless captives, dragged mother and child from the horse, without kindness and without ceremony.

And now for the first time Colette saw the fiendish and ugly face of her offender. It was that of an Indian; his eyes had that peculiar wild, fiery appearance, and they seemed to burn into her very soul. Trembling she stood before him; her cheeks had lost their color and her eyes their lustre. Gently lifting them to heaven, she pressed to her bloodless lips the little wooden crucifix that hung suspended on her breast, and kissed it reverently. Her lips moved, but it was in sorrow's silent prayer.

Colette begged for mercy, for freedom, for life itself, but with no avail. The Indian strutted about proudly and merely shook his head.

"If it must be so, at least spare

my child—this little cherub in my arms, my poor Angela."

Again he made no answer, but only stood there with his eyes upon them both and shook his haughty head as if he did not or did not want to understand what the poor woman was saying. Soon he made a bed for them out of the fallen leaves and walking to his saddle, returned with a piece of dried buffalo meat, which he offered to Colette. But she would not eat; she could not.

It was now midnight and a few pale stars shone through the heavy, black sky. I wonder if those angels of the Most High saw the forms of Colette and Angela in their bed of leaves. They were fast asleep. The excitement and the journey had been too much of a strain on Colette's shattered nerves and drowsy Morpheus soon claimed her as his own. At times her eyes opened half dreamily and then closed almost suddenly and it seemed as if they had met the fiery glance of her seducer. She did not sleep soundly. In a moment she rose up from the ground wide awake. Something had startled her; some wild, piercing cry. Was it real or some idle fancy of hers? Had she been dreaming? Was she to fly or remain there, alone in the wilderness—without help and without friend? Just then she moved nervously and listened again, and she seemed to hear a sound issuing from a neighboring thicket of young maple trees.

She held her breath and listened for every sound—the stirring of the leaves and the moving and sighing branches above her all spoke terror to her soul. She stood there like one awaiting a death sentence, pale and worn. The blood in her arteries seemed to have come to a standstill. Gradually the mysterious sound died away and all was peaceful and still, but Colette thought no more of sleep. Her first thought was of the Indian. "Where

can he be?" she said to herself. "God knows, perhaps, I will be able to escape—but alas! he will soon miss me and then if I stay might he not kill us both? And then, too, Eduard is not here. Eduard, my Eduard, where art thou?" And in the fulness of her heart, with folded hands, she poured out her sorrow in prayer to God. "O good God," she cried, "the God of mercy and protection, what shall I do? O send me just a kind light of Thy love, that I may wander back to my old cabin home near the deep green hills, that I may again hear my Eduard's voice! Lead me away from this horrible man! His face haunts me continually. I could not sleep and yet I was so tired. O Father! tell me what to do! Shall I fly or shall I stay? I throw myself into Thy arms. Do with me what Thou wilt." She rose from her knees, strengthened and resolved to face the worst.

Just then that awful cry again pierced with its ringing clearness the silence of the forest and presently out of a thicket nearby leaped forth a dog. It was Colette's trusty friend, Moro, and he ran to her at once and dancing about her wildly, licked her soft hand again and again. Colette wept tears of joy. A new star had suddenly risen on the darkened heaven of her existence and patting her trusty dog and stroking his fine curly forehead, she exclaimed:

"Faithful Moro! God knows, you have come like some bright angel to lead me back to my dear home again. O! how tired you look. With you at my side, I will have nothing to fear."

It was still very dark and Colette not wishing to escape before daylight, sank down upon her leafy bed again and kissed the ruddy cheeks of her darling child, who was still fast asleep.

Daybreak was not far off. Already the eastern sky was growing brighter and gleams of pale, white

light began to melt through the leaden canopy. Along the distant blue hills the mists were rising, yet not a sound was audible save the footsteps of Colette. With Angela in her arms, she was following the guidance of Moro, who snuffled anxiously as he ran over the wet ground. Not far off stood the horse that had carried them in their memorable ride, but the Indian thief was nowhere to be seen. Now an opportune time for their escape presented itself. But wait! Moro ran on and on and presently came back and tucked wildly at Colette's apron strings, as if he were bound to pull her along in that direction. She turned mechanically and following the tracking of Moro, soon found to her surprise, fresh drops of blood sprinkled here, everywhere in the direction she was walking in. Presently she came upon a corpse, blood-bespattered and ghastly. It was that of the Indian, and as she looked at him his eyes seemed to grow more fiery than ever. The dog moved around nervously and barked in rapid succession, and had the power of speech been granted him at that moment he would have cried out, "This is my work. I followed you through the woods and met the returning villain. He lifted his arrow and shot at me. We fought and I conquered. I—I killed him."

Colette raised a thankful eye to that Mother whose smile is ever upon us, and, under her breath, whispered the prayer she had said so often before and which she knew had now been heard. The sinewy arms, that had once held her fast, now lay powerless and stiff at his side. The Indian was no more and the sunbeams, playing around the heavy branches of the thick, old maples above him, knew that another soul had wandered to that long, last, happy hunting ground; knew that another great chief had fallen. Before leaving, Colette covered the body of her enemy with the

newly-fallen wet leaves, and kneeling at his side, breathed forth to Heaven's throne one last, sad parting prayer, while high above her the morning breeze whispered a tender requiem, and having taken with her his bow and arrow, she left him on that fine August morning with his face turned towards the north.

Before long, Colette with Angela in her arms rode quickly through the forest on the horse, which had now found a new mistress. Moro followed in the rear. The forest, with its varying shades of green, was smiling in the pale sunlight and the smell of the cedars and hemlocks was everywhere in evidence. The morning flew by quickly and then the afternoon and the night soon followed, and, weary and careworn, they halted once more and slept in the embrace of darkness, while a God in heaven was watching over them with tender and fatherly eyes.

CHAPTER II.

A SAD SURPRISE.

"The world! It is a wilderness,
Where tears are hung on every
tree."

—T. Hood,
Ode to Melancholy.

It was Monday evening. Two men were riding together in the same direction. The poor horses, covered with foam and sweat, were running at a great rate and it seemed as if they might fall to pieces at almost any moment, they looked so miserable and no doubt had been on the road all day.

The air was very hot and the winds had settled; in the sky above them there were signs of an approaching storm. Does it not seem natural to conclude that both were making for some longed-for sheltering place? But see! the younger of the two resembles Eduard Harrison, Colette's home-

returning husband! The other man is probably a hunter, judging from his sunburnt face, his dress and the long rifle he is carrying so pompously on his shoulders.

"I have lived in these forests many, many years, and, Harrison, I am sure an awful thunder storm is threatening." These words were spoken by the otherwise silent fellow, Hayward.

"But see the column of thick, blinding smoke that is rising upward over there." And saying this Harrison pointed in the direction of his own log cabin.

"An, no! Pshaw! A column of smoke! Ha! ha! Heavens! Heavens! By Jove! it is—See! the forest is in flames!" Just then both men drew their whips sharply through the air, while the horses doubled their speed.

"Hurry! hurry! We can save her. Colette—Colette is there!" cried Harrison in despairing voice as faster and faster the poor horses galloped. But now they halted; they could go no farther and, dismounting, the two left them to find their stables alone.

Harrison followed the advice of his old comrade Hayward and set out, footing it for some little distance. The thought uppermost in Eduard's mind was of his little cabin home—his wife and little one were in danger and he must be on hand to rescue them. And on they sped, not walking but running. "Here! Here!" exclaimed Hayward, pointing across the road; "let's take this way, it is near and handy. I have a friend living by, who will be only too glad to lend us his horses. Come! Come!"

They met the old, gray-haired farmer at the farm-house gate and the laborers were just coming from the hayfield, their little dinner pails in their hands. "Certainly, my good men," he replied. "You shall have the horses and more—my sons and these men shall go with you and help to extinguish the flames.

But before starting out, come and take a little lunch, you look hungry." And saying this he disappeared and soon returned with bread, cold meat and coffee, and bade them eat, while they were getting the horses ready.

"Eat, my dear man!" he said, turning to Eduard. "You need all your strength." Harrison hurriedly drank a cup of coffee with a morsel of bread, but he was in no mood for eating and wild thoughts coursed quickly through his throbbing brain. Seeing the horses coming up the lane, he ran through the garden and uttering a kind word of thanks that rang in the farmer's ears, he mounted and was soon lost in clouds of dust, that rose between him and the old farm-house.

The western sky was now red in the glare of the leaping flames and the smaller columns of rising smoke shone in the distance, like writhing snakes in a sea of fire. Two hours had passed and at last Eduard had reached his destination.

"Colette! Colette!" he cried in faltering accents, when in despair he found that the greater part of the cabin already lay in ashes. "Colette, where art thou?" again rang that trembling voice, but the creaking and falling timbers alone made answer.

"Mrs. Harrison is not here," cried a servant, who was fighting the flames. "She has been missing for several hours and no one knows where she is—except that dog of an Indian there," and saying this he pointed to a man lying on the ground, with hands and feet tied together by means of ropes. "This wretch," he continued, "is the cause of all this misery. He alone knows where our good mistress is."

White with anger, yet quivering with fear, Eduard hastened to the redskin and, bending over him in a mood of frenzy, he stared into his wild, sparkling eyes. "Unhappy man! My wife—is not here! Where is she?"

The Indian then explained how Colette had been captured by a member of his tribe, in the forest not far from there, and said that upon the payment of a ransom she would be freed again. He, himself, promised to bring her back in three days.

The ransom was paid, the Indian was granted his liberty and went his way.

Later on, Ednard, in conversation with the overseer, heard the details of the story—how Colette had met him with her child in her arm on that memorable evening, how he had led her to a neighboring field, where later on they were interrupted in their conversation by the loud and wild barks of Moro, how he had suspected the wolves in the neighborhood and ran hurriedly away for help and how upon his return he saw that Colette and the child were missing, while Moro was still guarding the spot and whining bitterly.

"I don't know," the man went on, "how afraid I was, when suddenly from the dark forest behind me I heard a noise that resembled a horse trotting away in the distance. What it was I don't know. I only remember that just then Moro took a wild leap and disappeared into the pitchy darkness beyond. Then I heard wild cries in a language I did not understand. I ran to the place where the sound was coming from and found Moro grasping the neck of an Indian, prostrate on the ground. Having procured a few ropes in a field near by, I hastened back and tied the arms and legs of the redskin together. I knew he was a bad man and I looked upon him with a great deal of suspicion and to his ruthless hand, no doubt, can be traced this awful fire. At first no one noticed that our good mistress was missing; later on we grew uneasy and searched the hills for miles around and as yet we have received no clue as to her whereabouts."

"And where is Moro?" asked the anxious, weeping Eduard.

"Moro, too, - has disappeared," came the answer. "When the faithful dog saw that the redskin was a captive in his rope bindings, he gave one wild bark and leapt into space and since then no eye has seen him. Undoubtedly he has followed

in the pathway of his mistress."

"God grant it be true," answered Eduard. "Moro is faithful and perhaps by this time he has given Colette the noble assistance she so sorely needs. God grant it be true!"

(To be continued.)

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

By *Enfant de Marie*, St. Clare's.

August, 1901.—ST. LUTIGARDE.

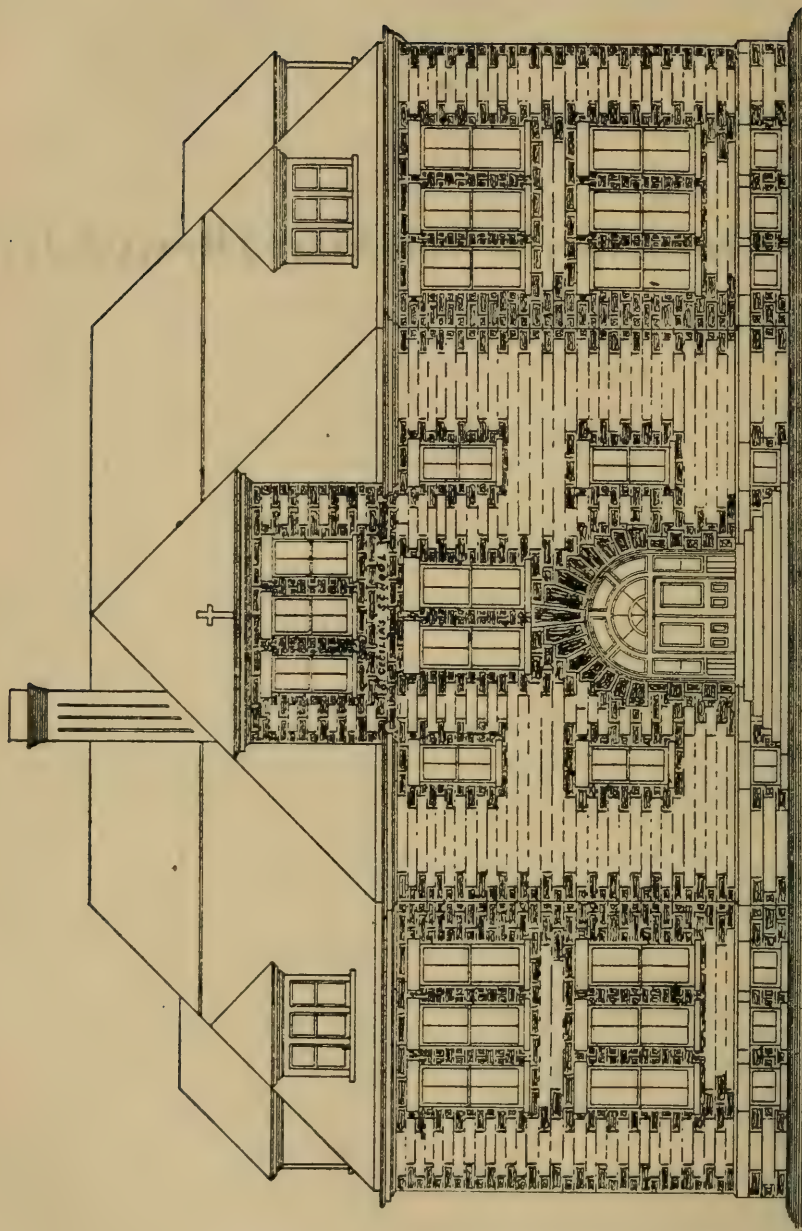
"O hide me in Thy Sacred Heart,
And close the entrance o'er,
That from this home my weary soul
May wander forth no more."

THESE aspirations suggest our practice for this month; recollection, desire of being "hidden with Christ in God." St. Lutigarde, a Cistercian religious will be our model and intercessor, for though all are not called to such intimate union with God as this favored one, yet of all who receive Him, Jesus said: "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in me and I in him," and frequently He has given special graces to remember His holy presence, even in the case of souls actively occupied in the world. Our Divine Lord appeared to the saint, and disclosing His Heart, told her to seek there the joys of love. She entered into this blissful abode, imbibed its spirit of self-sacrifice and offered herself as a victim for Holy Church. Yet divine consolations were lavished on her, but when our Lord asked what she desired, the

saintly lover of suffering replied: "Thy Heart, O Lord, for me." Before the end of life, blindness was added to other pains, and at the same time sequestered her more in Jesus' Sacred Heart, but after eleven years of darkness, light shone forth to illumine the valley of death."

St. Lutigarde's eyes unclosed to see angelic spirits who came to bear her away to that land which needs not sun or moon, for "the Lamp is the lamp thereof."—Apos. XXII., 23.

O Sacred Heart! We pray thee to abide ever in us by grace, and may we abide by thee in recollection, purity of intention, and aspiratory prayer, thus anticipating in some degree the happiness prepared for us of seeing, loving and enjoying the Beatific Vision for all eternity.



ST. CECILIA'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

SECTION III.

Of the Office of the Subprior Among
the Brothers and of the Prioress
Among the Sisters.

The respective duties of the subprior and prioress are to give good examples in the practice of virtue and in the observance of the rule ; to have the first place in the meetings and the first voice in the councils ; to watch the preservation of peace ; to put the habit on the novices (Brothers and Sisters) ; to comfort the afflicted ; to point out his or her faults to the transgressor with charity and prudence ; to give notice to the director if any brothers or sisters show themselves disobedient to admonitions ; to visit the sick brothers or sisters. They should, finally, notify the brothers and sisters so that these may assist the sick and be present when the Holy Sacraments are administered to them.

These offices and employments ordinarily last for three years ; but if the director, or the greater part of the council, shall judge it expedient, they may be exercised still longer. The Master of the Novices among the Brothers has the same office as the Subprioress among the Sisters ; therefore what is said of her duties in the following paragraph will be equally applicable to his.

SECTION IV.

Of the Office of the Subprioress or
Mistress of Novices.

It is the duty of the Subprioress to hold the second place in the meetings and to have the second voice in the councils, although she be not one of the Discerners ; to take the place of the prioress, if she be absent or sick ; to give and explain the rule to those of her sex who wish to be admitted into the Third Order and to introduce them to the director, in order to be examined by him regarding their vocation ; to lead the novices to the altar on the day of their taking the habit of their profession ; lastly, to ground them well in the exact observance of their rule, in the spirit of prayer and mortification and in a true and sincere devotion for the Most Blessed Virgin. It is also a duty of the subprioress to instruct each one of the novices and explain the rule ; but let her not be hasty in answering them concerning doubts of conscience, but direct them rather to the confessor or director in order to be instructed by them. She should ground them well in humility, but especially towards the director, the prioress and the other sisters ; and persuade them efficaciously to have charity for the sick, to hear with attention the word of God, to learn to pray well and to walk in the presence of God in all places, as the fittest means to acquire virtue and to be constant in its practice.

On feast-days especially, the novices may come together at her house in order to be instructed; and she herself should seek information from the director or prioress as to the best way to direct each one of the novices in Christian perfection.

SECTION V.

Of the Other Offices and Employments, Especially Among the Sisters.

The director, not desirous of acting alone, with the advice of the council shall appoint a procuratress who, during the three years of her term, shall keep the voluntary contributions or alms; and it shall be her office to provide for all common and necessary expenses, such as those for the ornaments of the chapel, the celebration of masses and the support of sick or needy sisters. The money received and the expenses incurred must be marked down in a book and at least once a year give an account of it given in the presence of the father director, discerners and the prioress. And she must not incur any extraordinary expense without the permission of the director and that of the prioress.

Besides these, two or four more sisters, if necessary, shall be elected by the director and council to fulfill the duties of sacristan and infirmarian.

The office of the former is to keep the chapel clean, to preserve and keep the ornaments and sacred vestments in order, to distribute the candles for the processions, to gather them again after the processions, to adorn the altar for the occasions of taking the habit, processions and meetings, as likewise on the feasts of the Saints of the Order, if the director think it fit to celebrate them with some celebrity and distinction. It is also her office to notify the Sisters when the meetings and other functions, according

to the arrangement of the director, will be held.

The office of the latter, the infirmarian, is to frequently visit the sick sisters, to comfort them in their illness, to make known to the director, to the prioress, and, according to their rank, to the other sisters, the hour in which the Holy Communion or Viaticum will be administered to any sick sister, in order that they may, if possible, accompany the same with lighted tapers.

SECTION VI.

Of the Council.

The Council, mentioned already several times, is formed of the discerners and of two other sisters who have the first voice, namely, the prioress and subprioress — if these offices be occupied — of the Third Order. All these shall humbly accept the office which may be entrusted to them and shall endeavor to carry them out punctually and with fidelity.

SECTION VII.

Of the Book or Register.

The Father Director shall keep in his possession a book in which he shall register, or have some other capable person register, all those things which, in the different councils, have been resolved and agreed upon; the taking of habits, professions, elections, changes of superiors or directors and the like — as also other things pertaining to the Confraternity.

He shall also have another book, in which when the Bursar or Procuratress has given her statement of alms received and expenses incurred, he shall register at least once a year the condition, as to debt and credit, of the Confraternity treasury; and this book as well as the other shall be laid before the Provincial at the time of his visitation.

CHAPTER XVI.

Of the Charity Towards Sick Brothers and Sisters and Towards the Departed.

When some one of the Tertiary Brothers (and the same may be said of the Sisters) shall fall sick and the sickness be serious and dangerous, the director, the prioress, and the other brothers and sisters shall be notified as soon as possible so that all may hasten to give proof of their charity, assisting him with visits, prayers, and, if needy, with material support.

When, afterwards, notice is given that the viaticum will be given to the sick, if custom and practice permit it, every Brother not hindered by just cause shall accompany the Blessed Sacrament with lighted candles; and then, by turns, one of them shall always remain to assist the sick man, comforting him with prayers and other expressions of piety.

When any Brother shall have passed to the eternal rest, he shall, if it can be done, be vested in a long dark habit, as described in Chapter VI. of this Rule; a departed Sister shall be, also, girt with a cotton belt, the Scapular and a white veil being also put upon her.

If, in the place where the Confraternity is established, the praiseworthy custom exists of accompanying the departed to the church and thence to the grave, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters shall endeavor to fulfill such a duty to their departed associates, not only by accompanying the body to the burial-place, but by continual prayers, offering up suffrages for the soul.

On the day of the burial of a departed Sister or Brother, or on the octave of that day, all shall receive Holy Communion for the benefit of the departed soul; and those who can read shall recite the entire Office for the Dead, and those who can not read shall recite the Rosary

of Obligation, adding to each part the "Requiem Aeternam" instead of the "Glory be to the Father."

CHAPTER XVII.

Of the Advantages to be Gained by Choosing a Patron Saint and Practising the Special Virtue Indicated at each Meeting.

It is a most devout and useful practice to designate every month as prescribed by the Rule, a particular Patron Saint to be honored and imitated, some special virtue to be practised and a subject or topic for prayer. By invoking and honoring some one Saint in a special way we may reasonably hope to pass the month happily under his protection; and by practising one virtue in particular, the habit of virtue becomes established more readily in his mind; since Scupoli says in his "Spiritual Combat," "With the continual exercise of one single virtue, the memory on all occasions turns to it more swiftly; the intellect is always growing into the habit of finding out methods of acquiring it, and new reasons for so doing; while the will yields to it more and more easily, working to better purpose than if busied among a multitude of virtues. By dint of regular exercise and by dealing with one virtue at a time, our mental acts, through the conformity they have among themselves, come to be made with less effort; each one calls to its aid another like itself and through this uniformity they make stronger impression upon us,—finding the seat of the heart already prepared and fitted to receive those newly produced, from having previously given place to similar ones. These reasons come with more force, because whosoever practises one virtue well learns thereby the method of practising the next; and so, as one increases, all the others grow — through the inseparable union between them, that of rays proceed-

ing from one and the same Divine Light."

Therefore, to the end that the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters should experience these good effects with more certainty and acquire these advantages, before they appear at the Meeting, to receive a new Patron Saint and another Virtue to practise, they shall make a mental review of the month preceding, and, lifting their thoughts to God, shall say in the depth of their hearts, "If the last day of this month were the last of my life, would God be pleased with me and my ineffectual desires? Do not the virtues of the Saint whom I have had as my Protector, the past month, accuse me of infinite carelessness and negligence? His fervor in prayer, does it not confound me, knowing the tepidity of mine? The continual turning to God, which made him so pure in thought, so holy in all his affections, in all his intentions, does it not condemn my wandering heart and frivolous mode of thought? The ardent zeal which possessed him for the honor of God—where is it in me? His contempt of worldly pleasure, his love of mortification and penitence—are these, at all, mine?"

Nevertheless, those who ask such questions will find comfort in reflecting that this very Saint, who puts them to confusion with his virtues, gives them, also, great hope of mercy through the power which he has with God.

DUTIES TOWARDS THE SAINT.

1. To take interest in knowing about his life and principal virtues.
2. To invoke him every day, at morning and evening prayers, by reciting a Pater, Ave and Gloria.
3. To receive the Blessed Sacraments on his Feast-day or some other day near it and to offer them up in his honor.

This is the mode of practising the virtue :—

1. To take pains to read a treatise upon it by some good author, in order to know in what it consists, the motives for practising it and the best means thereto. Those who cannot read can obtain information in regard to it by applying to their own Directors or Confessors.

2. To make good resolve each morning, that they may put it in practice more easily during the hours of the day. To reflect, at the dinner hour, whether they have committed any faults in opposition to this virtue. To make the same inquiry at their examination of conscience in the evening, and to mark errors, with the resolve to be more diligent next day that there may be no further falling therein. The advance of their souls in the virtue depends upon this.

CHAPTER VIII.

That this Rule does not Bind Under Sin; of the Dispensations and of the Works of Supererogation.

Although it is certain that this present Rule does not bind those professing it under any sin, not even venial—the things excepted which by divine or ecclesiastical law are commanded—they should nevertheless endeavor to faithfully observe, for the pure love of God, whatever is contained in the same and thus they will gain great merit for their own souls and can hope for plentiful reward. Yet, if it should happen that they commit any fault through negligence or forgetfulness, they should try to repair the loss by subjecting themselves to that penance which shall be enjoined on them by their directors or confessors.

If anything commanded by the Rule proves to be, for some people, servile and difficult to be observed, the cause being just and reasonable, the director, and, in things of less importance the confessor, can dis-

pense or commute to other works of piety what for just motives cannot be observed. Those, however, who are dispensed must not grieve because they can not keep the rule with such punctuality as they would wish; for they are observing it, really, inasmuch as such dispensations are permitted by it. And he that would not accept them would evidently show that he loves his own will more than the observance of the Rule.

If, finally, the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters, inspired by the Lord, would like to add some work of piety or mortification to those enjoined by the Rule—having, however, obtained beforehand the permission of the superior or confessor—God will reward them for it: but let them always use discretion, which is the moderator of all virtue.

CATALOGUE.

Of the Saints to whom the Carmelite offers especial veneration; (some being members of the same and some its protectors), of their Feast-days and other Feasts of the year, upon which the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters, with permission from their own confessors, shall arrange to receive the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist and to gain the Plenary Indulgence, which is conceded on these days to all who visit the Churches of the Order. (The star is the sign marking the days of Indulgence and of Communion).

January.

*7. St. Andrew Corsini. (Only in the Carmelite Church of Florence, where his body is still preserved.)

19. St. Dionysius, Pope and Confessor.

22. St. Anastasius, Martyr.

28. St. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, Doctor, and excellent Defender of the Divine Maternity against the Heresiarch Nestorius.

February.

*2. The Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

*4. St. Andrew Corsini. In all churches of the Order except that in Florence.

6. Bh. Archangela Giralani.

12. St. Euphrosyne, Virgin.

13. St. Telesphore, Pope and Martyr.

14. St. Peter Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.

16. Commemoration of all the Saints, whose relics are preserved in the churches of the Order.

25. St. Avertanus, Confessor.

March.

3. Bl. Jacobinus de Canepacci.

4. Bl. Romaeus, Confessor.

6. St. Cyril, Confessor and Doctor.

13. St. Euphrasia, Virgin.

14. Bl. Louis Morbioli, Tertiary.

18. St. Gabriel, Archangel, Protector of Our Order.

*19. St. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and Chief Protector of our Order.

23. Bl. Baptist of Mantua.

*25. Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.

29. St. Berthold, Confessor.

April.

8. St. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem.

*On the Third Sunday after Easter the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

May.

*5. St. Angelus, Martyr.

11. Bl. Louis Rabata, Confessor.

*16. St. Simon Stock, who received the habit from the Blessed Virgin.

21. The Translation of the body of St. John of the Cross.

*25. St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

June.

*14. St. Eliseus, Prophet, and our second Father.

July.

*2. Visitation of the Blessed Virgin.

11. Bl. Joanna Scopelli, Virgin.

13. The Translation of the body of St. Teresa.

*16. Solemn Commemoration of our Lady of Mount Carmel (or, on that Sunday of the month to which in some places it may have been transferred).

*20. St. Elias, Prophet and our Founder.

*26. St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin and Protectress of the Order.

28. Bl. John Soreth.

August.

*7. St. Albert, Confessor.

13. Bl. Angelus, Austin Mazzinghi.

*15. The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

*On the Sunday following, St. Joachim, Father of the Blessed Virgin and Protector of the Order.

26. Translation of the body of St. Angelus, Martyr.

27. Transfixing of the Heart of St. Teresa.

31. Dedication of all the Carmelite Churches.

September.

2. St. Brocard, Confessor.

*8. The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

26. St. Gerard, Bishop and Martyr.

October.

*15. St. Teresa, Virgin.

16. Bl. Mary of the Incarnation.

21. St. Hilarion, Abbot.

26. Translation of the body of St. Andrew Corsini.

30. St. Serapion, Bishop.

November.

5. St. Frances D'Ambois, Duchess.

*14. All Saints of Mount Carmel.

15. Commemoration of all the Dead of the Order.

*21. The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin.

24. St. John of the Cross.

December.

*8. The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin.

14. St. Spiridion, Bishop.

16. Translation of the body of St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

17. Bl. Frances, Confessor.

19. Bl. Mary of the Angels.

N.B.—The days of Communion are indicated by an asterisk in conformity with what appears in Chapter X. of this Rule; but by this it is not intended to exclude the other solemn Festivals of the year mentioned in the same chapter. Nor is it intended to exclude the many other Indulgences granted to the Churches of our Order, since a summary of all is set forth elsewhere.

AN ALTAR THOUGHT.

"They knew Him in the breaking of bread."—St. Luke 24, 35.

We know Him in the breaking of the bread;

The veil is more transparent day by day,

And softly falls the light of Jesus' Face,

Like gleamings from the star-land far away.

We know Him in the breaking of the bread,

The gentle sweetness of our spotless Lamb

Has often soothed our weary restless souls,

With foretastes of eternal blissful calm.

We know Him in the breaking of the bread,

"Memorial of His Passion," fount of grace,

Sweet Jesus! May we know Thee more each day

Until we see Thy beauty, "face to face."

—Enfant de Marie

St. Clare's.

The Scapular Festival.

SERMON PREACHED AT THE HOSPICE OF MT. CARMEL, NIAGARA FALLS, ON JULY 16, 1901, BY THE EX-PROVINCIAL, V. REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

"Rejoicing I shall rejoice in the Lord, and my heart be glad in my God, for He clothed me with the garb of salvation and wrapped me in the cloak of justice."

The words I just used are made use of by holy Church in the office of to-day. They call upon us to rejoice and be glad because in wearing the Scapular we are clothed in the garb of salvation. There is a most intimate connection between Jesus and Mary in the economy of our salvation. Next to God none took greater interest, none suffered more and none aided more than Mary. Hence it is but meet that she whom ecclesiastical writers call the "Almighty intercession," should be in the strictest sense of the word a Mother of Mercy, the channel through which God dispenses His favors and graces to the members of the body of Christ. Mary in giving birth to Christ gave birth to us, and thus has all the rights and duties of a mother towards us. One of the duties of a mother is to clothe her children. And when Mary 650 years ago gave the Scapular to St. Simon, she declared it to be a sign of her confraternity, a token of everlasting alliance between herself and all the Carmelites, a covenant of peace, a safeguard in dangers and extending her protection beyond the grave she promised that those who would wear it in death would not see hell-fire. Thus the Scapular became a badge of protection for soul and body in time and eternity. It was a livery by which we protest that Mary is our mother by special election, as Mary distinguishes us by this as the children of her predilection. It is the dress by which mother and child are closely united.

Garments are worn to cover our nakedness, to protect us from the inclemency of the weather and to adorn the body.

Garments are worn to cover our nakedness. And who is more naked in soul than we? Not only have we no great merits which would commend us to the favor of God, we cannot even flatter ourselves that we discharged our religious obligations towards God faithfully, and when our Lord tells His apostles "When you have done all things say you are unprofitable servants," what will we say of our own actions since we have to acknowledge that not a single day passes in which we are not remiss in our duties and that many a time we fail to do our duty, not through weakness nor forgetfulness but with full consideration. How naked then would we stand before the tribunal of God with nothing to show in our favor. But the garb of our Mother covers this nakedness, for it is emblematic of the intensity of the love and the heroism of act of the Blessed Virgin towards her Son. Mary presents to God her own claims in behalf of her children and thus disarming Divine justice compels, as it were, Divine mercy. God forgives the faults of the children for the sake of their Mother. He gives grace to those that have forfeited all claims to it, and hence the Scapular, in truth, becomes a vestment of salvation, a cloak of justice. Rejoicing, therefore, let us rejoice in the Scapular, and put implicit trust in the maternal solicitude and pious intercession of our Mother, and honor the Scapular according to its deserts.

Clothing is worn to protect us from the inclemency of the weather,

and also in our soul sunshine is followed by rain and storm. Our own experience tells us that not a day passes without temptation, that our passions, apparently subdued, rise powerfully in unexpected moments, and that our life upon earth is a constant warfare. We have to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Our experience also tells us how weak we are in these fights and how often we have been overcome. It is therefore of the utmost importance to us to have an ally of whom the Bible says "She is terrible as an army set in array," and of whom God Himself predicted that she would crush the head of the serpent. The Scapular in these fights is our protection. On account of it the Blessed Virgin is induced to measure her own strength against our enemy. She watches over us, warns us, prays for us, and is the shield against which the darts of the enemy are powerless. Who could count the millions to whom the Scapular thus has become a safeguard, and who must confess that they owe their spiritual recovery and their ultimate salvation to the Scapular. On the very day on which the Blessed Virgin brought to us the Scapular, a man dying in despair was reconciled to God and saved his soul through this badge of salvation, and millions and millions have since had the same experience. Thousands of sins were not committed in spite of violent temptations because the thought of the Scapular checked the passion. Wear it, therefore, constantly, as the breastplate against the enemy. And you will experience that a child of Mary will not perish.

I said in the third place that clothes were worn for adornment. It was the custom of princely houses to clothe all their servants in their colors, and it was an object of pride to them to show the world that they owed fealty to their liege lord. But where is there a lord on

earth that can be compared with our liege Lady, the Queen of heaven and earth? How insignificant is the royalty of this world compared to her incomparable greatness. And if it be an honor to wear the livery of a temporal lord, how much greater is the honor to wear the livery of the Mother of God. Those who owe allegiance to a lord of this world form a distinct and comparatively small set, and even amongst them there are coteries and castes separating one from the other in spite of the uniformity of clothing. Not so with the Scapular. All those that wear this badge of the Blessed Virgin are her children and proteges in the same degree and whether they be pope, emperor, king, laborer, or slave, they are all equally protected by the mantle of the Blessed Virgin, cared for, defended, and saved by her. All distinctions cease there, and though external distinctions for this world remain they will disappear at the gates of death and the Mother will receive all her children into her bosom with equal tenderness and joy at their salvation.

Consider yourself therefore honored and distinguished by being allowed to wear her Scapular. Wear it in a becoming way, have recourse to her in all your troubles and Mary will answer your appeals. What you would not obtain from God, you will obtain through her, on account of the sign of salvation that you wear. And therefore often say with heart and mouth, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us now—your life is NOW—and at the hour of our death, Amen."

Mary is the stem of that beautiful flower on which the Holy Spirit rests with all his gifts, therefore he who wishes to obtain the seven gifts of this holy spirit should seek the flower of the Holy Spirit on its stem. We go to Jesus by Mary, and by Jesus we find the grace of the Holy Spirit.

Our Lady of the Roses.

TRANSLATED FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW FROM THE FRENCH
BY A. LEBLANC.

MANY, many years ago, there existed a small village, called La Roseraie, and this village was a veritable Paradise. Hills covered with beautiful trees and vines hemmed it in, and its freshly painted houses clustered here and there in the valley on the borders of a sparkling stream. But the prettiest sight of all was the immense bushes of roses, from which it derived its name, and that every spring from time immemorial formed a huge cluster of roses. You saw them everywhere, and in the first days of early summer it was wonderful to look at these beautiful bushes, so large and sweet smelling, that seemed to clothe all about them in a brilliant and fragrant mantle, from the ruined mill with its gentle tic tac, to the humble yet kindly presbytery, not forgetting the cabins of the poor. Even the cemetery looked like one of the celestial gardens surrounding God's house; it was as if the pure souls of the simple-minded villagers who slept there had flowered under these rosy petals. The cemetery looked so calm and peaceful, that it almost made you long to die, that you might sleep your eternal sleep in such beautiful surroundings. Then the little church was so very poor and old, that the lizards had eaten holes in the stone, and through the antique windows entered the balmy May air, and the giddy sunbeams came and played on the well-worn pavement. What could you do? The parish was poor, and what little money they had, were it not better to give it to the poor? The best riches are those of the heart, the best offering that which comes from the spiritual treasury. And little by little, at first timidly, then more boldly, and at last quite

familiarly, the old rose bushes, that had bloomed for centuries around the church, crept through the crevices near the windows, like curious children who peep through the doors. And now over the main altar you see the beautiful garland of pink rosesfall lovingly at the feet of the Virgin. The old curate Abbe Bonnel, who was ending at the Roseraie a life of fervor and charity, and the old sexton who always thought as did his master, left the roses undisturbed, for they thought all God's creatures had a right to live and that it would be a sacrilege to touch them, for the Blessed Virgin had taken them under her protection. The villagers were of the same mind, and every Sunday as they came to Mass, drawn by the silvery voice of the bell which rang so gaily, they had a smile for the flowery branches, murmuring an Ave to her whom they called the Mystical Rose. Alas! one beautiful summer evening when all nature seemed still and dreamy, the good old curate passed quietly away in the odor of sanctity, and everyone noticed how the bushes then in bloom, bent to the ground, and exhaled a perfume until then unequalled, so sweet yet so sad that all were moved to tears. Abbe Bonnel was mourned as a father. They buried him in the little cemetery, at the foot of a centenary rosebush that he had loved, and near which he often came to read his breviary while praying for the dead; and the next day all noticed how the bushes had shed their choicest petals over the grave of the old man. They named as his successor a young priest, active and full of vigor, Abbe Paulin, just out of the seminary. He was scandalized at seeing the rose bush pen-

etrating so impudently into the sanctuary, and also those that twined around the feet of the Mother of God. This seemed to him a profanation, or at least culpable negligence that must be remedied at once. Youth is so prone to rash judgment, and willingly censures what the old have done. Briefly, Abbe Paulin bade the old sacristan, who was still feeling so lonely for his master, "cut down the rose-bush." The poor man, who could hardly believe his ears, refused respectfully yet firmly, thinking in his simple soul that it would be a sacrilege. The Abbe shrugged his shoulders, and went and cut down himself the offending bushes. Then happened a most wonderful and touching thing. The Blessed Virgin

stretched out her arm to keep the flowers back, then kissing them, joined together the mutilated branches. Abbe Paulin fell on his knees when he saw this, and never again dared to cut down the miraculous branches. And the roses bloomed lovingly and gratefully around the statue of their sweet protectress, and in their perfume they retained the celestial kiss. This was the story told me, in the country, one May evening, by the old women knitting in the twilight, and as I came home I inhaled with delight the delicate perfume of the lovely petals. Then I gazed above my head at the immense garden of golden roses, the clear sky of eternity studded with stars.

BENEDICTA FILIA, TU, A DOMINO.

Blessed art Thou, through whom He gave
The fruit of life to mortal taste,
Who, to repair the spoiler's waste,
Was born of Thee, that He might save.

Blessed art Thou ! For Thee alone
He chose of all our feeble race,
Thee, pure, unstained, and full of grace,
He, God of God, hath made His own.

Blessed art Thou ! 'Twas Thine to ward
His infancy, His early years,
To wipe away His childish tears,
To be the Mother of Thy Lord.

Blessed art Thou ! 'Twas Thine to share
His ev'ry purpose, ev'ry thought ;
The great salvation He hath wrought,
Thy part in all His pains to bear.

Blessed art Thou ! He rose again
Triumphant over death and hell ;
And first to Thee He came to tell
The glorious issue of His pain.

Blessed art Thou ! The gates of death
He opened wide, that Thou should'st go
To share His throne, as, here below,
He shared Thy home at Nazareth.

Blessed art Thou ! Forever blest.
Oh, Mother of a Son Divine !
Plead for all others who are Thine,
And bring them to their home of rest.

—Francis W. Grey.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

A KITCHEN SAINT.

There is a little book that has floated down the stream of time for over two centuries which is always very interesting to some, because it is a short and simple record of a very beautiful soul. There are only a few pages of it ; it consists of some fifteen letters and four "conversations." It is the story of young Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine, in France, a poor and uneducated lad, who first enlisted as a soldier and then became the footman of one of the lords of the court of Paris. When he was eighteen he was converted by seeing a tree in winter, stripped of its leaves ; for it made him think that as God could send flowers and fruit to this seemingly dead trunk when the summer came, so God could forgive his sins and renew his soul. It seems a strange thing to us that this one thought, coming to this rough lad of eighteen, in that far-off age, could change his whole life, but from that time Nicholas Herman became a different man.

He says of himself, that he was "a great awkward fellow who broke everything," so he desired his master that he might go into a monastery as lay brother, and be a servant to all, so that he could be made "to smart for his awkwardness and his faults, and that he should sacrifice his life to God" ; and, as no one objected, Nicholas was admitted lay brother among the bare-footed Carmelites of Paris in 1666. Here he received the name of Brother Lawrence, and was put to work in the kitchen.

He tells us that he had, naturally a very great aversion to kitchen work, but that he soon accustomed himself to do everything there "for the love of God," and asked continually for grace to do his work as well as possible. He must have

done it well, for the Carmelites kept him there fifteen years, during which time he never complained of his duties. But it began to be noticed what a true saint he was — how gentle, how loving, how prayerful, and yet how industrious over his fires and pots. Nothing that the rest asked him to do was too hard ; he had no wish but to serve others. The convent kitchen became a holy place, and Brother Lawrence, humble as he was, became known throughout the Order.

One visitor to the kitchen tells us that "Brother Lawrence's very countenance had such a sweet and calm devotion in it as could not but affect the beholders. It was observed, too, that in the greatest hurry of business in the kitchen he still preserved his heavenly-mindedness. He was never hasty or loitering, but did each thing in its season, with an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquillity of spirit. 'The time of business,' said he, 'does not, with me, differ from the time of prayer ; and in the noise and clatter of my kitchen, while several persons are at the same time calling for different things, I possess God in as great tranquillity as if I were on my knees before the blessed Sacrament.'"

Brother Lawrence had only one secret of saintliness, which his letters set forth very simply. He believed in "the practice of the presence of God"—that is, at every moment and in every place he tried to realize that God was present with him. "My soul has been with God" he said once, "for forty years." No wonder his kitchen was like a chapel to him, for God was in one as well as the other, to his mind. When he left the kitchen, after his fifteen years of service among the pots and pans, he said he had never found his work hard, for there were always things there to do for God.

He lived to be eighty years old, always simple, humble and loving, and in a letter written less than a week before his death he says: "I hope, from God's mercy, the favor to see Him within a few days." His hope was realized, and he passed joyfully into the eternal and radiant presence of God for ever.

He was only an uneducated peasant but he had learned the true secret of life. I love to think of him in that crowded convent kitchen, unhurried, unworried by the fire and the cooking and the dishwashing, keeping a serene saintliness through it all. I have no doubt that he was an excellent cook, for just as the Apostle Paul tells us that it is possible to do everything to God's glory, even our eating and drinking, so I am sure Brother Lawrence did his cooking to God's glory, and would have felt that sour bread and scorched meat was almost a sin. It is such people who make such kitchens into saintly places of pilgrimage. It is such Christians who make the little corner where they are in this world, whatever it is, a spot of holy ground from whence goes out help and light for others.

There have been many, many kitchen saints besides Brother Lawrence, only they have been women, not men, and there are no lack of them today. But I am glad that at least one kitchen saint had his story thus written for the world to read, and that the world loves it so that it has not let it die. We all need kitchen holiness—the holiness of daily things lovingly done for the love of God, the holiness that is humble and faithful and persevering no matter how toilsome the task. All honor to the kitchen saint! whether it be Brother Lawrence in his convent, two centuries ago, or some toiling woman in a prairie cabin today—they are all of the same family, and the more of their unselfish ministry the world receives, the more it is forced to ac-

knowledge the presence of and the glory of God in its obscurest places.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Probably real happiness is too much to expect in this life. At any rate the only happy individual is the one who has his happiness in himself; then nothing can make him miserable.

But for ordinary mortals a little let up from misery is all that can be expected, and this can be obtained nowhere so effectually as in country life. One may be either on the farm or in a small town, but in any case here is the most healthful, restful life that can be lived. It is a fact that those who read most and think most are the country people. In the fevered rush and scramble of the city there is no time for working out problems of thought. There is no time even for reading. The city man skims his paper to catch the local news, and that which concerns his particular business, whatever it is. In the country the men really think.

Our greatest, most gifted men and women in every walk of life have been almost without exception born and bred in the country. There too, they retire to think out their noblest thoughts, to do their best work for mankind. Apart from greatness however, when we consider the mere pleasure of living, it is outside of the great city that most of it is to be found.

When a man has become spiritualized and refined in the fire of divine love which purifies him, he then receives the union and inflowing of the loving illumination with the sweetness with which an angel receives them. There are souls who in this life receive a more perfect illumination than the angels.—St. John of the Cross.

SUITED TO ALL.

Some are tempted to think lightly of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, as something that is only suited for women and children and that it is not for them. They are mistaken; it is exactly suited to them, and if they will only stop, and take a little time to investigate and study this devotion, they will find it is exactly what they need. It will help them in all their trials, temptations, sorrows, and afflictions; it will give them strength and courage to do their work well; it will hold them up when they are despondent, and will turn their sorrows into joy. In a word, it will change their whole life, and make it really and truly a genuine Christian life. When they practice it, their vision will be cleared and they will see the right thing to do, and will be given the grace to do it. By this devotion they will be enabled to save their own souls, and to help save the souls of their relatives and friends.

Strive to make the devotion to the Sacred Heart a part of your lives, and from this time forward learn to use it daily. Go to the Sacred Heart when tempted, when discouraged or sorrowful, and relief will always be had.

THE SCAPULAR FESTIVAL.

The first celebration of the holy and popular Scapular Feast in the new century lost none of its fervor or enthusiasm as far as Niagara Falls is concerned. The great annual concourse of devout pilgrims hither seems to have become a permanent affair, which does not wear out with repetition, but rather promises to grow steadily into an international pilgrimage for all clients of the Queen of Carmel. As usual last month there was a large representation of clergy and laity spread throughout the Hospice grounds and in spite of the intense

heat the quaint little prayer-provoking Shrine of Our Lady saw beneath its roof an unbroken procession of devout worshippers who, oblivious of the heats and burdens of the day, came to renew their faith in Mary's all-powerful intercession. As usual holy Mass was solemnly celebrated in the open air, the prayer and song of Holy Church blending harmoniously with the swelling sound of the mighty waterfall. On this sacredly historic day the celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C., — the Deacon, Very Rev. Timothy J. Sullivan, Rector of Holy Rosary Church, Thorold, Ont., and Subdeacon, Rev. Benedict J. O'Neill, O.C.C. The panegyric was pronounced by the Rev. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., Ex-Provincial of his Order in the United States and the Canadas. A report of the sermon will be found elsewhere.

PORTRAIT OF POPE LEO XIII.

The magnificent painting of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., the work of one of New York's most celebrated artists, J. A. Mohlte, who, in painting this picture, has had the advantage of the constant criticisms and advice of the highest dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in America, who have devoted unusual time in going over the details of this painting with the artist, so that the finished work would be as near perfect as anything that had ever been brought out. Those who have been favored by His Holiness with an audience, exclaim over the remarkable likeness in this painting, "It is, indeed, a portrait absolutely true to life." The work has been gotten out at an expense of over \$5,000, the lithograph being finished in twelve separate printings on the highest grade of chromo paper, and has been treated in a very artistic manner. The value of this picture is almost beyond calculation, since it is the

very latest, and in all probability, will be the last picture ever gotten out from such authoritative sources as have been used in preparing this picture.

The picture is a tribute to the unusually long reign of Leo XIII.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

A wonderful change in Scotch sentiment towards the Catholic Church and the Holy See is marked by the remarkable letter recently indited by the University of Glasgow to Pope Leo XIII. This year the university has been celebrating the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, and though it is now and has been since the "Reformation," a Protestant institution, its president and governing body and its students are not such bigots as to ignore the circumstances of its origin, and so on the items of the anniversary program was a letter addressed to the Holy Father by the prefect or rector and vice chancellor, inviting His Holiness to be a "sharer in their joy," and expressing their gratitude to the great Pontiff by whom, nearly five centuries ago, the university was founded. This letter is so striking in what it implies no less than in what it expresses that it is a pleasure to reproduce a full translation of it as it appeared in the Catholic Universe of Cleveland :

"To the Sovereign Pontiff,

"The Most Holy, the Most Reverend, and the Most Learned Man,

"LEO XIII.,

"The Entire University of Glasgow, the Chancellor, the Rector, the Graduates and the Students,

"(Send) Health.

"In our great joy (for soon we celebrate our centennial feasts), this above all else we can remember with grateful minds, that this splendid university, which is today enriched with all wealth of talent and works, started from the Apostolic See itself, and that it com-

menced with the most loving patronage of the Supreme Pontiff, as we have learned from our forefathers. For that most learned Pontiff, Nicholas V., in the year of the Incarnation of our Lord, one thousand four hundred and fifty-one, displaying the greatest love for the Scottish people, being himself a man most illustrious for all the lights of talent and of the liberal arts, founded among us a university, and wished that our doctors, masters and students should enjoy and use all the liberties which had been granted to the university of his own city of Bologna. The which so great benefit, as like a loving daughter, we ascribe it to the most dear mother from whom it came, we think leads us to hope that Your Holiness may become a sharer of our joy, as also to utter due thanks to the Holy See for so great favor. We therefore pray that you may deign to increase this our happiness, with your authority ; and if on account of these wicked times it could not be that Your Beatitude should come to us in these feasts over such difficulties of sea and journeying, we hope at least through some other person enjoying your favor, and that this our university, founded by the learned Nicholas, fostered by James, King of the Scots, cared for and defended by William, Bishop of Glasgow, and furthermore enhanced by many benefits from many of our kings, you yourself, most scholarly and most elegant cultivator of Latin literature, through your kindness may deign to honor still more, and to commend to yet new ages. We write at Glasgow, on the Ides of May, MCMI."

Coming from no other country in the world would this utterance be so noteworthy as from Scotland. The Holy Father replied with his characteristic graciousness. He thanked the rector and the students for the sending of this address, which he describes as a noble act,

and recalls the memory of Pope Nicholas, who earned the undying esteem of the Scottish people, and that he prayed God to direct in the way of the university, and to unite the latter to the Papacy in perfect love.

FOUNDER OF THE FATHERS OF THE HOLY GHOST.

*Venerable Father Liebermann, the founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, was a Jewish convert, and though not yet pronounced canonized by the Church, a man with the seal of pre-eminent sanctity stamped upon him. His little-known life is a remarkable example of single-hearted devotion to an ideal. Ill-health, opposition, misunderstanding, suspicion from sources whence he might have expected willing help -- all these caused neither wavering nor hesitation in his purpose. And they bore no fruit of bitterness in his patient soul. They served no worse end than to feed the ready fires of his humility.

His parents were the most orthodox of Jews, and from his birth, in the year 1804, the little Jacob Liebermann was brought up in almost fanatic observance of Jewish tenets. From his early instructors he imbibed a thorough aversion for all things Christian, and with his elder brother took great pride in carrying off the honors of Talmudic discussion before the scholars of the Temple of Saverne, in Alsace. His brother afterwards grew dissatisfied, however, and became one of the leaders in a movement which for the Jews of Alsace was as significant as the Tractarian Movement in England, and which resulted in the conversion of many of them to the Catholic Church.

None mourned his brother's defection more sincerely than Jacob, and when two other brothers followed the elder's example, he was stricken with grief. He studied at Metz and

there happened upon a copy of Rousseau's "Emile." This most destructive of books, strangely enough, was the indirect cause of his own conversion. It made him determine to know the truth. He journeyed to Paris to seek light from M. Drach, himself a Jewish convert, and after much mental suffering was there baptized on Christmas eve, 1826.

He entered the house of Foreign Missions in Paris, with the idea of affiliating himself with the order, afterwards being sent to St. Sulpice to continue his studies. He was most eager to become a priest, but his delicate health seemed to be undermined with a nervous trouble, showing signs of epilepsy, and he was not allowed to assume the obligations of subdeaconship. His humility under this heavy trial induced his superiors to send him to their country house at Issy for as long as it should please God. Already, though it seemed impossible of fulfillment, the idea of laboring for the salvation of the Negroes had strongly appealed to him. He could not shake it off, and fostered it in prayer and penance.

Though not a priest himself, M. Liebermann soon after became director of the novitiate of the Eudist Fathers at Rennes. Hence, unwilling but led on by an irresistible force, he started for Rome to lay what was hardly more than an idea, born in his own ardor and communicated to half a dozen others, before the consideration of the Holy See. There is not space here to speak of the hardships of this journey and the blank discouragement at the end of it. Wherever he mentioned his project, it was received with contempt or ridicule. At Rome he was soundly rated for his presumption and advised to go about his business.

But his business was in Rome, and there he stayed, never losing faith for a moment in the divine inspiration of his mission and never

losing hope for its ultimate success.

All success came to him at last—as it does to the dreamers of the dreams of God. The propaganda began to see some good in his design, a Bishop (Mgr. Collier) was found who was willing to assume the protectorate of the new society, and finally the Coadjutor-Bishop of Strasburg offered to bestow Holy Orders on M. Libermann himself. Thus, after twelve years, this crowning mark of God's favor was bestowed upon him at Amiens, in 1841.

His second Mass was the first community Mass for the new Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. It started out with four members, who opened a novitiate at La Neuville. At the end of two years, the missionaries numbered only twelve. Six of these were sent to the African Missions, and though their labors accomplished little and ended in Martyrdom, the founder was not discouraged.

In 1848 the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary was united to that of the Holy Ghost, which had been founded towards the end of the Seventeenth Century by a zealous priest of Brittany. The union of the two societies was warmly encouraged by Pope Pius IX., and when it was decided to join their forces in a common cause Father Libermann was elected the first superior-general. The strength of the new order was thus increased, and under the guidance of Father Libermann it became a great power for good, and its seminary, the Seminary of the Holy Ghost, a center of learning and pure doctrinal teaching.

February 2, 1852, its founder, weakened by too much labor, passed peacefully to his reward. Almost immediately his spiritual sons were urged to take the first steps in the process of his canonization. June 1, 1876, Pope Pius IX. confirmed the approbation of the Cardinals and Father Libermann was

given the title of "Venerable." Of his writings, the best known, perhaps, is his "Commentary on the Gospel of St. John," not a learned or technical disquisition, but a beautiful and deeply spiritual interpretation.

He was peculiarly fitted to be a director of souls, and his "Spiritual Letters," just translated and published in an English edition by the Fathers of his Society in Detroit, are marked by the same frankness, simplicity and humility which was characteristic of his life. Especially are they clear-sighted. God gives to the eyes of children, of their faith and purity, a truer vision than that of the wisest of men. The Venerable Libermann has this deep-seeing of a little child. Not by probing or by complex analysis does he get a sight into another soul. It is as if he turned a flood of white light into the dark places, making everything simple, primitive, reduced to primal elements. He is not of the school of hair-splitting, subtle writers of spiritual things. Many will not find him sufficiently introspective and microscopic. But his Letters will be helpful and illuminating to thousands who need direction and light. They are a distinctly valuable addition to spiritual literature.

*Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Libermann. Vol. I. Translated by Rev. Charles L. Gruenwald, C.S.S.P. Detroit, Mich. : The Fathers of the Holy Ghost. Paper \$1.50. Cloth, \$2.

So it was a Spanish monk that, in 1540, took the initiative in the instruction of deaf mutes. This we were told by a Methodist preacher in Buffalo last Sunday. It is not often that we hear anything good of the monks in the Protestant pulpits. They are usually stigmatized there by ignorance and malice—rather as a dirty and lazy lot.—Catholic Union and Times.

MONKS AND THEIR PROSECUTORS.

—From the Catholic Union and Times.

Since the days when the Blessed Benedict gathered about him a host of Christian warriors under the shadows of Subiaco, monks and monkish practices have been a chief object of attack from the enemies of the Church. The members of religious orders have been as right wing, left wing and centre of Christ's army, and if any one of them could be pierced or crushed, or in any way confounded, the enemy has felt that victory might be brought more nearly within his grasp. Hence the eagerness with which those cohorts of the Lord have been persecuted by mediaeval and by latter day opponents of the only Christianity worth acknowledging.

The religious orders have always been staunch upholders of orthodoxy, uncompromising foes of heresy, the vanguard in the evangelizing of new territories, the first to water new fields of the Church with their blood, as even a casual inspection of the Roman martyrology will amply testify. Now that the seed of the faith has been plentifully sown and cathedrals stand where formerly pagan altars smoked with sacrifice, are we to be so ungrateful as to forget the pioneer service of the religious orders, and condemn them just because they prefer a middle age rule to some modern suggestion, or tremble when they hear the siren voice of progress bidding them conform to the times?

Are the times all right? Are Catholic writers, burning (like Stanislaus Thomas in the New York Sun) to express the failings of regulars before the laity, certain of the ground on which they stand? Not long ago a churchman occupying no mean position in ecclesiastical circles presumed to say that the intelligent casting of a vote was of more consequence to society than all the

macerations of "mediaeval monks." Leo who rules in Rome chided the ecclesiastic most gently but with significance. Leo has thunders as well as paternal reproofs, and should our novo maniacs persist in belittling religious orders or their rules because the latter may not have the trademark of modern progress on their title pages? Leo will thunder, and then the novos will crouch and tremble, and beat their craven breasts and murmur, "Parce nobis, Domine!" Don't help the enemy, Catholic writers of the progressist type, by trying to foster discord between the regular and the secular clergy!

PEN AND PICTURE.

Recently in the "Travellers' Record" of Hartford appeared a picture of a monk engaged in illuminating a manuscript and apropos of the picture the editor of the "Record" wrote:

"Our monk is evidently amused. In his eye beams a beneficent satisfaction; the set of his lips, the hand that nestles the chin, are full of supreme self-complacency. Evidently the copy is a work of art. The letter has moulded perfectly under his careful strokes, or the colors of the careful illumination have blended into a beautiful and perfect whole.

"To him and his kind we owe much. The best thoughts of the old philosophers and poets, the history of past ages, the chronicles of his own day, have been preserved to us mostly through his labors; much also of morality and virtue, in an age when civilization seemed vanquished.

"In the breaking up of the old society which we trace from the fifth to the eighth century, ignorance grew apace. To the men of that day it must have seemed that the world was sinking into barbarism. The arts, the sciences, the culture, all that was best in the old civiliza-

tion, seemed to have shared the fate of all that was worst and been swept into oblivion.

"Rotten and corrupt as was Rome in the years of her decadence, yet the shame of these was dimmed by the traditions of her magnificence and culture in the days of power. To the Roman subject and to the barbarian, himself, Rome remained the symbol of might, and men looked to her, though no longer for power, yet for ideas. They believed she was to rise again, and the reign of Charlemagne seemed to be the forerunner of a new Roman empire, but it was to be only a break in the clouds of anarchy and chaos of the years that again fell darkly with Charlemagne's death.

"The Christian Church, powerful through its organization and discipline, incorporated in itself the force of a real religion and the glamor of Rome's traditional power and glory.

"The monasteries, severe in rule, yet offered a place of peace in the midst of a storm of conflicts, clashing ideas, and general ignorance. Here, in quietness and contemplation, the thoughtful, the virtuous, had a refuge from the utter ignorance, the gross immorality, the dangers of a world in the throes of change. Here, then, could come not only the ascetic man of the Church, but the disappointed, the man tired with the vanities of the world, the scholar, the scientist. These monasteries were the fortresses of civilization. They taught not only the rule of plain living, but the dignity of labor. They gave to the people of that time some knowledge of the arts of peace, of agriculture, far in advance of the rude and barbarous tillage that was generally practiced. They taught the value of public morality and themselves set an example in their own living. To their influence most of the social morality and virtue of the time was due.

AN INVITATION TO CARMEL.

We shall be glad to see the ranks of our Third Order of Mount Carmel filling up rapidly and, during this beautiful month of August, to see large numbers of our Tertians men and women, rallying around our Lady's Niagara Shrine would be the consummation of our most earnest prayer. There are many reasons why persons should join the Third Order. The obligations laid down by the Rule are light and the advantages many. This Order is adapted to persons of all conditions of life and in no way interferes with their ordinary way of living. What an inspiring and edifying sight will it not be to see a large number of candidates invested in the holy habit of Our Blessed Lady on the day of her glorious Assumption. It is not necessary to have your habit ready for the occasion. One habit may be used for the investing of one or many.

When will the happy time come, when the divine Mary will be established mistress and queen of hearts? When will souls breathe Mary as the body breathes air? When will that happy time, that age of Mary come, when souls losing themselves in the abyss of her interior, shall become living copies of Mary to love and glorify Jesus? That time will not come till men shall know and practice the devotion which I am teaching. "*Ut adveniat regnum tuum adveniat regnum Mariæ.*" — Grignon de Montfort.

The familiar title, "Our Lady," is much more ancient than some writers would have us believe. The deed of Caenwulf, A.D. 821, speaks of the Blessed Virgin as *Dei Genitrix, domina nostra*. The Anglo-Normans called her *Notre Dame St. Marie*; the Anglo-Saxons, *Ur Lavedi*; the English, *Our Lady St. Mary*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Bible and Rationalism ; or Answer to Difficulties in the Bible. By Rev. John Thein, author of "Christian Anthropology," "Catechism of Rodez," and "Ecclesiastical Dictionary." Published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. As reviewed in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

This splendid work is in four large volumes, each independent of the others and differing somewhat in size and price, but together forming one grand whole—a scientific and logical defense of the Bible as the revealed word of God—the one reliable history of the human race. Volume one proves the authenticity of the Pentateuch as books of Moses—Moses' work in his own time and not the work of anybody else hundreds of years later and the establishment by Moses of the Jewish priesthood as a regular organization. Volume two defends other books of the Old Testament from old and new critics who for one reason or another assail them. Volume three does the same for books of the New Testament ; and volume four goes over the whole ground of the controversy and seemingly leaves nothing to be said in its behalf of the Church's claims for the Bible. All the principles of geology and paleontology, geognosy and geogony, are defined according to the latest accepted rulings, and then their perfect agreement with the simple story told in Genesis is shown. All the discoveries, the reasonings, the technicalities of science—the fullest light of modern discoveries in physics is turned full on the truths of the Bible, only to show how impregnable are the teachings of the Catholic Church, how gloriously is science the handmaid of religion and how wisely the inspired writers worked as if anticipating the assaults of atheists in after ages. Father Thein makes geology come to the aid of Chris-

tion controversy and defends revealed Genesis with the very weapons scientists—certain so-called scientists—turned against it. In an introduction to the first volume Father Thein explains the causes that urged him to this work. We who are glad to take without question what the Church proposes to our belief might wonder at the pains taken to prove what we have never dreamed of doubting. But there are doubters and enemies of the Bible—many and in high places—and it is well for the faithful to know them and their weapons, and to know how to use those very weapons in defense of truth. We give in large part Father Thein's preface :

"The Bible has had enemies in all ages. From the time the pagans became aware of the inspired Hebrew book they insulted it. Even before the Apostles had commenced to preach Christianity, Apion, the Grammarian, mocked it in Egypt, and an unknown painter caricatured it at Pompeii. We might say that subtle intuition admonished the adorers of false gods, that in the pages of this sacred work lay hidden the force which would annihilate their idols and overthrow their altars. When Christ's religion achieved its first victories, the attacks were redoubled with increased wrath. Since that time the war against the revealed Word has never ceased to spread and expand. Infidels, heretics, schismatics, unbelievers of all kinds, hurl themselves in turn upon our sacred books. Today the warfare has attained its acutest stage and the number of the enemies of our faith is myriad. The Bible condemns all evil passions—all the passions have united themselves against it.

"However, if those who outrage and assail holy Scripture are numerous, those who venerate it are still more numerous. The Lord has reserved, in the midst of those who pledge allegiance to the rule of in-

fidelity, legions of believers who always adore their Creator and Master, and who respectfully acknowledge, in our Sacred Scriptures the very Word of God, as their fathers have done.

"But whence comes this diversity of beliefs? Whence originated the cause of the faith of the one side and of the infidelity of the other? How can the same book be, for the former, a divine book expounding divine truth, and, for the latter, a work of purely human production? Is the intelligence of men so widely variant that the same depository may contain the truth for a Leibnitz and Bossuet, and error for a Strauss and Wellhausen? The sun enlightens all eyes. Why does not the Bible enlighten all minds?

"The reasons for this phenomenon are various and complicated. The one contingent is recruited from the narrow powers of the mind, the other from the rich resources of the soul. We need not inquire here into the moral causes of infidelity and the moral responsibility of those who are attacked with this (alas! so common) disease today. Let it suffice to remark in passing that there are the blind who cannot see the brightest light. There are men who seem to be devoid of the sense of the supernatural, so to speak, as there are some who are devoid of moral sense; and whose intelligence, enfeebled by a species of paralysis, can absorb no truth and become the prey of doubt in all the channels of human knowledge. The causes of skepticism engendered toward the Sacred Books are analogous to those of philosophical skepticism in general. Infidels are persuaded they discover some blemishes in the Bible; these minute specks hide from their eyes the whole beauty of its divine character. They perceive obscurities, and conclude that the Scripture is like all other human works and purely human itself. The believer does not deny that Holy Scripture

contains difficult passages, divergences, even alterations—the fruit of the ravages of time. But he seeks to illuminate these spots which have been darkened in the course of a long voyage across ages—he does not endeavor to transform a vermicule into an elephant, nor a grain of sand into a mountain, and he continues to believe in revelation, in spite of the objections of infidels, as mankind continues to believe in reason and in the perceptions of the senses, in spite of the difficulties of sensualists and idealists.

"The Church teaches that Holy Scripture is a book inspired by God, that is, composed under the influence of the Holy Ghost, in such a manner that it emancipated from all error the one He thus empowered to be His interpreter to man. God did not dictate to the prophet the exact language which he should employ in the process of his general teaching, but left him the free use of his natural faculties, so that the peculiar character of each writer, his style, and manner, reveals itself in his work. Holy Scripture contains nothing but truth revealed for us. But the Holy Ghost did not impart in a supernatural manner to the human instruments of which He made use what they already knew through natural means, either by their personal experience or by the testimony of other men. He taught them by miraculous means only what they could not know of themselves, as, for instance, the secrets of the future. Moreover, it does not matter whether such or such a part of the sacred books has been directly revealed to its author or simply inspired. All that they contain is equally true and certain, for, as Catholic theologians teach, the divine inspiration guarded the sacred writer against all historical or scientific error.

"The Bible, therefore, has gone forth from the hands of God pure and spotless, worthy of its Author,

and obliging human veneration and belief. However, Providence did not judge it proper to fully protect it against the lesser and inconsequential injuries of time, and has subjected it, in a limited measure, to the conditions of human things. Providence has watched over the Sacred Book, to preserve it intact as to its foundation, and that the sacred depository of revelation may be transmitted without grave alterations to the remotest generations, but has not deemed it necessary to perform continual miracles to shelter it from those slight errors and insignificant changes which insensibly enter into all the words of men. The rust of centuries has thus deposited its imprint upon some of the pages of our Sacred Scriptures, and we have no longer a text absolutely conformable to the autographs of the sacred writers. Passing under the pen of thousands of transcribers, in an interval of time extending over from eighteen hundred to thirty-four hundred years, proper names have been disfigured, figures changed, words omitted, various passages shifted, obscured, or slightly altered. A comparison with the most ancient texts and versions furnishes a clear proof of this.

"It is hard for those who have never had any experience in dealing with the manuscripts of books to understand how difficult, nay, almost impossible, it was in former times to preserve the text from all change. The books published in modern times are intrusted to the printer, the proof sheets are carefully revised by the author, and allowed to be printed only when the latter is satisfied with the corrections which he has indicated therein. The work is then issued, and no matter how multitudinous the number of copies—as a product of mechanical product—they are all alike; they vary neither by a word, nor by a letter, nor by a comma. And indeed this multitude

of copies are as exactly alike as though they were the first original work of the author's pen.

"For the ancients, on the contrary, there were as many varying copies as there were productions of the same work. The author read his work to the copyist, each copyist produced a codex; but, with different readings, errors, necessarily unavoidable, were incorporated into the transcription of a large work. All writers of books know now often the printers—by some remission in their manual occupation—alter the meaning by mistaking one word for another, by omissions, additions, and other inaccuracies resulting from lack of attention. The librarii of ancient times were not more perfect than the typographical artisan of our day; but their shortcomings entailed more grievous consequences, because the authors could not correct all the copies which were made of their books. They apprehend the grave results of this technical inaccuracy which they could foresee only too plainly, and they abjured the scribes, with the most earnest solicitations, not to neglect to compare their copy with the original manuscript. "I conjure thee" wrote St. Irenaeus, at the end of his book against the Valentinians, "I conjure thee, whoever thou mayest be that transcribest this book, by our Lord Jesus Christ and by His glorious coming, when He will come to judge the living and the dead, to realize what thou hast written, and carefully correct it after the copy from which thou hast transcribed it. I pray thee also to transcribe this conjuration and put it at the end of thy copy." (See Eusebius, *Church History*, v. 20.)

"Independently of the difficulties of language and alterations of the text there is another cause which besets with impediments and obscurity the work of the Bible student, namely, our ignorance of antiquity. The events of sacred his-

tory transpired in very remote epochs, in times and places little known to us. When the objects of our investigation are at a great distance from us, they appear to us as though enveloped in a fog, and become confused and indistinct. We cannot abruptly seize the surroundings and distinguish certain characteristics. Not only are we oblivious of many facts that are indispensable to an exact knowledge of persons and things, and the proper appreciation of their actions, but our political, social, and even religious organizations, our wants, relations, manner of living, and surroundings, in a word, our status as human beings, are so different that, in spite of all the efforts of our imagination, we are unable to reanimate those ancient societies, and see them as they were in reality. The lapse of thousands of years has transported us into a different atmosphere. How many obscure, unintelligible points, which we judge too easily as incredible, were natural and clear as daylight for the contemporaries of those past ages.

"Finally, a last and often most serious source of difficulty in properly understanding the Bible, are the explanations which exegetists themselves have given thereof, and which have changed the meaning. The commentaries which these latter have written on Sacred Scripture are so numerous that they could well fill several large libraries. In this mass of books, in spite of the uprightness of the intentions of their authors, in spite of their perspicacity and their science, there is many an error and many a falsehood. Nevertheless, through a convergence of dissimilar circumstances we accept certain interpretations as well founded, and impute crime to the Bible when it is only the commentators who are at fault. Thus we reproach the Scripture with teaching, contrarily to astronomy, that the earth is immovable and the sun turns round the earth. This

is wrong; the sacred text does not teach this error. The ancient interpreters, it is true, thus understood the words of Josue to the sun: "Move not, O Sun" (Jos. x:12), but they were deceived. They mistook a popular expression for the expression of a scientific dogma, and we can apply to them the words of St. Augustine: 'Interpres erravit,' (Contra Faustum, xi:5).

"Thus the ignorance of facts and surroundings; the unavoidable imperfection of translations; loss of the original text of several of the sacred books; peculiar characteristics of the Hebrew tongue; inherent impotency of human language in general to render all the shades of thought and meaning and to reproduce a complete representation of the facts; the errors of the copyists—result of their false reading, of their negligence or distractions—and finally, the errors of interpreters and commentators concur in producing the majority of the apparent or real difficulties in the study of Holy Scripture, and which give rise to numerous objections on the part of its enemies."

IN MEMORIAM.

It is proper that we re-print the following tribute to the late Miss Sue X. Blakely, who died on May 17 last. The same is copied from the Elk County Gazette, of St. Mary's, Pa.:

"We cannot be satisfied with the mere announcement of the death of one so well known, so highly esteemed and so truly loved, not alone by her immediate family but by all who knew her; but the testimonial of respect and expression of regret are alike inadequate to portray the sorrow caused by her demise. Miss Blakely was born in Pittsburg, Pa., where her parents resided for many years. She was educated at the Visitation academy, of Mt. DeChantal, Wheeling, W. Va.,

where she showed herself an exceptionally bright pupil, talented and studious. On being graduated from that institution she carried off the highest honors of her class. Faithful in her friendship, she kept up a correspondence with many of her old schoolmates, who will miss her bright letters, while they deeply mourn the passing away of her bright personality. Miss Blakely came with her parents, to whom she was a devoted daughter, to St. Mary's in the early sixties and has resided here ever since, with occasional visits elsewhere. After her parents' death she made her home with her sister, Mrs. Sebastian Wimmer. Some months ago she was stricken with incipient paralysis, the result it is supposed of a fall. Every attention that love could suggest was hers and her physician's skill and care was unremitting; but she grew no better and the idea that special treatment in a hospital would benefit her, took possession of her mind, and in pursuance of this feeling she was taken to St. Vincent Hospital in Erie. She stood the journey remarkably well and for a few days seemed to improve, although no hope was entertained of ultimate recovery. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary G. Blakely, of Erie, was with her night and day and the good sisters were devoted in their care. Her brother, Very Reverend Aloysius M. Blakely, Vicar General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria, now on a visit to her native land, her sister, Mrs. Mary Louise Ryan, of Cincinnati, and her devoted nephew, Eugene Blakely, eldest son of her brother, the late Dr. Blakely, of Erie, were with her for some days before she died. Her remains were brought to St. Mary's and on Saturday and Sunday were viewed by sorrowing friends at the home of her brother-in-law, Hon. Sebastian Wimmer, of this place. The funeral rites were performed by her brother, Father Aloysius, with requiem mass at the

German church, in accordance with her oft-expressed wish, her beloved parents having been buried from that church, the last rites over both of whom had also been held by Father Aloysius. Her nephew, Ernest J. Wimmer, late District Attorney of Elk county, was also buried from St. Mary's Church. She was laid to rest in St. Mary's Cemetery in the presence of her mourning relatives and many friends, who had followed her weeping and praying to the tomb. Miss Blakely's talents were of an unusually high order. She was a fine linguist, as her translations from the different languages attest, and her stories and poems in the different magazines gained the admiration of all who read them. Her pen was devoted to the service of religion, and her refined taste and elevation of soul made her look with abhorrence on unmeritorious publications of the day. Miss Blakely was a fervent Catholic, and might be called a pioneer member of the Sacred Heart Church at this place. Loving the beauty of the House of the Lord, she took delight in caring for the altar and in beautifying His sanctuary. Many and fervent will be the prayers offered up that she may soon behold the Beatific vision for Whose sight she longed, and that her soul may rest in peace, the peace which passeth understanding."

In contemplating heaven people are too apt to set before their mind the delights of sense, the sights, the society, the heavenly music, the charity, the agility, the grace and perfection of outward form and color. But all these joys, however true or intense they may be—and even they are, no doubt, intense beyond words—sink into insignificance when we come to think of the Giver. They bear no proportion to the ecstasy of delight arising from his presence. In the words of inspired wisdom, "We shall be satisfied when his beauty shall appear."

ENROLLED IN THE BROWN SCAPULAR

Names received at Holy Trinity, Pittsburg, from: St. Mary's Church, Iowa; St. Mary's Monastery, Herman, Pa.; St. Bernard's Church, Frenchtown, Ind.; St. Peter's Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Aloysius Church, Spokane, Wash.; Immaculate Conception Church, Brookville, Pa.; Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash.; Higginsville, Mo.; Montpelier, Idaho; Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Mercy Hospital, Pittsburg, Pa.; Newport News, Va.; St. Boniface Church, Allegheny, Pa.; St. Mary's Church, Akron, Ohio; Guardian Angels' Church, Manistee, Mich.; Clara City, Minn.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; St. Mary's Church, Mount Washington, Pgh., Pa.; Elm Grove, Wis.; North Amherst, Ohio; Jakersville, Ohio; Freeport, Ill.; Holy Rosary Church, Antioch, Ca.; St. Joseph's Church, Irontown, Ohio; St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, Pa.; Holy Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.; Sisters of Charity, Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Vincent's Church, Mount Vernon, O.; St. Mary's Church, Elk Co., Pa.; Devil's Lake, North Dakota; St. Paul, Mo.; Louisville Ky.; Ege, Ind.; Gethsemani, Ky.

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me."—Job xix. 21.

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently:

Miss Catherine Bresland, of Fitchburg, Mass., who died last May. She was a devout client of Lady of Carmel, generous and self-sacrificing for the glory of God. Deceased was a friend and benefactor of the Hospice of Mt. Carmel.

Sr. M. Eulalia Foley, of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, who died July 2nd.

THE SANCTUARY LAMP.

Like the star of tranquil evening
Shining in God's holy place,
Where the Eucharistic cloudlets
Veil the beauty of His Face.

Like a mystic silvery Chalice
High uplifted as in prayer,
Mute yet eloquent — a symbol
Of our Mediator there.

O, how sweet and re-assuring!
In the Sacrament of love,
Jesus' Heart is ever pleading
As in land of light above.

Beautiful eternal city,
For thy radiance is the Lamb!
Shedding o'er bright Saints and
Angels
Rays of love and blissful calm.

Now "far spent" our days of exile,
Steals the pensive eventide.
Jesus, make our spirits star-like,
May they in Thy love abide.

"Sursum Corda!" Like the Chalice
Elevate our hearts to Thee;
May they ever softly echo
Thy celestial melody.

Thus we too shall be as star-gleams.
Watching near Thy place of rest,
Making fervent intercession
With Thy Blood in Chalice blest.
—Enfant de Marie
St. Clare's.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



Our Blessed Lady.



The Hidden Beauty.

By *Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.*

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God has prepared for them that love Him."*—St. Paul, I. Cor., II, 9.

O how many forms of beauty
In this world so fair we see !
Streamlets from the primal fountain,
Emanations, Lord, from Thee !
We have seen the rising morning
Lighting, with its roseate beams,
Hill and vale, and waving meadow,
And the crystal mountain-streams ;
Stealing o'er sweet-scented flow'rets,
Sparkling with their dew-drops bright.
Lovely are these rays, dispelling
All dark shadows of the night !
Then how beautiful is twilight,
O'er the calm and slumbering sea
Shines the silvery, faint reflection
Of soft moonbeams ; fitfully
In the tranquil, cloudless heavens
Mildly gleams an evening star,
Like a fair and mystic beacon
To God's restful land afar.
Beautiful are changeful seasons,
Spring's bright hope, and summer's glow,
Gold and crimson tints of autumn,
Whiteness of the wintry snow.
But all loveliness of nature,
Lofty mount and wooded vale,
Rippling seas or gushing fountains,

* The text, which literally applies to Heaven, is here mystically used with reference to the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Altar.

To His beauty all seem pale.
 Precious pearl of the Altar !
 Treasure of God's holy place !
 Faith reveals to spirit vision
 Hidden beauties of Thy Face.
 And we sigh, with holy longing,
 "Jesus, whom 'neath veils I see,
 Golden visions of Thy glory
 O vouchsafe, dear Lord, to me."*

*"*Jesu quem velato nunc aspicio,
 Oro fiat illud quod tarn scio,
 Ut te revelata cernua facie,
 Visu sim beatus tue gloriæ.*"—ST. THOMAS.

How beautiful the whisperings of night,
 So soft they are and low,
 And gentle murmuring flow
 Of woodland brooklets, glancing in the light.
 O many a soothing plaintive melody
 Sweeps o'er our inward harp-strings tremblingly,
 And echoes music of the earth and sea,
 Or of the blue skies bright.
 Not all the sweetness of each thrilling tone
 Stealing through shadows dim,
 Or glad ecstatic hymn
 Of free souls that from exile-land have flown
 On wings of light . . . can to the spirit-ear
 So breathe of things divine, and sweetly clear,
 As thou, my Jesus, in the silence here
 Around thine Altar-throne."*

*"*Quam dulcis faucibus eloquia tua,
 super mel et favum.*"—PSALMS XVIII: 2.

Deep are our thoughts and holy aspirations,
 Wondrous the power of all human love ;
 Yet, is prepared at God's most Sacred Altar
 Bliss for all longings of the soul above.
 Saints have approached it with a holy rapture,
 Gladly from earthly joys they turned away,
 Thirsting in spirit for that mystic fountain,
 Drinking its living waters day by day.
 Yes!—and the weary, and the tearful mourner,
 Souls that earth's pains and burdens still must bear.
 Young hearts, untainted in their pristine freshness,
 All find their rest and sweet refreshment there.
 List, dearest Lord ! Loved Prisoner of the Altar !
 Ah ! Thou hast won us to Thy presence blest.
 Here, at thy feet, may cares all cease from troubling,
 Here may our spirits find their blissful rest."*

* "Come unto me . . . and I will refresh you."—ST. MATT. XI: 58.

A Tale of The Indian Days.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

CHAPTER III.

A Decisive Moment.

"Yes, weeper, weep !
'Twill not be evermore ;
I know the darkest deep
Hath e'en the brightest shore."

—Father Ryan.

DAYS, dark, sunless days, passed by and the long expected Indian scout had not showed his face. The fond spark of hope which once shone in Eduard's heart was gradually fading away. Hayward pitied him deeply and would have done anything to have dried the tears in his blood-shot eyes.

"Listen," he began one day, "if that red-skinned rascal has really deceived us, nothing remains but for us to search for the lost ones ourselves. God willing—we will find them both again. Two of my brothers have promised to aid us in our search and others will be sure to follow. But there is no time to be lost. We must set to work at once."

"As you wish," answered Eduard, with bowed-down head.

"Good, then," exclaimed Hayward. "I go to make the necessary preparations. We start at daybreak—until then, goodbye, and may God bless you !"

Hayward turned and left the desolate homestead and walked in the direction of his own house—a log cabin, not far distant. As he walked along he noticed a human form stirring about in a thicket of green cedars, that bordered the dusty road.

"Perhaps this, too, is one of these red scheming devils !" he muttered half loudly to himself, and then felt for his rifle and made sure that it was properly loaded.

The stranger had noticed his com-

ing, and when Hayward approached he extended his outstretched hands to him. Taking this as the Indian sign of peace, Hayward addressed the strange form, from where he was standing. "Man, what do you want ?"

The stranger answered and recognized the voice as that of the Indian, who had been paid the ransom! He said that he had searched the woods patiently for miles around and found only the corpse of an Indian brother. There was no trace of the lost ones—mother and child had probably disappeared.

There was such a tone of truthfulness in the honest speech of this son of the wilderness that it left quite an impression on Hayward.

"Has the woman left no clue as to what became of her ?" asked he, thoughtfully.

"None," came the answer. "Woman go away, poor Indian find no clue. Horse gone too."

"And what do you think has been the fate of the unhappy woman ?" questioned Hayward, sadly.

The Indian was silent for a while and then began: "Had wolves torn them to pieces, Rivenoak find blood ; had she run away, Rivenoak find footsteps. Fear, fear Iroquois take her away."

"Can Rivenoak," questioned Hayward further, "show us the village of the Iroquois ?"

"Rivenoak not blind—not blind," murmured he, slowly.

"Will you help white man to find his wife again ?"

"Pale face shoot Rivenoak, when he see me."

"No," promised the hunter, "he would not dare to do that. But stay here awhile and I will go back and tell him all I have heard."

Rivenoak seemed satisfied and sank down on his knees into the

grass and buried his face in his wrinkled, red hands, while the hunter hurried back to Eduard Harrison with the tidings he had just received. They at once decided to set out for the Iroquois village in the morning and Rivenoak, having been promised a great reward, accompanied the little band as their guide.

For four long weeks they tramped the solitary forests and trackless wastes of that country until the wigwams loomed on the western horizon, like one long, black line of color—and then they halted.

"Let Rivenoak go ahead," said the Indian. "He wants to see if the white flower is under the wild forest rose."

"Yes, let him," said several of them. "He knows what he is about better than we." But minds differed just then. Some were satisfied, but the majority wanted to approach the village in a body. And so they did, and before long they noticed a stir of excitement about several wigwams, and presently several of the tribe presented themselves armed and ready for action.

"Let us shoot at once," cried Hayward, confused and excited. "Let us shoot before all of them have time to equip themselves." The last word had hardly fallen from his lips when one of the Iroquois came running towards them. Eduard had lost all control of his feelings, his nervous tension was high, and being in the lead, he was certain that this redskin and no one else was the man who had robbed him of his wife and child. He fired his gun, a sharp report followed, and suddenly with a dull thud the Indian fell to the ground.

Eduard's hasty action came as a thunderbolt to the hearts of his more sanguine followers, and the poor man soon realized the fatal mistake he had made. No one was more affected than Rivenoak, who walking up and down muttered to himself strange sounding words of his native tongue and then said: "Iro-

quois friendly — shoot too soon — their red blood is now boiling."

The news of the assault spread like wild fire. Three or four Indians hastened to the side of their wounded comrade, while a few darted here, there, everywhere, inciting the others to avenge the wrong. The air soon rang loud with their cries of revenge, for by this time every wigwam had given forth its occupants, and now they stood, facing the "pale-faced" invaders, who had disturbed their peace and quiet. But another moment and they would have been engaged in deadly combat, had not the missionary priest—a saintly old man, garbed in brown—appeared on the scene. The noises, yells and chattering ceased immediately as he lifted his crucifix meekly in his hands and raised his clear, full voice in protest.

Turning to the Indians, the kind priest addressed them in their own language. They listened attentively to all he said. Then, turning to the strangers he asked them, in searching tones, the object of their coming and why they had disturbed the freedom of this harmless people, and killed the messenger, who had been sent to welcome them with open arms.

His cheek aflame with shame and expectation, Harrison stepped forward to answer the Carmelite's questions. He stood there in utter despair, as he told how his dwelling had been fired by the Indians; how his wife and child had been stolen from him and now he had come here accompanied by his friends in search of them.

The priest raised his finger and then began in sympathetic voice: "No one in my band had anything to do with the abduction of the mother and child, so near and dear to you. The Iroquois have been treated so shamefully by the white people that they are only too glad to stay away from them, but I will inquire, poor man, and do all I can for you. If I can win over the In-

dians by kindness, much may be done—but you see their bitter feelings have now been stirred to a high pitch and when an Indian hates, he hates with all his heart.”

“I think,” interrupted one of Harrison’s men, “that the fallen Indian still lives. I saw his arms and legs move nervously, when they carried him away to the wigwam. I am sure he is not dead. Good Father, I understand the art of medicine. Permit me to soothe the wounds of that suffering one. I would gladly nurse him back to life again. His pain must be unbearable and I know I can help him.”

“You are a noble fellow, my son, but I must first suggest the matter to my Indian children.”

These children of the wigwam placed all their confidence in the heart of their saintly old priest and he soon returned with the news that they were satisfied and willing.

The missionary had always settled their disputes and in this instance was the means of again uniting the whites and Iroquois in the bonds of friendship for some years to come. They began to love their former bitter enemies and when the doctor pronounced the wounded Indian out of all danger, they rejoiced and their wigwam village rang for many days with the songs of grateful voices.

CHAPTER IV.

Extreme Misery—Unexpected Help.

“There’s a wideness in God’s mercy
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There’s a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man’s mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.”

—Father Faber.

For long, long years Colette had wandered and searched vainly for some road that might lead her to the home she so heartily longed for.

Her lot was a sad and pitiable one. Weakened and fatigued by her daily travels, her health was beginning to fail. The exposure to the many cold nights in the forest had already begun to leave their fatal effects on her delicate constitution. Her child, too—a blue-eyed little girl of six summers—was growing weaker and it seemed to Colette that the tender thread of life, that sustained her little one, might break at almost any moment.

Broken-hearted and hopeless, she had now reached a narrow valley, that faced the blue waters of Lake Ontario, and there sought the sheltering shade of a huge oak tree, that stretched forth its branches so invitingly, so pleadingly.

It had already grown dark and all that stirred the unearthly silence around was the hissing and splashing of the foaming, angry billows below and, broken in spirit, she cried out into the dull, cold night, “Oh, God, will I ever, ever reach my dear home alive. Surely we cannot remain here and die in this gloomy wilderness, alone, with out friend, without help ! O thou merciful Jesus! the source of all hope! Have mercy, I pray, on us! O lead us, lead us home!”

During this earnest supplication, Colette sadly turned her tearful eyes into the valley below. Just then Angela moved and folding her sweetly in her arms, she kissed her tears away and still gazed aimlessly, almost hopelessly, into that valley of darkness at her feet. Suddenly a faint, trembling ray of light appeared in the distance, remaining clear and suspended like a lonely star, and on she ran, half praying, half weeping, in the direction of that searching, guiding light. As she approached nearer, she was surprised to find that the light, which had lured her on, came from the flames of a fire that was burning and crackling not far away. A thousand thoughts came upon her and they seemed to crucify her very soul. She stood motionless, her

eyes fixed upon the red, angry flames before her. Could it have been that she had again walked into the arms of the Indians or was it possible that a few white hunters, roaming the woods, were camping there for the night?

Hope rose again within her breast and slowly she whispered to herself, "If God is with me, who can be against me? I fear neither red nor white man, for I know that the arms of God have clasped me in His sweet protection."

Just then she saw something glide through the bushes in front of her, and being unable to control her fear, she gave one wild cry for help.

"What does the white woman want?" came in a sweet, gentle voice.

The strange shape raised itself and stood tall and erect in the light that shone from the glowing fire behind, and then Colette beheld the form and face of an Indian squaw, with eyes that shone into the darkness like fiery stars.

Colette sprang to her side almost immediately and taking the dark brown hand in hers kissed it and pressed it heartily, as if they had been friends for years, and then exclaimed:

"My child dies of hunger and cold. O, take us to your warm fire, that I can warm its little fingers, and O, good woman, give it just a little food—I fear it is dying!"

"Come!" answered the stranger. "Follow Nightstar! Nightstar's child also died," added the squaw sorrowfully.

A few steps and they reached the wigwam. The fire was burning briskly and in the light one could see the kind face of the old squaw. Colette at once brought her dying child to the fire and Nightstar immediately carried a tub of warm water to her side and together they bathed Angela, until she showed signs of life.

The squaw then busied herself with making a bed out of dried

moss and maple leaves, and, having covered it with a warm blanket Angela was placed therein and soon fell asleep with a smile kissing her red, soft cheeks. Colette was happy and for the first time in her long wanderings a thrill of joy pierced that motherly heart, which had known so much sorrow.

And now the two women who had never known each other, sat down together; the squaw thus opening the conversation:

"Your little one good now—but mine, ah!—dead—dead!"

"Poor woman," answered Colette. "Tell me, Nightstar, how was it that thy child died too?"

"My child sick—very sick. Nightstar had no remedy. It grew worse and worse; this morning it was dead, and Nightstar laid it away in its grave."

At these words the tears fell quickly down the poor squaw's cheeks and the fine, sparkling eyes shone brighter still, filled to overflowing. There was a short pause and then she began again:

"But what is the white woman doing from her home? The night is cold and wolves are prowling around looking for food."

Colette told her tale of sorrow and begged Nightstar to aid her in her misery.

"Mahtoree—my man," replied the squaw, "Pawnee chief—good man—very kind; if he near and come, he help woman. Nightstar must put out fire now. Sioux must not know Pawnee is here."

Colette remained sitting and gazed fondly on her little sleeping darling; then she felt for her crucifix and kissing it tenderly, offered her thanks to God. He had sheltered her and protected her when her misery was greatest and she was grateful.

The fire was now burning low, the embers fading rapidly. Nightstar had returned to Colette's side and began to tell her story—having been the wife of the Pawnee chief, she and her child had

been captured by the Sioux tribe, who hated Mahtoree, but he had followed the trail and rescued them and that by this time they would have been safe in their own wigwam. "At dawn," she continued, "we start again. Mahtoree come soon—come soon!" Then she darted off and soon returned with a piece of meat. "Take—eat, poor woman!" she said, offering it to Colette, in such a kind and pitiful voice, "and then go to sleep! To-night Nightstar cannot sleep, she must watch."

With a prayer on her lips, Colette soon closed her eyes in sleep and slept soundly with Angela in her arms until daybreak, when she was suddenly awakened by Nightstar.

"Woman! Your eyes only—hold your tongue! The Sioux are near. Mahtoree will lead us into the village. The Blackrobe will be there and he will tell woman how to reach home. Hurry! The Sioux are near. Hurry, woman! Hurry!"

Colette was silent and listened eagerly to the squaw's broken English, and having partaken of the offered breakfast, she followed Nightstar to the shore of the lake, where a stately old Indian was awaiting them with his canoe. Rising and extending a friendly hand to the unknown woman and placing his finger on his lips lest they might speak too loudly, Mahtoree showed the two women their seat and before long they were speeding rapidly through the sun-kissed waters of Lake Ontario.

They had now disembarked on the opposite side of the lake and in a short time were lost in the woods that encircled it for miles around. Long days they were that followed. The long marches fatigued Colette, but the Indians were used to them. They had often made many such long and tireless marches in their childhood days. Colette was happy, however, and rejoiced in the hope that soon again she would be in the arms of her Eduard, soon again she would feel the cool breath of her

own native, green hills.

Five months they had been on their way, when one afternoon they beheld the little Pawnee village rise dimly on the clear horizon toward the west. Mahtoree was the first to see it and with a feeling of pride he pointed to the home of his ancestors. Walking on, they passed long green stretches of thick, grassy land upon which herds of horses were grazing and as they approached the village, they were greeted by an old Indian chief, and welcomed heartily on their return. He spoke in his native tongue and tears of joy filled his eyes. Mahtoree also spoke in the same language and asked him to bring a horse for Colette, so that she could ride the rest of the way as she was tired and footsore. Angela was wide awake by this time and chuckled lustily as the trusty old chief, with a feeling of triumph, placed them on the prancing horse.

The village was soon reached and a number of Indians—men, women and children—came running to greet them, laughing wildly and joining hands they formed a circle around the newcomers and chanting a strange, weird, muttering strain, they danced round and round again.

Then the dancing stopped and the crowd separated. Nightstar, the interest of Colette at heart, stepped to the side of an old squaw, who was just then passing by, and inquired whether the Blackrobe was in the village. To her great disappointment, she learned that he had left only yesterday, whither nobody knew.

This communication came as a thunderbolt to poor Colette. Nightstar tried to console her in her own simple way. "You look tired, stay with us and rest awhile. The Blackrobe will come again," added she, hopefully.

Colette placed her entire trust and hope in God. "Thou hast protected me so far," she pleaded, "surely Thou can'st not bear to leave me now," and with this prayer ringing

in her ears, she decided to remain with Nightstar until her health was restored.

The last days of summer came and went, the leaves on the maple turned crimson in the sun, and one by one fell off their stem, and still no sign of the priest. Cold winter pue mous jo surrois sti qum aureo spring, with its tender flowers and warm breezes, found that fond, sweet hope still unrealized, and instead of improving, Colette rapidly grew worse and at last was forced to bed.

Poor woman ! The future of her child troubled her keenly.

"What will ever become of my poor Angela when I am gone," murmured the sick woman as she looked beseechingly one day upon her child. Nightstar, the dear old soul, felt how the poor woman suffered and promised on oath to care for Angela (she was eight now), and to return her to her grand-parents in St. Louis in case they would never find the father again. This touched Colette deeply, and with an altered state of mind, she peacefully awaited her end.

The following two years found no change in her condition. One day, when her fever was high and she was delirious, Nightstar knelt at her bedside and wept bitterly. Angela sat near by, her childish eyes upon them both. The face of Colette was pale and bloodless and

very thin and it was evident that she could not live much longer. Perhaps even now the angels were calling her soul into that heaven of peace and eternal rest.

The squaw moaned and watched Colette more closely, and then gave vent to her tears again. Had the end surely come ? Angela, too, began to weep. Just then Colette opened her eyes, but not a word fell from her lips. "Mother! Mother!" sobbed forth little Angela, "it is not true. You will not die ! Oh, speak — you will not leave me alone !"

"Not yet ! Not yet!" came the answer, weak though distinct. There was a short pause. Colette opened her large eyes again and, lifting her finger as if to draw everyone's attention to something, she lisped forth in scarcely audible tones : "Listen ! listen !" Angela and Nightstar both listened, yet they heard nothing.

"He is coming ! He is coming!" whispered the dying one, her eyes sparkling with joy and her hands folded as if in silent prayer to God. "The priest is coming ! O friends, I pray, bring him into the wigwam. I await his coming here with joy."

Just then her eyes closed once more—a smile stole sweetly over her thin, pallid face, and Angela wept bitterly.

(To be continued.)

The recognized hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic is his frequent reception of the sacraments. Unfailing regularity in attending Holy Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with at least habitual presence at vespers, Benediction and other public religious services, may suffice to secure for one the reputation of a practical, as distinguished from a nominal, indifferent, or lax Catholic ; but the esteem entertained for the model Christian, for the man whose conduct is consistent with his beliefs, is never won

save by those who, every few weeks are seen approaching the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table. It matters not that less fervent neighbors may occasionally speak slightly of such a practice, that they flippantly disclaim any intention of "setting themselves up for saints," or that they sometimes essay a sarcastic fling at "devotees" and "old women,"—at heart they pay the tribute of their homage to a habit whose excellence they recognize, although they lack the piety or the courage to adopt it."—Ave Maria...

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

OF THE ADVANTAGES AND PRIVILEGES

Enjoyed by all who wear the Holy Scapular of the Blessed Virgin and observe the Rule prescribed for them.

Having closed the exposition and declaration of the obligations of the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters of Mt. Carmel, it is fitting that we should next state and explain the advantages and privileges with which this Third Order is enriched, being preferred above any other;—to the end that, in view of these advantages and privileges, the faithful of both sexes may embrace such a state with great good will and observe with greater zeal and faithfulness the obligations previously stated.

ARTICLE I.

Of the Special Protection of the Blessed Virgin in life, in death and after death.

Although from well-based arguments it is clear that even before the thirteenth century, the Virgin Mary had regarded the Carmelite Order as the very apple of her eye and had shown herself singularly its Protectress, Advocate and Mother, yet she did not publicly declare that she recognized as especially her sons all who should invoke her under the title of Our Lady of Mount Carmel until the time when she gave her Holy Scapular to the Order in the person of St. Simon

Stock, at that time the head of the Carmelite family; against which the demon had raised a fiery persecution, pushing it so far that many sought the complete extinction of the Order. At this juncture the Saint had recourse to Mary as special Patroness of the Carmelites, praying her, with much fervor, to show herself a loving mother to her sons. It was then, also, that he composed and recited frequently this brief but affectionate prayer:

“Flos Carmeli,—Flower of Carmel,

Vitis Florigera,—Blossoming Vine
Splendor Coeli,—Splendor of Heaven,

Virgo Puerpera,—Virgin Bearing,
Singularis,—Singularly,
Mater Mitis,—Meek Mother,
Sed viri nescia,—Not Knowing Man,

Carmelitis,—To the Carmelites,
Da privilegia—Give privileges,
Stella maris,—Star of the Sea.”

The earnest prayers of the zealous Priest did not remain unfruitful. On the morning of that auspicious day, July 16, 1251, in the convent of Cambridge, there appeared to him environed with celestial splendor, the very Mother of God whom he had invoked. Accompanied by innumerable angels, she advanced towards her faithful servant with a countenance of cheer, filling his heart with superhuman delight. Presenting him a Holy Scapular, she thus addressed him:—“Receive most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my Confrater-

nity, a peculiar privilege to thee and all thy Carmelites in which he that dieth a pious and Christian death shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safe-guard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance."

Having said these words, she left the sacred Habit in the hands of the fortunate old man and vanished from his sight.

From this celebrated vision, and from the words of Mary to Simon it is clearly seen how far her protection is extended in favor of those enrolled in her Holy Scapular. Leaving for a time the consideration of her other words, let us examine only those relative to our subject and first of all the promise that the Scapular shall be "a safe-guard in danger." Passing in silence over a very great number of miraculous occurrences, which go to support our last statement as to her protection, we would refer the devout, who may be curious as to these, to the volume collected and compiled by P. Grassi. We will content ourselves with saying that history, the voice of the people and the evidence of many distinguished writers form testimony so irrefragable as to be thoroughly convincing. Let us not listen to certain would-be sages who deny all that happens if it displeases them; because such persons, in their eagerness to reject everything, often throw away good sense with the rest.

But if the devotees of Carmel are so graciously favored by their Patroness in life, how much more must they needs be, at the fearful hour of death, when, most of all mortals need assistance to escape the machinations of the devil? Where else could the maternal protection of Mary be so manifest? Where else is fulfilled the pledge of those other words, 'Sign of Salvation'? Just when the servant of the Blessed Virgin of Carmel is about to leave this world, in the last battle he is to fight against the common enemy, she will appear in her

sweetest aspect to console him. And she will equally appear as a terror to the demon, who, clad with confusion, will flee precipitately to the abyss. Thus, in the hour of danger, her fortunate client will conquer death and enjoy, a hundred fold, the fruit of that service which each of her grateful sons offers, in this life, to Mary.

It is very difficult, nevertheless, for any mortal to leave this vale of misery, pure and spotless, as God would have him to be. Even for the client of Mary, during life or at its close it is still difficult to be purified from all stain of sin, or to have perfectly satisfied, and to the utmost, the temporal penalties thereby incurred,—so as not to need further cleansing in the place of expiation prepared by God for this purpose.

But will he who is decorated with the glorious title of Mary's favorite child see himself abandoned by her in that place of punishment? No. The maternal affection of Mary will not be fully satisfied with preserving her sons from peril in this present life, with protecting them in the hour of death and drawing them away as far as possible from eternal damnation; but it even extends to freeing them quickly from the flames of Purgatory,—especially on the first Saturday after death—and she, herself, conducting them to the celestial country.

This promise was made by the Mother of God, herself, to the Vicar of Christ, John XXII., who published it and declared it authentic in his Bull of 1322. This marvellous Bull, called Sabbatine, was afterwards confirmed by other Sovereign Pontiffs; who, therewith, also confirmed this privilege, as granted exclusively to those wearing the Scapular of our Lady of Mt. Carmel. What more can be asked, therefore, in order to become fully convinced of the special protection of Mary in death and after death, to the great advantage of her clients? What more is needed to

move the faithful to participate in so great a favor and to put on with great satisfaction the Scapular of Our Lady of Carmel? Still more, even, ought the faithful to be stimulated to embrace this devotion, when they reflect that the promise of a good death and speedy liberation from Purgatory is a special privilege and precious promise Religious and Brethren of Mount Carmel. The words of the Virgin to our General, St. Simon, are clear and not to be appealed from; since, when giving him the Scapular, she said this was to be the privilege, not of all the faithful, but only of those who should belong in some way to this Order. The tradition comes to us approved, as regards protection in Purgatory, not only by the Sacred Congregation of Rites but also by that most learned Franciscan, P. Giovanni, of Carthage, who says in his Homilies: "This is certainly a most singular grace, in nowise shared by any other Religious Order. Because, although Plenary Indulgence is granted to him who wears the habit of our Seraphic Father, Saint Francis, yet all the other Mendicant Orders and the Carmelites in particular, are sharers in such Indulgence; this being specially granted to said Carmelites by Clement VII., of happy memory. But the privilege of the Sabbatine Bull is peculiar to that Order alone, and not common to the others."

ARTICLE II.

Indulgences which are the exclusive property of the Confraternity, and, with much greater reason, of the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters of the same, who, in the only mode possible to them, observe the Rule already explained:

PLENARY INDULGENCES.

1. Upon the day when, having confessed and received Holy Communion, they are vested in the Habit of the Order and likewise when they make the holy Profession.

2. When, having assisted at the procession usually held on one Sunday of each month by the Religious or by the Confraternity, and having confessed and received Holy Communion, they shall pray for the Pope, for Holy Church, etc.; which Indulgence may be obtained, again, by those who, being unable conveniently to join in the aforesaid procession, shall visit on the same Sunday the Chapel of the Confraternity.

The sick, those in prison, and persons travelling, can also gain the same by reciting on that Sunday the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or 50 Paters and Ave Marias, provided they be penitent and intend to confess and receive Holy Communion as soon as possible.

3. At the point of death, if, having repented, confessed and received Communion, they will invoke the most Sacred Names of Jesus and Mary from the depth of their hearts.

PARTIAL INDULGENCES.

An indulgence of five years and five quarantines for communicating once a month and for accompanying the Blessed Sacrament, when borne to the sick.

Three hundred days for abstaining from flesh meat on Wednesdays.

A hundred days—1. For accompanying the dead body of any one of the faithful to its burial. 2. For assisting at the Masses or other Divine Offices in the Churches or Chapels of the Order. 3. For reciting devoutly the Office of the Blessed Virgin. 4. For giving alms to the poor and aiding them in their necessities. 5. For aiding those in danger of sin, or doing acts of mercy, temporal or spiritual. 6. For reconciliation with our own enemies, or making peace between others. 7. For leading back any wanderer into the path of salvation. 8. For teaching the ignorant the things that pertain to the saving of their souls.

In conclusion, the Tertians of Mt.

Carmel can obtain the hundred-day Indulgence for whatsoever good works he may go on to do ; and in this way, with better right, can claim all the Indulgences, both plenary and partial, granted through the Churches of our Order for the benefit of all the faithful, a summary of which may be seen in other small treatises easy to procure. All the indulgences above indicated may also be applied, in way of suffrages, to the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

Finally, the Carmelite Tertiaries participate, in a distinct and special manner, in all the spiritual works which may be performed, day and night, by the whole Carmelite Order ; that is to say, in all their prayers, disciplines, alms, masses, watchings, fasts, canonical hours, mortifications, and austerities, or other meritorious actions. Also, in all the Indulgences granted to the other Regular Orders, and in all the pious deeds done by the faithful throughout the Catholic Church, either as individuals or as united together in Congregations or companies.

By reflecting, therefore, upon these privileges, so many and so great, who would not be led to desire—and that most earnestly—that he might be clothed with the sacred livery of Mt. Carmel, thus making it less difficult for him to attain a glorious and blessed eternity ? Who would not pledge himself to perform the works of piety and fulfill faithfully the obligations thereby prescribed, for the sake of obtaining such great benefits ? The single thought that the Habit of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel is a pledge of salvation, an alliance of peace and an eternal covenant ; that it is, as it were, an earnest of predestination ; a distinctive means, whereby Mary rejoices to draw under the mantle of her maternal affection and adopts as her special sons all those who put it on—this consideration, alone, should be more than efficient to interest all the faithful

in this devotion and to make them sustain with decorum the sublime honor and dignity of being children of Mary. Nevertheless, the Tertiary Brothers and sisters ought to make it their duty to imitate the virtues of Mary and all the more to conform themselves to her in the thoughts of their minds and the affections of their hearts, in their words and in their deeds. Then they will be certain that, like a truly affectionate Mother, she will protect them amid the needs and dangers of this present life, that she will be their consolation at death and guide to eternity.

NEW FORMS OF BENEDICTION AND ABSOLUTION

Prescribed by His Holiness Pope
Leo XIII.

(Set forth July 7, 1882 and June
18, 1883.)

General Absolution with the Plenary Indulgence.

To be given on the greater Festivals of the year and also in private to any who cannot attend the meetings. As to the number of such Absolutions and Benedictions and the days upon which these shall take place, information will be found in the Appendix at the end of this Manual.

Antiphon. *Intret oratio meo in conspectu tuo, Domine ; inclina aurem tuam ad preces nostras : parce, Domine, parce populo tuo, quem redemisti Sanguine tuo pretioso, ne in aeternum irascaris nobis.*

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie.

Pater noster, etc. (In secret.)

P. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

P. Salvos fac servos tuos.

R. Deus meus, sperantes in te.

P. Mitte eis, Domine, auxilium de sancto.

R. Et de Sion tuere eos.

P. Esto eis, Domine, turris fortitudinis.

R. A facie inimici.

P. Nihil proficiat inimicus in nobis.

R. Et filius iniquitatis non apponat nocere nobis.

P. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Deus, cui proprium est misereri semper et parcere, suscipe deprecationem nostram; ut nos et omnes famulos tuos, quos delictorum catena constringit, misratio tue pietatis clementer absolvat.

Exaudi, quaesumus Domine, supplicum preces, et confitentium tibi parce peccatis; ut pariter nobis indulgentiam tribuas benignus et pacem.

Ineffabilem nobis, Domine, misericordiam tuam clementer ostende; ut simul nos et a peccatis omnibus exuas et a poenis, quas pro his meremur, eripias.

Deus, qui culpa offenderis, poenitentia placaris, preces populi tui supplicantis propitius respice; et flagella tue iracundiae, quae pro peccatis nostris meremur, averte. Per Christum Dominum Nostrum. Amen.

Then shall be said the Confiteor by one alone, or all together, as is the custom, in the following manner:

Confiteor Deo omnipotenti, beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini, beato Michaeli Arcangelo, beato Joanni Baptistæ, sanctis Apostolis Petro et Paulo, beato Patri Nostro Eliae, omnibus Sanctis et tibi Pater, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo et opere; mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. Ideo precor Beatam Mariam semper Virginem, beatum Michaellem Arcangelum, beatum Joannem Baptistam, Sanctos Apostolos Petrum et Paulum, beatum Patrem nostrum Eliam, omnes Sanctos et te, Pater, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum.

Then the Priest shall proceed to say:

Misereatur vestri, etc.

Indulgentiam, etc.

Dominus Noster Jesus Christus, qui Beato Petro Apostolo dedit potestatem ligandi atque solvendi, ille vos absolvat ab omni vinculo delictorum ut habeatis vitam aeternam et vivatis in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Per sacratissimam Passionem et Mortem Domini Nostri Jesu Christi precibus et meritis Beatissimæ semper Virginis Mariæ, Beatorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, Beati Patris Nostri Eliae et omnium Sanctorum, auctoritate a Summis Pontificibus mihi concessa, plenariam Indulgentiam omnium peccatorum vestrorum vobis impertior. In nomine Patris * et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

If this Absolution is given immediately after some Sacramental, omitting the other prayers, the Priest shall begin with the words, "Dominus Noster Jesus Christus," etc., and thus proceed to the end, only substituting the singular for the plural, as is prescribed by the Decree of July 7, 1882.

If the circumstances do not warrant the use of the complete Form, the Priest, having omitted the rest, may say:

Auctoritate a Summis Pontificibus mihi concessa plenariam omnium peccatorum tuorum Indulgentiam tibi impertior. In nomine Patris, et Filii * et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen. (As in Decree, June 18, 1883.)

II.

PAPAL BENEDICTION.

Twice a Year.

This Papal Benediction, by concession of His Holiness Leo XIII., may be given twice in the year, not separately to single Tertiaries, but to the Congregation duly assembled and not upon the same day when one is given by the Bishop.

(Decree of June 18, 1883.)

The Director or other authorized Priest, in surplice and stole of white, without assistance of acolytes, shall go to the altar, and, kneeling, shall say :

P. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.

R. Qui fecit coelum et terram.

P. Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine.

R. Et benedic haereditati tuae.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum, etc.

OREMUS.

Omnipotens et misericors Deus, da nobis auxilium de sancto, et vota populi hujus in humilitate cordis veniam peccatorum poscentis tuamque benedictionem praestolantis et gratiam, clementer exaudi ; dexteram tuam super eum benignus extende ac plenitudinem divinae benedictionis effunde : qua bonis omnibus cumulatus felicitatem et vitam consequatur aeternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Then, going to the Epsitle side and standing there on his feet, he shall give benediction with a single sign of the Cross, pronouncing in a clear voice these words :

Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, * Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus. R. Amen.

MODE OF CONDUCTING THE MEETINGS.

The Priest, putting on surplice and stole, shall begin :

Aperi, Domine, os nostrum ad benedicendum nomen sanctum tuum munda quoque cor nostrum ab omnibus vanis, perversis et alienis cogitationibus ; intellectum illumina, affectum inflamma ; ut digne, attente ac devote hoc sanctum exercitium peragere valeamus, et exaudiri mereamur ante conspectum divinae Majestatis tuae. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Then he shall intone the hymn, "Veni, Creator Spiritus," as on page 76, having finished which he shall say :

P. Emitte Spiritum tuum et creabuntur.

R. Et renovabis faciem terrae.

OREMUS.

Deus, qui corda fidelium Sancti Spiritus illustratione docuisti ; da nobis in eodem Spiritu recta sapere et de Ejus semper consolatione gaudere. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

Kneeling again, the Father Director shall say the following prayers:

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

1. Rejoice, O Spouse of the Holy Ghost, and we will rejoice with Thee, in the bliss thou dost enjoy in Paradise ; since, through thy virgin purity, thou art now exalted, high above all the Angel Choirs. Pater, Ave et Gloria.

2. Rejoice, thou true Mother of God, and we will rejoice with thee, because thou alone hast merited a seat at the right hand of thy Blessed Son, nearest the Throne of the most Holy Trinity. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

3. Rejoice, O Daughter of God, and we will also rejoice, because the Hierarchy of the Angels, with all the Spirits of the Blessed, own and reverence thee, as the Mother of their Creator, and obey thy least commands. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

4. Rejoice, O Handmaid of the Blessed Trinity, and we will likewise rejoice, because, as the sun here below lights the earth and the dwellers thereon, so dost thou illumine Paradise itself with thy resplendent presence, the source of deepest bliss to all its Blessed citizens. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

5. Rejoice, O Princess most serene, and we will rejoice with thee, because thou dost enjoy the Jubilee of having thy will united and conformed to the will of the Divine Majesty. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

6. Rejoice, O Hope of Sinners and Refuge of the Afflicted, and we will also rejoice, because all the graces which thou dost ask of thy Divine Son are surely granted ; since here

below no grace is granted, which does not first pass through thy most sacred hands. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

7. Rejoice, O Mother, Daughter and Spouse of God, while we rejoice with thee, because the joy, gladness and supreme favor thou dost now enjoy in Paradise will never diminish, but go on increasing unto the Day of Judgment, enduring, thereafter, to all eternity. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae, etc.

LITANY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Christe, audi nos.

Christe exaudi nos.

Pater de coelis Deus,

Miserere nobis

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, mis.

Spiritus Sancte Deus, mis.

Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, mis.

Sancta Maria, Ora pro nobis.

Sancta Dei Genitrix, ora.

Sancta Virgo Virginum, ora.

Mater Christi, ora.

Mater divinae gratiae, ora.

Mater purissima, ora.

Mater castissima, ora.

Mater inviolata, ora.

Mater intemerata, ora.

Mater amabilis, ora.

Mater admirabilis, ora.

Mater Creatoris, ora.

Mater Salvatoris, ora.

Virgo prudentissima, ora.

Virgo veneranda, ora.

Virgo praedicanda, ora.

Virgo potens, ora.

Virgo clemens, ora.

Virgo fidelis, ora.

Speculum justitiae, ora.

Sedes sapientiae, ora.

Causa nostrae laetitiae, ora.

Vas spirituale, ora.

Vas honorabile, ora.

Vas insigne devotionis, ora.

Rosa mystica, ora.

Turris davidica, ora.

Turris eburnea, ora.

Domus aurea, ora.

Foederis arca, ora.

Janua coeli, ora.

Stella matutina, ora.

Salus infirmorum, ora.

Refugium peccatorum, ora.

Consolatrix afflictorum, ora.

Auxilium Christianorum, ora.

Regina Angelorum, ora.

Regina Patriarcharum, ora.

Regina Prophetarum, ora.

Regina Apostolorum, ora.

Regina Martyrum, ora.

Regina Confessorum, ora.

Regina Virginum, ora.

Regina Sanctorum omnium, ora.

Regina sine labe originali concepta, ora.

Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii, ora.

Mater et Decor Carmeli, ora.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Parce nobis Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, Exaudi nos Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

P. Ora pro nobis, Sancta Dei Genitrix.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS.

Omnipotens, sempiternus Deus, qui excellentissimae Virginis Mariae de Monte Carmelo sacro titulo humilem Ordinem tibi electum singulariter decorasti, ac pro defensione ejusdem miracula suscitasti; quaesumus Clementiam tuam, ut per intercessionem Beatae Genitricis Filii tui Mariae Carmelitarum Ordinis singularis Protectricis, sanctorumque Eliae, Elisaei, Petri-Thomae, Angeli, Cyrilli, Alberti, Teresiae, Mariae Magdalenae et omnium Sanctorum mentes omnium illumines, ut et sacratissimi habitus Carmelitici devotio pacifice miro tuae protectionis ordine dirigatur, et Religio Carmelitana tranquilla devotione laetetur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

Here the commemoration is made of St. Elias, the Prophet, and our Father.

Antiphon. Ecce ego mittam vo-

bis Eliam Prophetam, antequam veniat dies Domini magnus et horribilis. Et convertet cor patrum ad filios et cor filiorum ad patres eorum.

P. Ora pro nobis, Sancte Pater Noster Elia.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS.

Praesta quaesumus Omnipotens Deus, ut sicut beatum Eliam Prophetam tuum et Patrem nostrum ante communem mortem curru igneo aereum elevasti ad coelum, ita nos facias eo interveniente, dum vivimus, a terrenis semper ad coelestia spiritu sublevari et cum eo in resurrectione justorum pariter gaudere. Per Christum Dominum Nostrum. R. Amen.

HYMN.

to Saint Mary Magdalen of Pazzi,
as Protectress of all Tertiaries.

Ave, virgo florentina,
Rosa florens et divina,
Christi manus quam nutrit, vit,
Atque spinis praemunivit.

Tu es Coeli dulcis risus,
Tu Carmeli Paradisus,
Crucifixi Sponsa cara,
Et inferni Crux amara.

Jesum corde scriptum portas,
Et a Jesu cor reportas;
Unde sorte geminata
Vis amans, et amata.

O Maria Magdaléna,
Corda nostra fac serena,
Tua magna puritate,
Et ardenti caritate.

R. Amen.

Antiphon.

Magdalena Virgo optimam partem elegit, quae non auferetur ab ea: purissima in vita, adhuc post mortem ab omni corruptione manet immunis.

P. Ora pro nobis, sancta Maria Magdalena.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS.

Deus virginitatis amator, qui

Beatam Mariam Magdalenam Virginem, tuo amore succensam, coelestibus donis decorasti; da, ut quam pia devotione veneramur, puritate et caritate imitemur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Afterwards shall be added the following prayers:

First, a Pater, Ave, Gloria and Salve Regina shall be recited for all the brothers and sisters who may have been benefactors of this Congregation.

A second Pater, Ave and Gloria shall be said for all the sick, Brothers or Sisters.

A third Pater, Ave and Gloria for all those who, for good reasons, are unable to be present at the meeting.

A fourth Pater, Ave and Gloria for all those who rely upon our prayers.

Finally the De Profundis shall be recited for all the dead of our Order.

Psalm 129.

De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine: *Domine exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuae intendentes: *in vocem deprecationis meae.

Si iniquitates observaveris Domine: *Domine, quis sustinebit?

Quia apud te propitiatio est: *et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine.

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo ejus: *speravit anima mea in Domino.

A custodia matutina usque ad noctem: *speret Israel in Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia: *et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Et ipse redimet Israel: *ex omnibus iniquitatibus ejus.

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine.

Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

P. A porta inferi.

R. Erue, Domine, animas eorum.

P. Credo videre boba Domini.

R. In terra viventium.

P. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

PRAYER FOR DEPARTED
BRETHREN.

OREMUS.

Inclina, Domine, aurem tuam ad preces nostras quibus misericordiam tuam supplices deprecamus : ut animas famulorum tuorum Fratrum nostrorum quas de hoc saeculo migrare jussisti in pacis ac lucis regione constituas et Sanctorum tuorum jubeas esse consortes.

Deus veniae largitor et humanae salutis amator : quaesumus clementiam tuam, ut nostrae congregationis fratres, propinquos et benefactores nostros, qui ex hoc saeculo transierunt, Beata Maria semper Virgine intercedente, cum omnibus Sanctis tuis, ad perpetuae beatitudinis consortium pervenire concedas.

Fidelium Deus omnium Conditor et Redemptor, animabus famulorum, famularumque tuarum remissionem cunctorum tribue peccatorum : ut indulgentiam quam semper optaverunt piis supplicationibus consequantur. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum.

R. Amen.

P. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.

R. Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

P. Requiescant in pace.

R. Amen.

PRAYERS FOR THE DEPARTED
SISTERS.

OREMUS.

Deus, cui proprium est misereri semper et parcere : propitiare animabus omnium Sororum Ordinis nostri, et omnia earum peccati dimitte, ut mortalitatis vinculis absolutae, transire mercantur ad vitam.

Deus veniae largitor, etc.

For a Tertiary Brother or Sister departed shall be repeated the De Profundis : the prayer for a Brother is the following :

OREMUS.

Inclina, Domine, aurem tuam ad preces nostras quibus misericordiam tuam supplices deprecamur ut animam famuli tui N. fratris nostri, quam de hoc saeculo migrare jussisti in pacis ac lucis regione constituas et Sanctorum tuorum jubeas esse consortem. Per Christum Dominum Nostrum.

For a Sister shall be said the following prayer :

OREMUS.

Quaesumus Domine, pro tua pietate miserere animae famulae tuae N. Sororis nostrae et a contagiis mortalitatis exutam, in aeternae salvationis partem restituere. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

At the close of these prayers, the Father Director shall give to all the benediction, saying :

Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis : Patris et Filii * et Spiritus Sancti, descendat super eos, et maneat semper.

R. Amen.

Afterwards, resuming his seat, he shall impose some penance for sins committed between one meeting and the next, assign a virtue to be practised, a Saint as Patron and a topic for prayer through the coming month. He shall remind those present of the fasts, also of the Saints of the Order, whose feasts recur during that time ; shall appoint the day of the next meeting and announce any other special services, which may occur during this interval.

Finally, he shall give a brief moral discourse on the obligations of the Brothers or Sisters, or upon the virtues of the Saint, whom he has just designated, or upon the practice of the special virtue enjoined. The service shall close with the singing of the Hymn, "Maria Mater Gratiae," and with kissing the most holy Relics of Mary.

NOVENA OF THE VIRGIN MARY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

FIRST DAY.

On the Celestial Appointment of
the Holy Habit of Mount
Carmel.

I. At the foot of that throne of measureless light where thou, O Mary, dost shine gloriously crowned, behold us prostrate in all humility and lowly reverence; beseeching thee to bend upon us thine eyes of pity and to fire our cold hearts with a spark of thy holy love, that we may rightly commence this Novena, now to be made in thine honor. May it be so prospered, in all things, as to be advantageous unto ourselves and acceptable to thee. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. O beautiful Mother of grace, what a wonderful refinement of love was that which brought thee visibly from heaven to earth, for the purpose of giving us this sacred Habit, by which the Carmelite Order is singled out from among all others as peculiarly thine own. Oh, if everyone would reflect on the greatness of thy Gift, O Mary, with how much greater regard should we all wear thy Holy Habit and with how much greater devotion should we honor it. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. If we possessed a hundred tongues and should use them all in thy praise and to thine honor, how could we ever, even then, worthily extol the Gift whereby thou hast devised so great distinction for us? And if such an effect springs from thy innate and ever gracious love, grant, O Blessed Virgin, that it may also be a strong motive within us—one and all—to keep us from ever growing ungrateful for thy gifts and thine affection. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. When on this earth, O Mary, with thine own hand thou didst weave garments for thy dear Son, Jesus, and with thine own hand,

also, bring to us from heaven that Holy Habit with which we are graced and adorned. Oh, what a glorious consolation is this for us all, most gracious Virgin! And who could count such a garment mean, when it bears so close resemblance to that of Jesus? Who would not prize above all other treasure a livery so precious and divine? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. Hardly had the joyful tidings of the sacred Habit spread over the earth, ere the eager peoples and nations felt a sudden wish to clothe themselves devoutly therein; and, marvelling thereat, as a special gift come down from heaven, they could but imprint upon it reverential kisses and bathe it in happy tears. O holy kisses, O blessed tears of our first Brothers! How they put us to shame, with our cold responses, O Mary, to all thy graces! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. With what devout emulation these Kings, Princes and Popes sought the precious privilege of wearing thy livery, O Mary, extolling it with pious ardor as the fairest decoration for their august persons, the chief ornament of all earthly majesty, all earthly greatness! O beautiful Robe! illustrious Vestment of Mary! How much dearer and sweeter thou wouldst be to us, if, sometimes, at least, we would consider and ponder thy just merits! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. Thou hast called thy Habit a pledge of special love, O Mary, an eternal covenant of friendship between thine own self and its devoted wearer, whoever he be. Oh, what a sweet consolation is ours, therefore—one shared, besides, by all our Brethren—that we can each say, "I am loved by Mary with a special affection!" But if thou lovest us thus, O Virgin most amiable, grant that we may repay thee with all tenderness of love for ever! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

SECOND DAY.

That the Holy Habit makes us Adopted Sons of Mary.

I. Most Gracious Virgin, if it were great love that impelled thee to present us with thy Sacred Habit, how much greater thou hast shown that love to be, in declaring, also, at the same time, that we were thy "best beloved Sons!" What a sublime dignity is this for us! What greater happiness could we know on earth than that of being among thine elect, O Mary, and numbered with thy most highly-favored Sons? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Yet thine, O Mary, are these beautiful words, which fell from thine own lips when Thou didst stretch out to Blessed Simon Stock thy loving hand and bestow upon him thy Holy Habit; "Receive, most beloved son," thou didst say, "this pledge of my love, which shall be for thee and for all the Brothers of Carmel, a sure sign of sonship." O sweet, O precious words! Thou art our Mother, O Mary, and we are thy sons! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. All the faithful may indeed boast of being thy sons, O Mary, their spiritual sonship beginning amid the woes of Calvary at the foot of the Cross and in the person of Saint John: yet thy special love for the Brethren of Mount Carmel still remained unsatisfied. Wherefore thou hast begotten them anew from out the heavens that they might be distinguished above all others. O dearest Mother, how tender thy love, how ingenious ever in devising ways of benefaction! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. For further assurance of being dear and acceptable beyond all others unto thee, thou hast been seen, O Mary, in view of an immense multitude, to cause one of thy images to bend its head toward us as in act of salutation, repeating these words thrice over, in a voice both clear and distinct, "Be-

hold my sons! These are verily my sons!" O condescension of Mary! And for us what felicitous destiny! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. The Angels marvel at the extreme condescension of their Queen, because, from a mere impulse of love and without any deserving of ours, she is pleased to honor so highly those who wear her sacred Habit, lifting each from his former humble state to the great dignity of a son. Ah! since thou hast chosen us for such a destiny, grant that we may zealously labor to become, as far as in us lies, thy worthy sons, O Mary. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. Before putting on the holy Habit of Mary we were poor and miserable in the eye of heaven, yet scarcely were we invested with this honored garb and made its devotees than we suddenly became rich within ourselves and precious in the sight of Mary, being regarded by her as well-beloved sons. Beautiful changes, these, wrought by the hand of the Mother of God! O most highly beloved, O most adorable Hand of Mary, be thou ever more and more favorable to us all! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. Is there any glory, any honor, that can equal the fair destiny of those whom thou dost admit to thine own service, those who can claim membership in the Brotherhood of Carmel, those who are beloved of thee, O Mary, and received as verily thine own dear sons? Ah, beloved Mother, leave thy imprint ever on our hearts that we may never fail to love and serve thee with filial tenderness! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

THIRD DAY.

That the fact of being Sons of Mary makes it our duty to love her.

I. O Mother of holy love, who can ever explain thy incomparable benevolence towards the Brethren of Mount Carmel in lifting them, as thou hast, to the lofty rank of thy

best-beloved children ? We can never thank thee enough for this condescension ; but since thou art pleased to be so kind and so liberal in gifts, grant that this beautiful title of Sons may lead us, in return, to answer thee always with corresponding love ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Reason would seem to require, O Mary, that the more we learn of thy maternal love descending on us in benefits, the more our filial love should ascend to thee — thus, to requite love with love. But since this is no easy thing to our cold hearts, set them on fire, O Mary, that we may love thee all that we can, though never as we ought ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. Thou hast given us thy sacred Habit, O Mary, and a share in thy sonship, for no other purpose than this, that, being distinguished above all others by thy maternal goodness, we should be distinguished from all others by our more tender filial love. Oh, how great our shame ! that under the fair Habit of Mary we should conceal hearts grown corrupt, divided and torn by disordered passions, when they should have been consecrate to thee. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. O dear Mother Mary, we ought to make thee the sweetest object of our affection, of our ardors and of our vows ; yea, bearing everywhere thy beloved Name deeply impressed upon us, we ought to honor thee so much the more with new acts of deference. Yet, with the Habit of Carmel upon us, we still think of other things, talk of other things and show ourselves in all our deeds far from being dutiful sons to thee, O Mary. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. A truly devout child of Mary ought to have her honor always at heart and to extol her glory with eager zeal, ready to uphold it at cost of blood or life. Miserable indeed are we, since, neglecting our duties as children of Mary, we fail to visit her churches ; nor do we

even recite a prayer in her honor without growing weary ! Ah, let us pledge ourselves to honor Mary more, if we would recognize her as our Mother. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. If Mary rejoices to have her sons solicitous for her own honor and glory, how much more does she long to see them loving and respectful to Jesus ! He who fails to love Jesus, he who offends Him, will never be a worthy child of Mary. How many times, indeed, have we displeased Him with our sins ! O sweet Mother, grant that we may feel it our chief obligation to make reparation to Jesus for our past neglects by so much the more of love and loyalty ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. Of what enormous ingratitude would not the Brothers of Carmel be guilty if, after having been graciously adopted by Mary as her sons, they should dare to insult her by a single act of sin ! Ah, it can never be true that they would bring on her such dishonor. We promise thee now, O Blessed Mother, to love thee well and to love thee forever. Nor shall we ever find peace till we have acquired a tender and filial passion for thee, O beautiful Mother of love ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

FOURTH DAY.

That in the capacity of Mary's Sons we are bound to imitate her.

I. O great Mother of God, who art so superior, through the loftiness of thy merits, to all other created beings that these look mean to us when compared with thee, how is it possible for us to call thee Mother ? And yet so it is. Thou, who art the Mother of God, when giving us thy sacred Habit, didst declare thyself indeed our Mother. Come, therefore, and show thyself for what thou art ! Give us grace and power to recognize thy dignity and to meet our own great obligations as thy children ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Our duty as thy children includes both readiness and faithful-

ness in imitating thy noble virtues, O Blessed Virgin ! And by making them our own, we shall render ourselves as like to thee as may be possible, in our outward conduct. Now, if this be our duty and our most strenuous obligation, how shall we ever accomplish it ? We boast of wearing the vesture of thy sons ; but where in us are thy beautiful works, O Mary ? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. How pure, how spotless should we be as children of Mary ! Children of her who was so enamored of virginal purity, that, in order to maintain it, she would have renounced the supreme honor of becoming the Mother of God. We are of all men most miserable, since, though distinguished with the character of Sons of Mary, we care so little about purity of heart ! O, Mother of Purity, grant that with our tears we may wash away our past transgressions, rather choosing death itself than any return thereto. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Amid the immensities of thy worth we ever behold in thee a most profound humility. Though the purest of all created beings, thou hadst no other ambition on earth than to be the humble Handmaid of the Lord. O noble Virgin, full of grace, yet so lowly ! we, the vilest of sinners, are ambitious and full of pride. In thy pity, oh, destroy our self-esteem, that, like thee, we may be humble of heart ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. What invincible fortitude in hours of pain thou hast shown, O Mother, throughout the whole course of thy life ! Mother of Sorrows, in sooth, and Queen of Martyrs, because pierced through the heart with fiery pains and martyrdoms ! Yet we, on the contrary, can not bear patiently a wrong, a bit of suffering, or a vexatious word. May thy example strengthen our feebleness, until, O Mary, through making us sons enamored of thy patience, Thou makest us

more worthy of thy love. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. There dwelt in Mary such zeal for the Divine honor that, at the age of but three years, she left the world wholly, to give herself to God in His Temple ; nor did she ever have a thought, a desire, which was not perfectly united to the Divine will. What shall we say for ourselves—we, so slothful, so negligent in the service of God, we who do so much for the world and so little for Jesus ? Give us, O beloved Mother, such filial hearts that with changed dispositions, changes in our conduct may likewise ensue. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. From that heroic zeal which Mary had, ever seeking to please God more and more, sprang her supreme love for her neighbor, her cordial regard for him, willing succor and the bestowal of every benefit within her power. How far we are from thee, O Mother, in all this ! Fixing our eyes ever on thy good example, grant that we may, through its faithful imitation, become thy Sons and Daughters, not merely in word and garb, but also in deed and in truth. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

FIFTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel is a secure defence in Bodily Peril.

I. What graces hast thou not heaped, O Mary, on the Confraternity of Carmel ? Not content with looking down upon its members with a Mother's eye, hast thou not gladly undertaken to defend them, in a special manner, from all the evils which, everywhere on earth, surround and vex our lives ? Ought we not to be comforted, in all our necessities, by the knowledge that Mary is ever watching over us, like a loving Mother, and guarding us for our common good ? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Who does not see the proof of such a promise in the title thou hast given thy sacred Habit, O Mary, calling it "a defence in all

dangers," even the greatest? Of whom, then, of whom, we ask, ought the Brotherhood of Carmel to stand in fear, since it has assurance from thee that thy holy Habit is its strong shield and secure defence? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. No one of us can ever sufficiently understand the immense and sovereign power, which thou, O Mary, hast communicated to thy sacred Habit, to work wonders and miracles without number or measure! The heavens, the earth and the elements have always been subject thereto and have always shown respect to him who wears it devoutly. Oh, blest a thousand times are the Brothers of Carmel, sure at all times of being happily prospered by thee, O Mary! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. What beautiful and surprising things have been seen upon earth by means of thy Habit, O Mary! Now, perhaps, a fall from some horrible precipice with no hurt resulting; now, one taken out alive from under some enormous weight of huge stones or masonry; now again, a man rendered invisible and saved from the savage blows of some mad assassin. Were we but prompt in our recourse to thee, dear Mother, how eager thou wouldst be to bring us help! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. What great wonders have been wrought on the waste of waters by the miraculous Habit of Mary! The maddest tempests have been turned to placid calms; sailors aided when sinking in the sea, saved when swept away by swift currents, or kept alive, while buried at the very bottom of wells or rivers. How mighty the power of the Habit of Carmel! The members of this, thy Order, O Mary, being clad in such a livery, ought to rejoice and place their hopes therein. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. The invincible might of Mary's Scapular is still more manifest in the air and even amid flames — protecting those who fall

from towers, housetops or lofty trees, also those who happen to be hurt by flying bullets or thunderbolts, or in terrible fires. In all such perilous encounters the true Brothers and Sisters of Mount Carmel can never perish; since thou, O Mary, always and on all occasions, art their sure defence. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. How many, after putting on the holy Habit of Mary, have been suddenly cured of contagious diseases, of incurable maladies, and as it were, recalled from death to life! There is no wonder which the Scapular of Mary has not wrought, no grace it has not obtained, no suppliant it has not consoled. How fair the lot of those who wear this Habit so sacred, so divine! Grant, O Mary, that they may never stain it with sin,—to the end that they may ever have it at hand to their perpetual comfort. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

(To be continued.)

If you have had weeds in your garden and have pulled them up, do not let your memory dwell on weeds. If you have not pulled them up, that is a very different affair, and the more soberly you think of weeds in a flower garden the better. If you have had sickness or death, do not think of graves, but of the house not made with hands. God has been good, and you do well to remember it. If you have been false to yourself and are now faithful, bury "the old man" and rejoice in "the new man." With heaven to look forward to, with a kindly Providence and a host of angels to keep you lest you stumble, you should gratefully face the present and cheerfully look to the future.

The main idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was taken from the "Pilgrimage of Manhood," by the Cistercian monk, Guillaume de Guilleville, a translation of which fell into the hands of Bunyan and led him to literary immortality.

The Pope and the Orders.

LETTERS OF HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII,

TO OUR DEAR SONS,

The Superiors of the Religious Orders and Institutes Leo XIII, Pope.

Dear Sons, Health and Apostolic
Benediction :

AT all times the religious families have received from the Apostolic See particular assurance of loving and considerate solicitude, whether they were in the enjoyment of the benefits of peace, or, as in our days, undergoing such trials as those which now assail them. The onslaught, which, in certain countries, has been recently made against the orders and the institutes subject to your authority, cause Us the profoundest grief, and Holy Church is bowed down in sorrow because of it, for it feels itself cut to the quick in its own inherent rights, and seriously impeded in the fulfilment of its work which, for its proper exercise, requires the concurrence of both clergies, secular and religious. In truth, who touches its priests touches the apple of its eye. For Our part, you know that We have endeavored, by all the means in Our power, to prevent this unworthy persecution, and have striven to avert from those countries the consequent disasters which will be as great as they are undeserved. Hence it is that on many occasions, in the name of religion, of justice and of civilization, We have pleaded your cause with all the power at Our command ; but We have hoped in vain that Our remonstrances would be listened to ; for, lo ! a nation which was singularly fruitful in religious vocations, a nation on which We have always bestowed the greatest consideration, has, by the authority of its government, approved and promulgated these unjust and discrim-

inating laws, against which, a few months ago, We have lifted Our voice in the hope of preventing their being put upon the statutes.

Remembering Our sacred duties and following the example of Our illustrious predecessors, We have put the seal of condemnation on these laws as being contrary to that natural and evangelical right which is conferred by constant tradition ; the right, namely, to form associations for the purpose of leading lives which are not only honest in themselves but marked by exalted sanctity ; We have condemned them because they are contrary to that unquestionable right which the Church possesses of founding religious institutions exclusively subject to its authority to aid it in the accomplishment of its divine mission ; especially when, in this instance, the exercise of that right has resulted in the greatest benefits in the religious and civil order and redounded to the advantage of that noble nation itself.

And now We feel moved to open to you Our paternal heart in the desire to give you, and to receive from you some holy consolation and, as the same time, to address to you the advice which the occasion calls for, in order that remaining still more firm in the time of trial you will gain greater merit in the sight of God and men.

Among the many motives of courage which spring from our faith, recall, dear sons, that solemn word of Jesus Christ : "Blessed are ye when they shall revile and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you untruly for my sake." (Matt. 5, II.) Reproaches, cal-

umnies, vexations of all kinds will be poured out upon you for My sake but then shall you be blessed. It is in vain to multiply against you those calumnious accusations which seek to dishonor you. The sad reality is flashed only the more vividly on men's eyes, that the true reason for which you are persecuted is that deep-seated hatred which the world cherishes against the Catholic Church, the City of God; that the real intention is, if possible, to nullify in society the reparative action of Jesus Christ from which such beneficent and salutary results universally flow. No one is ignorant of the fact that the religious of both sexes form a chosen body in the City of God; that they represent particularly the spirit and the mortifications of Jesus Christ; that by the practice of the Evangelical Counsels they tend to carry Christian virtue to the summit of perfection and that, in a multitude of ways, they powerfully second the action of the Church. Hence, it is not astonishing that today, as in other times, under other iniquitous forms, the City of the World rises against them, and chiefly those men who, by a sacrilegious compact, are most intimately united and most servilely bound to Him who is Prince of this world.

It is clear that they consider the dissolution and extinction of religious orders as a successful manœuvre in the furthering of their deep-laid designs of driving the Catholic nations into the ways of apostasy and alienation from Jesus Christ and because of that We may say, in all truth: "Blessed are you because you are hated and persecuted." It is only because you have chosen your kind of life out of love for Jesus Christ.

If you followed the maxims and the ways of the world, the world would not trouble you, but would shower its favors upon you. "If you had been of the world, the world would love its own"; but because you are walking in opposite

ways you are assailed and warred against. It is because the world hates you. Christ himself foretold it. Hence, he regards you with all the more love and predilection as He sees you more like Himself in your suffering for justice sake. But if you partake of the suffering of Christ, rejoice. Aspire to the courage of those heroes who went from the presence of the Council rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus (Acts, Chap. 5, 41). To this glory which comes from the testimony of your conscience, there is added, though you do not seek it, the blessing of all honest men. All those who have at heart the peace and prosperity of their country are aware that there are no more honorable citizens, no more useful men, no more devoted patriots than the members of religious congregations, and they tremble at the thought of losing in you so many precious advantages which depend upon your existence. There are the throngs of the poor, the abandoned and the unfortunate for whose sake you have founded and sustained every variety of establishment with supreme intelligence and admirable charity. There are the fathers of families who have entrusted their sons to you, and who, until the present moment, relied upon you to impart that moral and religious education which is strong, vigorous and fruitful in solid virtue, and which was never more needed than in our time. There are the priests who find in you valuable auxiliaries in their important and laborious ministry. There are the men of all ranks who, in these times of apostasy, find useful direction and encouragement in your advice, backed as it is by the integrity of your lives. There are, above all, the bishops who honor you with their confidence, and who consider you as tried teachers of their younger clergy, and who recognize in you the true friends of their brothers and their people, offering as you do for them to the di-

vine mercy your incessant prayers and expiatory sacrifices.

But no one appreciates the exceptional merits of religious orders with greater justice than We Ourselves who, from this Apostolic See are watching over the needs of the universal Church.

Already, in Our acts, we have made particular mention of all this. Let it suffice now, to call attention to that splendid ardor with which these religious bodies follow, not only the directions, but the least expression of wish of the Vicar of Jesus Christ; undertaking every work which may contribute to the advantage of the Church and society whenever He indicates it; hurrying to the most inhospitable shores; braving every suffering and accepting death itself, as many have done in the most glorious manner in the recent upheavals of the empire of China.

If, among the dearest remembrances of our long pontificate, We count the fact that by Our authority We have raised a great number of the servants of God to the honors of the altar, those remembrances are all the more dear to Us because the majority of those saints belong to religious orders, either as founders or as simple religious.

We, moreover, wish to recall for your consolation, that among people of the world, distinguished by their position, and by their knowledge of what society needs there have not been lacking many honorable and upright men who have come forward to praise your works to defend your inviolable right as citizens, and your still more inviolable liberty as Catholics. Surely, one must be blinded by passion not to see that it is unwise and dishonorable to crush those who, hoping for nothing and asking for nothing, give themselves up entirely to the service of their fellow-men. Let it be considered with what zeal these religious apply themselves to develop among the children of the people which, without them, would perish

those germs of natural goodness and leave these little ones to grow up a danger to themselves and to others. These religious have, with the help of grace, cultivate pa- from destruction and have succeeded in bringing them to maturity. Under their influence they developed a splendid fruitage of intelligent love for truth, of honesty, a sense of duty, of strength, of character and of generosity in sacrifice. And all this for the order and prosper- what is there better calculated than ity of the State? Nevertheless dear Sons, since the hatred of the world pursue you so far as to pretend that it is a useful and praiseworthy work to trample underfoot in your persons the most sacred rights and to God, adore with a trusting hu- that in so doing, a service is done mility the designs of the Almighty in permitting this. If, at times, He suffers right to succumb to violence He does so only for the purpose of some greater good; but remember thar He often comes to Our rescue in unforeseen ways when We suffer for Him and trust in Him.

If He places obstacles and obstructions in the path of those whose state is that of Christian perfection, it is in order to test and fortify their virtue, and it is, more particularly, to strengthen and reinvigorate their souls which might else have grown feeble in protracted peace.

Endeavor, therefore, to correspond to those paternal designs of Almighty God. Give yourselves up with redoubled ardor to a life of prayer and faith and holy works; make regular discipline reign among you; let a brotherly union of hearts prevail among you, with humble and eager obedience, austerity and detachment and a pious ardor for the glory of God. Let your thoughts be always high, your resolutions generous and your zeal indefatigable for the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom. Since by the misfortune of the times, you find yourselves either already

struck or threatened by the fatal laws of dispersion you must recognize that these very circumstances impose upon you the duty of defending with more zeal than ever the integrity of your religious spirit against the contamination of the world and of holding yourselves ever ready and ever armed against all attacks.

On this point you will recall the different instructions which have been addressed to Regulars by the Apostolic See, and these other prescriptions which have emanated from your own Superiors. Let both one and the other keep their full vigor and be most conscientiously observed. And now, Religious of every age, young and old, lift your eyes to your illustrious founders. Their maxims speak to you, their statutes guide you; their examples are before your eyes. Let your sweetest and holiest desires be to hear them, to follow them, to imitate them. It is thus that multitudes of your ancestors have acted in times of trial; it is thus they have transmitted to you a rich heritage of sublime courage and virtue. Long to make yourselves worthy of your sires and of your brethren in order that you may be able, all of you, to say, while justly glorifying yourselves, "We are the sons and brothers of the saints." It is thus that you will obtain the greatest advantage for yourselves, for the Church and for society. By spurring yourselves onward to reach that degree of sanctity to which God has called you, you will fulfill the designs of Providence in your regard and you will merit the abundant recompense which He has promised you. The Church—your tender Mother—who has heaped favors upon you, will obtain, in return for it all, a more faithful and more efficacious cooperation than ever in its mission of peace and salvation. Peace and salvation; they are the two urgent needs of society at the present time, which so many causes tend to corrupt and degrade.

To arouse it and to bring it repentant to the feet of the merciful Saviour we must have men of superior virtue, of living eloquence, of apostolic hearts, and men who possess, at the same time, the power of drawing abundant graces from heaven. You will be such men, We doubt not, and you will thus become the most opportune and the most glorious benefactors of society.

Dear Sons, the charity of the Lord inspires a last word to strengthen in you the sentiments with which you are animated towards those who attack your Institutes and who wish to destroy your liberty. Just as your conscience prompts you to keep a firm and dignified attitude, so by your profession, you must always show yourselves sweet and indulgent; because it is especially in the religious that the perfection of that true charity should be resplendent, revealing itself, as always open to pity, and ever incapable of harboring hate. Without doubt, to see yourselves rewarded with ingratitude and thrust aside by those you have benefitted would naturally cause bitterness of heart; but, dear Sons, let your faith and what it tells you give you comfort. Bear in mind the sublime exhortation, "Overcome evil by good." That faith places before your eyes the incomparable magnanimity of the apostle. "We are reviled and we bless; we are persecuted and we suffer it; we are blasphemed and we entreat." (I. Cor. 12, 13.) Above all, it invites you to repeat the supplication of the Supreme benefactor of the human race, Jesus Christ, suspended on His cross: "Father, forgive them." Therefore, dear Sons, strengthen yourselves in the Lord. You have with you the Vicar of Jesus Christ; you have with you the whole Catholic world, which regards you with affection, respect and gratitude. Your glorious founders and your glorious brothers encourage you. Your Sov-

ereign Chief, Jesus Christ, girds you with His strength and covers you with the mantle of His virtue.

Well beloved Sons, turn to the Divine Heart with a fervent confidence, and fervent prayers. You will find there all the strength necessary to conquer the fear of the world. There is one word which rings through the centuries, always living and always full of consolation. "Have confidence, I have conquered the world."

May you find, besides, some consolation in Our blessing which on this day consecrated to the triumphant memory of the Apostles, We are happy to accord you in all its plenitude; to each one of you, to all of you and to each one of your families who are most true to Us in the Lord.

Given at Rome, near to St. Peter's, on the 29th of June, in the year 1901, the 24th of Our Pontificate.

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

By *Enfant de Marie*, St. Clare's.

OUR LADY OF DOLOURS—First Friday, September, 1901.

How beautiful this autumnal month, like the calm evening of the year, when over golden corn-fields, and luxuriant vineyards, and the varied beauties of woodland foliage a soft shadow steals of compassion for Mary's sorrows.

It seems a suitable way of honoring them to unite ourselves with her dispositions to seek her aid, when we receive Holy Communion to obtain the Precious graces promised to those who do so for nine consecutive first Fridays.

Thousands of all classes surround the Altar of God, since our Divine Lord assured us of coming as Viaticum in reward of our fidelity to this devotion. And not only for this inestimable grace, but in countless other needs of life His Sacred Heart has poured forth treasures on all who receive Him for light, and love, and strength—in a word for every intention they desire.

Let us remember that if we would have the inevitable close of life

peaceful, and holy, Mary must be its evening star—must watch over our deathbed as she watched on Calvary, must pray for us not only now but "at the hour of death." It is said that after her Assumption, she appeared with her Divine Son to St. John the Evangelist and most consoling promises were made in favor of all who should be devoted to her dolours. These were: true contrition, protection in all sorrows, remembrance of the Passion on earth, and its reward in Heaven, and, finally, that these souls should be in her hands to dispose of, and that she might lavish on them special graces. Let these promises encourage us and increase our love; we cannot be in unison with Jesus' Heart, unless the inward chords of our own vibrate with plaintive melodies when contemplating the mourning Mother. May she obtain for us grace to do so, and hereafter we will exclaim with gratitude and exultation, "According to the multitude of sorrows in my heart, thy consolations have filled my soul."

The Love of Mary.

THROUGHOUT the works of Doctor Brownson one finds much that is applicable to our own days. In reviewing a little work entitled "The Love of Mary," this great Catholic philosopher wrote in 1853: "Superstition, except as combined with idolatry and unbelief, or misbelief, is not one of the dangers of our times; and as the worship of Mary is the best preservative from idolatry, heresy, and unbelief, so is it the best preservative from superstition. Her clients will never become spiritual rappers, or abettors of modern necromancy. Her devout children will not be found among those who call up the spirits of the dead, and seek to be placed in communication with devils. The devils fly at her approach, and all lying spirits are silent in her presence. She is Queen of heaven and earth, and even rebellious spirits must tremble and bow before her. Demon-worship is undeniably reviving in the modern Protestant world, and especially in our own country, and even in this good city of Boston; and there is no room to doubt that it is owing to the abandonment of the worship of Mary, which carries along with it the abandonment of the worship of Her Son, the Incarnate God. Where Mary is not loved and honored, Christ is not worshipped; and where Christ is not worshipped, the devils have the field all to themselves. The first symptom of apostasy from Christ and of a lapse into heathenism is the neglect of the worship of His Most Holy Mother, and the rejection of that worship as superstition or idolatry; because that involves a rejection of the Incarnation, which comprises in itself all Christianity. Christianity is held only when the Incarnation is held, and when that is held, Mary is held to be the Mother of God, and deserving of all honor as such.

We cannot doubt the propriety of worshipping Mary till we have doubted her relation as Mother of God, and to doubt that is to doubt the whole Mystery of the Incarnation.

"In its bearings on Christian faith and worship, then, we cherish the love of Mary, and are anxious to see devotion to her increased. But we are also anxious to see it increase as the best preservative against the moral dangers of our epoch. Mary is the mother of chaste love, and chaste love is that which in our age is most rare. The predominating sin of our times is that of impurity, at once the cause and the effect of the modern sentimental philosophy. All the popular literature of the day is unchaste and impure, and it boldly denounces marriage as slavery, and demands that loose reins be given to the passions. Catholic morality is scouted as impracticable and absurd; law is regarded as fallen into desuetude; intellect is derided; reason is looked upon as superfluous, if not tyrannical; and the heart is extolled as the representative of God on earth. Feeling is honored as the voice of the Most High, and whatever tends to restrain or control it is held to be a direct violation of the will of our Creator. Hence passion is deified, and nothing is held to be sacred but our transitory feelings. Hence everywhere we find an impatience of restraint, a loud and indignant protest against all rule or measure in our affections and all those usages and customs of past times intended as safeguards of manners and morals, and a universal demand for liberty, which simply means unbounded license to follow our impure or perverted instincts, and to indulge our most turbulent and unchaste passions, without shame or remorse.

'The sentimental philosophy

taught by that impure citizen of Calvin's city of Geneva, Jean Jacques Rousseau in his confessions and *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and which is popularized by such writers as Goethe, George Sand, Eugene Sue, Thomas Carlyle, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and, to some extent, Bulwer Lytton, consecrating corrupt concupiscence, has effected an almost universal dissolution of manners and depravation of morals. All bonds are loosened, and the very existence of society is threatened by the fearful and unrelenting warfare waged upon the family as constituted by Catholic morality. The terrible revolutions which for the last sixty or seventy years have shaken society to its foundations, and which have been repressed and are held in check for the moment only by the strong arm of arbitrary power, are only the outward manifestations of the still more terrible revolutions which have been going on in the interior of man; and the anarchy which reigns in society is only the natural expression of the anarchy that reigns in the bosom of the individual. In the non-Catholic world, and even in nominally Catholic countries, impurity has gained a powerful ascendancy, and seeks to proclaim itself as law, and to denounce whatever is hostile to it as and man. Chastity is denounced as a vice, as a crime against nature, repugnant to the rights of both God and the unrestrained indulgence of the senses is dignified with the name of virtue, nay, is denominated religious worship, and we may almost fear that fornication and adultery may again be imposed as religious rites, as they were in ancient Babylon and other cities of the East.

"The last, perhaps the only remedy for this fearful state of things, is to be sought in promoting and extending the worship of Mary. Society is lapsing, if it has not already lapsed, into the state in which Christianity found it some

eighteen hundred years ago, and a new conversion of the Gentiles has become necessary. Christian society can be restored only by the same faith and worship which originally created it. Jesus and Mary are now, as then, the only hope of the world, and their power and their goodwill remain undiminished. The love of Mary as Mother of God redeemed the pagan world from its horrible corruptions, introduced and sustained the Christian family, and secured the fruits of the sacrament of marriage. It will do no less for our modern world, if cultivated; and we regard as one of the favorable signs that better times are at hand, the increasing devotion to Mary. This increasing devotion is marked throughout the entire Catholic world, as is manifest from the intense interest that is felt in the probable approaching definition of the question of the Immaculate Conception. Nowhere is the change in regard to the devotion to Mary as the Mother of God more striking than among the Catholics of Great Britain and of our own country. This devotion is peculiarly Catholic and any increase of it is an indication of reviving life and fervor among Catholics; and if Catholics had only the life and fervor they should have, the whole world would soon bow in humble reverence at the foot of the cross. It is owing to our deadness, our lack of zeal, our lack of true fervor in our devotions, that so many nations and such multitudes of souls are still held in the chains of darkness, under the dominion of Satan.

"There are two ways in which the love and service of Mary will contribute to redeem society and restore Christian purity—the one the natural influence of such love and service on the heart of her worshippers, and the other the graces which in requital she obtains from her Son and bestows upon her clients. Mary is the mother of chaste love. The nature of love is always to unite the heart to the

object loved, to become one with it, and as far as possible to become it. Love always makes us like the beloved, and we always become like the object we really and sincerely worship. If we may say, Like worshippers, like gods, we may with equal truth say, like gods, like worshippers. The love of Mary tends naturally, from the nature of all love, to unite us to her by a virtue kindred to her own. We cannot love her, dwell constantly on her merits, on her excellencies, her glories, without being constantly led to imitate her virtues, to love and strive after her perfect purity, her deep humility, her profound submission, and her unreserved obedience. Her love checks all lawlessness of the affections, all turbulence of the passions, all perturbation of the senses, fills the heart with sweet peace and a serene joy, restores to the soul its self-command, and maintains perfect order and tranquillity within. Something of this effect is produced whenever we love any truly virtuous person. Our novelists have marked it, and on the strength of it seek to reform the wild and graceless youth by inspiring in his heart a sincere love for a pure and virtuous woman; and the most dissolute are restrained, their turbulence is calmed, their impure desires are repressed, in the presence of true virtue. If this is so when the beloved is but an ordinary mortal, how much more when the beloved, the one with whom we commune, and whose virtues we reverence and long to possess, is Mary, the Mother of God, the simplest and lowliest of handmaidens, but surpassing in true beauty, loveliness and worth all the other creatures of God!

"When the type of female dignity and excellence admired is that of an Aspasia, a Lamia, a Phryne, a Ninon de l'Enclos, society is not only already corrupt, but is continually becoming more corrupt. So when the type of female worth and excellence, the ideal of woman, is Mary,

society is not only in some degree virtuous, but must be continually rising to sublimer excellence, to more heroic sanctity. The advantage of having Mary always before the minds and hearts of our daughters, as their model in humility, purity, sweetness, and obedience, in simplicity, modesty, and love, is not easily estimated. Trained up in the love and imitation of her virtues, they are trained to be wives and mothers, or holy virgins, spouses of Jesus Christ, sisters of the afflicted, and mothers of the poor. The sentimentalists of the day tell us that it is woman's mission to redeem society from its present corruption, and we believe it, though not in their sense, or for their reasons. Woman has generally retained more of Catholic faith and morality than has in these evil times been retained by the other sex, and is more open to good impressions, or rather, offers fewer obstacles to the operations of grace. During the worst times in France, when religion was abolished, when the churches were desecrated, the clergy massacred, and the profane rites of the impure Venus were revived, the great majority of the women of France retained their faith, and cherished the worship of the Virgin. We have no sympathy with those who make woman an idol, and clamor for what they call "woman's rights," but we honor woman, and depend on her, under God, to preserve and diffuse Catholic morality in the family, and if in the family, then in the state. There is always hope for society as long as woman remains believing and chaste, and nothing will contribute so much to her remaining so, as having the Blessed Virgin presented to her from the first dawn of her affections as her Mother, her Queen, her sweet Lady, her type of womanhood, a model which it must be the unremitting labor of her life to copy.

"Undoubtedly the love and service of Mary are restricted to Cath-

olics, and to those Catholics not undeserving of the name; but this is no objection to our general conclusion. We are too apt to forget that the Church is in the world, and that it is through her that society is redeemed,—too apt to forget that the quiet and unobtrusive virtues of Catholics, living in the midst of a hostile world, are always powerful in their operations on that world; and that the world is converted, not by the direct efforts which we make to convert it, but by the efforts we make to live ourselves as good Catholics, and to save our own souls. The little handful of sincere and devout Catholics, the little family of sincere and earnest clients of Mary, seeking to imitate her virtues in their own little community, are as leaven hidden in three measures of meal. Virtue goes forth from them, diffuses itself on all sides, till the whole is leavened. No matter how small the number, the fact that even some keep alive in the community the love and veneration of Mary, the true ideal of womanhood, the true patroness of the Christian family, the mother of chaste love, adorned with all the virtues, and to whom the Holy Ghost says, 'Thou art all beautiful, my dove,' must have a redeeming effect on the whole community, and sooner or later must banish impurity, and revive the love of holy purity and reverence for Catholic morality.

"For, in the second place, the worship of Mary is profitable, not only by the subjective effect it has upon her lovers, but also by the blessings she obtains for them, and, at their solicitation, for others. In these later times we have almost lost sight of religion in its objective character. The world has ceased to believe in the Real Presence; it denies the whole sacramental character of Christianity, and laughs at us when we speak of any sacrament as having any virtue not derived from the faith and virtue of the re-

cipient. The whole non-Catholic world makes religion a purely subjective affair, and deduces all its truth from the mind, and all its efficacy from the heart, that accepts and cherishes it, so that even in religion, which is a binding of man anew to God, man is everything, and God is nothing. At bottom that world is atheistical, at best epicurean. It either denies God altogether, or excludes him from all care of the world he has created. It has no understanding of his providence, no belief in his abiding presence with his creatures, or his free and tender providence in their behalf. Faith it assumes is profitable only in its subjective operations, prayer only in its natural effect on the mind and heart of him who prays, and love only in its natural effect on the affections of the lover. This cold and atheistical philosophy is the enlightenment, the progress, of our age. But we who are Christians know that it is false; we know that God is very near unto every one of us, is ever free to help us, and that there is nothing that he will not do for them that love him truly, sincerely, and confide in him, and in him only.

"Mary is the channel through which her Divine Son dispenses all his graces and blessings to us, and he loves and delights to load with his favors all who love and honor her. Thus to love and serve her is the way to secure his favor, and to obtain those graces which we need to resist the workings of concupiscence, and to maintain the purity of our souls, and of our bodies, which are the temple of God. She says, 'I love them that love me,' and we cannot doubt that she will favor with her always successful intercession those whom she loves. She will obtain grace for us to keep ourselves chaste, and will in requital of our love to her obtain graces even for those without, that they may be brought in and healed of their wounds and putrefying sores. So that under either point of

of view the love and worship of Mary, the Mother of God, a mother yet a virgin, always a virgin, virgin most pure, most holy, most humble, most amiable, most loving, most merciful, most faithful, most powerful, cannot fail to enable us to overcome the terrible impurity of our age, and to attain to the virtues now most needed for our individual salvation, and for the safety of society.

"In this view of the case we must feel that nothing is more important than the cultivation of the love and worship of Mary. She is our life, our sweetness, our hope, and we must suffer no sneers of those without, no profane babblings about "Mariolatry" to move us, or in the least deter us from giving our hearts to Mary. We must fly to her

protection as the child flies to its mother, and seek our safety and consolation in her love, in her maternal embrace. We are safe only as we repose our heads upon her bosom, draw nourishment from her breasts. The world lieth in wickedness, festering in moral corruption, and it is a shame to name the vices and iniquity which everywhere abound. Hardly has childhood blossomed into youth, before it withers into old age. We have no youth, we have only infancy and wornout manhood. What is to become of us? Our help is in thee, sweet Mother, and we fly to thy protection, and, O, protect us, thy children, and save us from the evil communications of this world, lost to virtue, and enslaved to the enemy of our souls!"

UNCULLED FLOWERS.

O could I find some uncultured bud !
Some leaf or shrub enshrined,
And breathing mystic fragrance in
The garden of the mind.

How gladly would I twine a
wreath
All fair in purity,
To grace poetic realms of thought
With Mary's imagery.

But ah ! her praises have been
sung
In sweeter tones than mine ;
And rarer flow'rets have been
wreathed
Around her holy shrine.

The beauties of our earth and sky,
And of the sparkling sea,
Are themes familiar to the souls
That sing, my Queen, of Thee.

And yet, 'tis sweet to feel it so,
Whene'er we speak of thee,
There is an echo of our theme
In great heart's sympathy.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

PRAYER TO THE HEART OF JESUS.

My Lord ! My God ! Grant me
the grace

From Thee, oh never to depart ;
As child in parent's sweet embrace,
Ah ! fold me to Thy Sacred
Heart.

My sins forgive, that grieve Thee
e'er,

Oh ! Gentle Heart, so true to me,
Forget them, in the love I bear
As contrite one, returned to Thee.

Sweet tender Heart, so kind, so
dear,

So patient, meek, oh Love Divine,
E'er guide me, and when death
draws near,

Then closer fold my heart to
Thine.

—Marion F. Hoban.

Ammendale, Maryland,
August 2, 1900.

THE MEMORARE.

Was it the whisper of an angel's
voice
That softly thrilled in Clairvaux'
leafy wold ?
An echo from the golden harps
above,
Vibrating in Saint Bernard's
heart of old ?

Was it the touch divine of God's
own hand,
That, sweeping o'er the chords of
music there,
Drew forth a strain of love so pass-
ing sweet,
Such accents of a tender pleading
prayer ?

That made the silence musical, and
seemed
Like sky-lark in the light of
dewy morn,
To rise on pinions of a glorious
song
To Her whose brow the starry
gems adorn ?

Long ages now have glided swift
away
Since that first "Memorare" rose
above,
But still its tones have lingered in
the Church
And plead with Mary's sweet ma-
ternal love.

And ever through her heart sweet
graces fall
Like pearly drops of glist'ning
summer rain,
Upon the hearts that breathe this
plaintive prayer
To her whose gentle pity soothes
all pain.

There is a pathos in its every tone,
A balm for earthly sorrows, cares
and fears ;
Our confidence of touching Mary's
heart
The "Memorare" to our love en-
dears.

Saint Bernard ; from the fountain
of your love
Poured forth this song in Clair-
vaux silent air,
O ! pray that in our hearts and in
our lips
May oft abide thy "Memorare"
prayer.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

MUSINGS.

Why are my songs so often sad
Like the mournful night wind's
moan,
Or the waves that sigh on the sil-
very sands
In ceaseless monotone ?

In poetic realms of dreamy thought
Are passing to and fro,
Bright forms of graceful imagery
That whisper sweet and low.

In vain I essay, with a pencil of
light,
To picture those forms so fair,
Or sing of the spirit melodies
That murmur in mystic air.

Away, in idealistic thought,
Like the gleam of a distant star,
A still more perfect beauty shines,
Alluring me from afar.

In Thee alone, O my Lord and God,
Can my spirit find her rest,
When she soars like the song-bird of
early morn,
Away to the regions blest.

So ne'er to the true, the beautiful,
Can I perfectly here attain ;
And ne'er can the plaintive heart-
strings thrill
In tones unalloyed with pain.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

ENROLLED IN THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

Scapular names received at Falls View from : Drayton, Can. ; St. Mary's Monastery, Richardson, N. D. ; St. Michael's College, Toronto, Ont. ; Holy Family Ch., Rochester, N.Y. ; St. Louis Ch., St. Paul, Minn. ; North Baltimore, Ohio ; St. Leo's Ch., Ridgway, Pa. ; Amherstburg, Ont. ; Notre Dame, Ind. ; St. Teresa's Ch., Beresford, S.D. ; St. Ann's Church, Milwaukee, Wis. ; St. Mary's Ch., Taylor, Tex. ; Dundas, Ont. ; St. Boniface Ch., Zurich, Ont. ; St. John's Ch., Lowell, Wis. ; St. Joseph's Ch., Richmond, Wis. ; St. Dunstan's Ch., Fredericton, N. B. ; St. Francis Xavier's Ch., Buffalo, N.Y. ; Watertown, Wis. ; Sacred Heart Ch., Buffalo, N.Y. ; Toronto, Ont. ; St. Ignatius College, San Francisco, Cal. ; St. Patrick's Ch., Hamilton, Ont. ; St. Mary's Ch., Lindsay, Ont. ; Church of Immaculate Conception, Calais, Me. ; Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. ; Angels' Guardian Ch., Orillia, Ont. ; St. Boniface's Ch., Java Centre, N.Y. ; St. Benedict's Ch., Atchison, Kan. ; North Sydney, C.B. ; St. Joseph's Ch., Corunna, Ont. ; Clay Center, Kan. ; St. Nicholas Ch., Brooklyn, N.Y. ; St. Joseph's Ch., Antigonish, N.S. ; St. John's Ch., Oswego, N.Y. ; St. Patrick's Ch., Halifax, N.S. ; St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, Ont. ; Canisius College, Buffalo, N.Y. ; St. Ignatius' Mission, Montana ; Boston, Mass. ; St. George's Ch., Louisville, Ky. ; St. Michael's Ch., Brooklyn, N.Y. ; St. Mary's Ch., Rockport, Ohio ; Parkhill, Ont. ; Holy Trinity Ch., Milwaukee, Wis. ; St. Paul's Ch., Worthington, Iowa ; Moose Creek, Ont. ; Slatersville, R.I. ; Halifax, N.S. ; St. Helen's Ch., Toronto, Ont. ; Holy Cross Ch., La Crosse, Wis. ; Beaver Dam, Wis. ; St. Mary's Ch., Toledo, Ohio ; Church of Bl. Sacrament, Hokah, Minn. ; St. Alphonsus Ch., Windsor, Ont. ; St. Louis Ch., Buffalo, N.Y. ; Mar-

mora, Ont. ; St. Francis Xavier's Ch., Carlsruhe, Ont. ; Convent of Divine Providence, Castroville, Tex. ; St. Regis' Convent, New York City ; St. Xavier's Mission, St. Xavier, Mont. ; St. Francis' Ch., Traverse City, Mich. ; Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, Can. ; St. Mary's Ch., Toronto, Can. ; Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont. ; Holy Angels' College, Buffalo, N.Y. ; St. Nicholas' Ch., Belle River, Minn. ; St. Joseph's Church, Stevens' Point, Wis. ; Halifax, N.S. ; St. Francis' Ch., Randolph, Neb. ; Sarnia, Ont. ; St. Michael's Ch., Rochester, N. Y. ; Notre Dame, Ind. ; Church of Our Lady of Victory, Paris, Tex. ; Owen Sound, Ont.

OBITUARY.

We beg our readers to remember in their prayers of the following who died recently :

REV. SIMON WEEG, O.C.C. who, after a holy life, died in a most saintly manner on Saturday, Aug. 17, at St. Mary's Hospital, Hoboken, N.J. He was a native of Westphalia in Germany, and was born Oct. 24, 1858. He was ordained priest on the 21st of October, 1889. It had always been his wish to die on a Saturday, as he hoped to gain the Sabbatine Privilege. He died, conscious and in prayer at 4.30 a.m. on a Saturday.

MRS. M. McADAMS,

a great lover of our Blessed Lady of Mt. Carmel, as she had desired, died peacefully on Our Lady's Day, Aug. 15, 1901, at Philadelphia, Pa. May she rest in peace.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 160 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, are seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



St. Teresa.



TRIUMPH OF OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

(Souvenir of the Assumption, 1901.)

BEAUTIFUL this harvest festal day.
 "Hail," O Mary, "full of grace !"
 Rising to thy regal glory
 From a "pathless, desert place."
 Through those tranquil, star-gemmed heavens,
 With the crescent 'neath thy feet,
 And thine aerial path is balmy
 With the scent of rose-buds sweet.
 White, and gold, and deepest crimson,
 Mysteries of a life Divine.
 Joys, and pains, and glories, twining
 Round the heart of God and thine.
 O how precious is this chaplet
 Which, in light of faith, I see !
 This thy festal coronation,
 Triumph of the Rosary!
 We, thy children, humbly greet thee ;
 "Salve !" Advocate above !
 Wilt thou not accept fresh roses
 From the gardens of our love ?
 Joys and sorrows intermingle
 Light with shadow blends each day.
 Lead us to the home celestial
 Where all cloudlets pass away.
 Beautiful this harvest feast-day !
 Thrills melodiously a voice,
 And the listening earth and heavens
 Echo, "Let us all rejoice !"*

—Enfant de Marie St. Clare's.

* "Gaudeamus omnes," etc.—Missa.

With Both Hands.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

FATHER Lemoile looked and felt discouraged. His kindly face had lost its usual brightness,—but then, what would you have? He was a young priest and found Endicott a hard town to handle. His Hibernian sheep and those of French Canadian birth had small influence in the community,—which was overwhelmingly Protestant,—and worse than all, disturbed the fold with energetic attacks on one another. The effort to quell dissension had been too great for him,—his last spark of enthusiasm seemed dead within him, as if only its funeral remained; so he now brought his great bundle of trouble to the palace and flung it desperately at the Bishop's feet.

That genial prelate did not fail to sympathize. He had seen similar bundles,—many of them! In fact a shadow of perturbation bedimmed his own placidity, as he listened. "Yes, my son!" he murmured softly, answering the last worry in Fr. Lemoile's catalogue. "The woes of the poor! I know them! I do understand! They come surging up in endless waves at our feet day by day, and they do wear on our nerves and make us feel helpless. We are but human, ourselves. Our best efforts, save for the Christ-help, end in pure failure."

"Yet we must try," urged Father Lemoile, "and keep on trying! We can not 'go by on the other side' like the Levite in our Lord's story of the Good Samaritan."

"Yet the unlucky man who fell among thieves did get help at last" said the Bishop with one of his rare smiles. "The parable is cheering after all! The aid came, too, from a most unexpected quarter. The Spirit of God had been at work silently molding the heart of that poor Samaritan, we may reverent-

ly imagine, for many long years, perhaps, till it wrought in him that wondrous growth of Christian charity, which has breathed its sweetness through the parable for ages since. It may be working, now, silently, my son, somewhere in your own parish, though you wot not of it."

"It may be—God grant it!" murmured the young clergyman. "The help that is done upon earth, He doeth it, Himself."

Father Lemoile was brightening a little. The Bishop had an uncommon faculty for cheering the downhearted. His genial face held strength and help in every line of it.

A silence ensued during which the clouds before the young priest were imperceptibly growing thinner; he could feel the sun-glow behind them trying to struggle through.

Then the Bishop put a direct question. "In that parish of yours, my son, are you at work with both hands?"

Stephen Lemoile was puzzled. What could his Superior mean?

"I will explain," pursued the Bishop cordially, answering his look. "You are struggling with the needs of the poor and they overwhelm you. But are you not swimming with one hand? How about your well-to-do sheep? Are there none among them whom you could use, in this matter, to your own great relief and the salvation of their own souls? Are not the rich and cultured people your other hand? Try making all use of it—all that may be possible! Then, come back and see me again."

The Bishop rose and Father Lemoile saw the interview was over. He had it on the tip of his tongue to say that his little parish had no such element to lay hold of; but he remembered the Asquiths and the

good Professor. How could he forget all they had done? Had they not saved Arthur Osborne from a downfall of despair? What a fine piece of Lenten work that had been, only last spring! And now, in his turn, Arthur himself was up and doing. But those two or three people—the old spirit of discouragement was now lifting its head anew—what were they, he said to himself, among so many?

No, counting closely, there were not more than half a dozen well-to-do people on whom he could really depend. The Healeys, to be sure, and the O'Callaghans, with Bridgeen Donovan, who had a tidy sum in the bank, and Peter McCabe. But the Bishop had said "people of culture." Poor Peter and Bridgeen! They were miles away from answering such inconsiderate demand. His thoughts flew to Miss Dormer, who was lovely enough to make the wicked world love her, wherever she went. But she was away now, doing charity work in New York—he did wish she would come back! Well, perhaps she would, some day. Meanwhile, there was Elise Vandervere.

He uttered the name with a quiver of hesitation. He was a little afraid of her. The culture, beauty—for she was beautiful—and elegance that surrounded her like an atmosphere dazzled and disturbed the shy priest, used to the ways of his plain parishioners. Not that Miss Vandervere refused Church duty—not at all! She opened her purse when required, and obeyed Church regulations. But though among his flock, she was not of them. Her heart, her real life, were elsewhere. She had her recognized sphere in the great world outside of Endicott—she had only come thither for temporary rest and mountain air, therefore her religious ties lay outside of Saint Vincent's. How could he "work with both hands" when the work itself was very rough and the other hand so white and flashing with diamonds?

He smiled at the incongruity. Miss Dormer's lovely simplicity he could approach and work hand in hand with. It never repelled him, in point of fact, rather soothed his cares and drew him near in a modest, daughterly way. But Miss Vandervere's splendors, her coolness and knowledge of society, her broad touch in dealing with all things, startled and overawed him. His heart sank. How could he expect her to aid in his sordid struggle with poverty and narrowness, at St. Vincent's?

So he only went on worrying. It was his besetting sin, this propensity to worry. Though he encouraged his people brightly, so that they thought him a fount of cheer, when off duty re-action came, the enforced gladness left him and utter weariness triumphed.

At last, however, Heaven answered his cry in a most unexpected way, as, indeed, is often its wont. He was wandering about in his little churchyard, where a few autumn flowers still brightened the grass, like elfin tapers a-glimmer. The slanting sunbeams of late afternoon touched their gold into strange brilliancy, like a thought of Paradise. The dead, now in peace and glory, as he hoped, forever with their Lord—the blessed Saints, who had reached their reward—how he longed for their rest! The Church Militant, in its struggles, might well appeal to the Church Triumphant! He thought of All Saints' Day, which was fast approaching, of his Masses for the dead at St. Vincent's and wondered if the Saints would and did look down propitiously on his poor parishioners. As he thus mused, he saw one of them coming—old Maggie Ryan. She was bent with age and infirmity, yet the paralysis which seemed to have touched her with its stroke had certainly spared her tongue. She was an unwearied talker and just now Father Lemoile wanted to think, undisturbed. But, with an unspoken prayer for grace he came forward,

addressing her kindly, and prepared to listen patiently. Yet his glance wandered away and he found himself idly spelling out the name on the base of a low, white cross. Half hidden by shrubbery, he had never noticed it before; so he read, idly, mechanically, its half-effaced inscription—and then he started. "Vandervere," he murmured.

Old Maggie had followed his glance. "Yis, yer Riverence, I do be rememberin' her—ould Madam Vandervere. She died before iver ye came to the parish, but a good woman she was, God rist her soul!"

"Elizabeth Vandervere?" questioned the priest, thoughtfully.

"Sure an' that was her name, father! And a saint in Heaven she is now! Her daughter, here is little kin to her in looks—or in goodness, ayther!—handsome as she be. Och, she is that proud! An illigant peacock of a girl! But she has na' forgotten her mither; see, yer Riverence!"

And the old crone pointed out a magnificent mass of fresh roses heaped behind the cross in darkling shadow.

It was as if the priest had a bright glimpse of the soul which had hitherto kept its own secrets. Miss Vandervere seemed no longer splendid and repelling in the new light of this hidden tenderness. He took heart of grace.

"I will go to her now," he said within himself. "She will not make refusal. No! Has she not in heaven a sainted mother?"

How strange he had not known it before! He had wholly missed the silent, secret tie, which had drawn Miss Vandervere to Endicott. She was in one sense an accidental newcomer, to be sure, yet bound to St. Vincent's by ancient family relations, which antedated his own pastorate, even. He turned to old Maggie and thanked her so warmly for her bit of information that her aged face flushed with sudden pride. "It isn't often one knows more than the

praste, bless him," she muttered to herself, and went her way rejoicing.

Yet, on the morrow, Elise Vandervere had to repress an honest outburst of impatience when she perceived Father Lemoile slowly making his way past her rose-garden up to the side door opening on her verandah. He was not a handsome ecclesiastic and his usual shyness with women was intensified by a dull self-consciousness which somehow always hampered him in his intercourse, slight as it had been, with this New England princess. Just now she had other affairs on her mind, and it was hard to stop and hear a slow rehearsal of parish needs.

She was polite, of course, but in a mechanical fashion which her visitor felt at once as rebuff. Yet he must make appeal to this beautiful personage—nay, more—must win her over, and that in earnest, to his cause. He knew not, of his own volition, what to say or where to begin. Previous failure came up to paralyze him. So he merely stood still, his earnest gaze taking in every point of her rich costume, even the pattern of the lace she wore. He felt the grace of her form, admired the slender neck with its exquisite curves, the statuesque head with its little poise of haughtiness, wondering the while how he could awaken the soul within. He did not comprehend that his heart was in his eyes, until he saw a dainty flush of color suffuse the delicate face, and Miss Vandervere smiled at her own embarrassment.

"What is it, this time, Father?" she inquired, more graciously than usual. The soft rose-flush had crept into her voice. He answered gravely.

"I was thinking of the gifts the Lord has given you, so many and so lavish. Wealth, and home, and beauty—and a kind of power also—I can hardly describe it—but a power that might win over souls—that might do much in the Church and in His service. And what are you

doing with it all? No, I am not preaching — do not think that. I was only meditating in my own way." Then he spoke, abruptly, "How should one look at you and not think?"

Miss Vandervere gave him a searching glance in her turn.

"No, you are not preaching now" she admitted. "This is not perfunctory; not merely professional. Nor are you simply paying compliments. No, I believe you sincere, so you shall have the reward of sincerity. Well, now, speak frankly. What can I do that I am wrongfully leaving undone?"

Her air of laughing condescension had given place to a more serious mood. Father Lemoile saw that his hour had come.

"You can use your glorious gifts for Him who gave them; use them to the full, as the angels do. It is not enough to stand aloof and offer a little—open your tiny silver purse when requested, and then sail away like a queen who has bestowed largess. You must give your whole life, heart and soul, to the Christ-work, doing it gladly and in the spirit of humility."

"That is very hard, Father."

"I know it. Hard for you, I am sure, in a special sense! Yet herein is the very essence of sacrifice."

"Tell me just what, in particular, you would like me to do, Father."

She wanted to reach the point and end the interview.

His spirits fell as he marked her compressed lips. It would be the same with her as in previous vain discussions. Yet he patiently went over the old ground, parish needs, parish poverty, the dilapidated church, the shabby church-yard. "The other day I came upon a cross there bearing the name of Elizabeth Vandervere." His listener started; he had caught her attention now. "And I heard from an old parishioner many sweet things about your beloved mother. It seems she was called 'Saint Elizabeth.'"

The haughty eyes fell beneath his

own. He felt they were filling with tears. "I heard of her charities, fragrant as the roses heaping the basket of the great Saint Elizabeth of Hungary,—and then I thought of you."

"No, her daughter is not worthy of comparison with her," murmured Miss Vandervere, sadly. "But the Saints in light can help us. Honestly, Father Lemoile, tell me what to do and I will try to do it." Then a new idea came; she spoke out eagerly. "I know what you need in this parish—you need Sister Elizabeth, who used to be in our convent!"

"I need Elise Vandervere," retorted the priest. "Will she serve? That is the question."

Her gesture of assent was in earnest this time.

"It would be a good beginning for you to go and see poor Eileen McGilvray."

"On St. John street?"

"Yes, number fifty-four."

The good priest did not know it, but in this he surely had an inspiration. For although Miss Vandervere tried to smile at her small task and called it a case of the mountain and the mouse, she could not, even to herself, dispose of it so lightly. A verse of Scripture came back to her,—"If the prophet had bidden thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" How much more, then, this slight attempt at duty! As the priest foresaw, this beginning proved good seed, sown in good soil. Miss Vandervere was not one of those narrow people described as "ready enough to do the Good Samaritan, but without the oil and twopence." She had been liberal in doing charities by proxy; she was liberal still, now that her ministrations were about to be personal.

"Saint Elizabeth's loaves turned into roses," she said with a kindly smile, "but my roses would do better in the shape of loaves." Her practical arrangements, therefore, took this basis.

But the patient invalid to whom she was sent needed the giver more than the gift. Eileen McGilvray was lonely and faint at heart. What better remedy than the tonic brightness of a new face? Miss Vandervere saw herself empowered to stir the Dead Sea waters of daily suffering, saw what a boon it was to break into that monotonous succession of days and nights with warmth and light from without, as if with largess of sun-steeped roses.

The actual roses had their place, also, yet poor Eileen cared more for the visitor herself. The mere vision of her beauty was all the sufferer could take in, at first—it was so dazzling!

Later on, she found Elise Vandervere capable of sweet ministry to the hunger of soul—and of the intellect as well—which was gnawing upon her day by day.

"Let me sing to you!" suggested the new-found friend. She wanted to quiet the quivering nerves and lessen their tension, which, on this occasion, seemed unusually strong. She had forgotten the greatness of her own powers—forgotten herself altogether—and the miserable tenement house was startled by a wondrous joy of song. A quick stir followed. Music-loving Germans, eager children with sharpened faces, dark-eyed foreigners of one type and another began to appear, crowding the corridors and stairways of this human bee-hive. The golden notes had pierced its black, dilapidated walls, and the whole neighborhood was soon on the alert. Her impromptu audience startled her. She was used to the brilliant decorated circles of concert rooms, but here she felt herself directly ministering to hungrier souls. It was a fresh experience, as new to her as to them. As the silver trills circled and soared, she thought of Father Lemoile and his word of parting benediction, "May the Holy Spirit in all things direct and rule your heart!" "Amen!" she cried in utter submission. Then inspiration

came. Her song ended, she began the Evening Hymn to the Virgin. All the quivering power and pathos of her soul rang out into that strong adjuration,

"Hear the heart's lonely sigh—
Thine, too, hath bled."

Then came the solemn white minor of the final, uttermost sorrow known to life,—

"Thou that hast looked on Death,
Aid us when Death is near!
Whisper of heaven to faith,
Sweet Mother—sweet Mother—
hear!"

Every face seemed to answer. Some of the women sobbed and tears sprang to the eyes of unhappy men. All alike—Protestants, Catholics, and Jews—caught the consolation.

Out of that breathless silence and the thankful faces—too full of love to applaud—came another inspiration. Miss Vandervere was traveling fast and far on the road she had taken so unexpectedly. Why not sing to these souls again? Why not often? Would it not be a divine ministry, like the ministry of angels?

And again Miss Vandervere thought of her mother.

She was beginning to rouse herself. The small work of visiting Eileen McGilvray entered upon so languidly, was but a door swinging open into larger spaces. The great fields white to harvest, the great fields of the Church's work, began to shine irresistibly before her. And she was quick to heed the call thitherwards.

"I will give a series of concerts," she said to herself, "and give them here. Why not? Endicott has a good population, eager for novelties. The hall would be filled, I am sure. Helen Salisbury will come to sing and Mary Keith to play for us, and it shall be Catholic music—all of it—every single bit! Helen is a Protestant, if anything, but so intensely musical! She will sing herself into a love of it and of us!"

Thus it came about that Endicott

was surprised with a series of concerts, as novel as they were beautiful. The Protestant music-lovers of the place came en masse. And all were delighted.

Father Lemoile stood amazed at the energy and magnetism of Miss Vandervere. She swept all before her, yet lost none of the refined elegance which he had felt as her charm. What an Elisabeth of blessed visitation she was proving to his parish ! He could scarcely believe it.

For the needs of St. Vincent's were supplied, one by one ; money began to flow in. The Healeys and

other well-to-do parishioners caught the fire of Miss Vandervere's enthusiasm, and new ventures were entered upon ; better than all, his own courage, his own faith, found its needful uplifting and steady upholding.

When his Bishop next visited Endicott there was no mistaking the prosperity of St. Vincent's.

"Working with both hands, now, Father Lemoile ?" he inquired with a mischievous smile.

"Yes, yes !" said the priest, soberly. "Thanks to Heaven and its Blessed Ones in glory, I have found a new Saint Elizabeth."

"Those sensational sheets are filled to the brim with sporting news" says the Midland Review,—"accounts of slugging matches, gambling bouts, police records, murders, rapes, robberies, gutter politics, seductions, suicides, divorce-mills, embezzlements in high place and low place. These papers are read around the lamp at night, and the young drink in the sin, the shame, the irreligion of the world. Under such influences farewell to all holy and noble ideals ! The Church sows seed all day ; the devil sows seed at night. Every thoughtful father, every reflecting mother, knows this statement is true."

A contributor to the Hastings Observer draws attention to a rather remarkable fact—namely, the use by the Puritan town of Rye of a Catholic common seal. The writer, who signs himself "Argus," says : "It is not a little curious that Rye's town seal should be, of all municipal corporations, perhaps the most Papal in the whole kingdom. It is composed of an enshrined figure of the Madonna and Child, around which are the words : 'Ave Maria gratiae plena Dominus tecum.' I mentioned to a well-known High-Church clergyman in Hastings the fact that through centuries of hard

and fast Protestantism Rye's town council has been using this seal, when the reply came, 'Well, poor people, it didn't hurt them. We may well suppose they didn't understand it.' I am not prepared to indorse this, as it may appear to some readers, cynical observation. I merely mention it as a strange fact that while, through generations, the ancient town should be condemning what it called 'Mariolatry,' in all its shapes and forms, it nevertheless, on its every important legal document, had impressed a figure of the Mother of God encircled with the invocation, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.' The local historian may by-and-by have something to say on this point."

Pittsburg, Pa., particularly that portion of the great Iron City composing Holy Trinity parish, sent a large delegation to the Niagara Hospice this season. Everyone has expressed herself—or himself—pleased beyond compare.

Every section of the United States and Canada was well represented by the large concourse of guests which flocked to the Hospice during the July and August months.

A Tale of The Indian Days.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

CHAPTER V.

Joy and Grief.

"Oh, Life ! Oh, Death ! We know not which is best,
The day of toil, or night's unending rest."

—James Clarence Harvey.

THIS has been a rough and gloomy day for us, yet I am sorry it is at an end," said a man, in an undertone,—a member of the caravan which is winding its way across the deserted prairie. "I think that by tomorrow evening quite a bit of snow will have fallen and then—may God lead us safely out of the territory of these wild Osage Indians ! They are our bitterest enemies."

"Are they, then, such bad friends of ours ?" asked one. He was a finely built man and the long black garb he wore was undoubtedly that of a Catholic missionary priest.

"Certainly," was the answer. "It was only yesterday that a battle took place between ourselves. We must therefore be strictly on the 'qui vive.'"

While both were speaking, a young Indian came riding up to them and in the rough dialect of the Jaways, yelled out that he had noticed foreign footsteps not far off and they were those of Indians.

"Osage footsteps?" hastily asked one of the guides.

"No !" replied the scout. "I have examined them closely and, finding the tracings of moccasins, I concluded that they must be those of the Pawnees."

"Pawnees ?" returned the captain. "Good, my friends ! We can breathe easier now. Surely they won't harm us."

Just then a second scout came riding rapidly toward them with the

news that he had met a Pawnee chief, who had addressed him in the following words : "Good man, is the Blackrobe coming with the caravan that is moving towards the village ? If so, tell him I wait to speak to him."

"Wishes to speak with me ?" asked the priest. "Strange ! But take me to him. No doubt he is afraid to come here." And saying this the Indian and the good priest departed and in the distance three or four Pawnees awaited his coming patiently.

The scout suddenly interrupted the silence and, pointing to the little group of Indians, he began : "They also said, 'O, tell the Blackrobe to come at once, that he might assist a dying white woman in her wigwam.'"

Just then the Indians came to meet the priest and one of their number stepped forward and, making a gracious bow, spoke thus : "Will my Father follow me to my wigwam, where a dying mother awaits his coming with joy ? Mah-toree and his red children will lead thee back in safety to your people, who wait you yonder."

The priest kindly bowed his assent and in a short time reached the wigwam. Here lay the dying woman—her face pale and emaciated, and her large dark eyes staring into space. Several squaws and Indian maidens were kneeling silently around the bed, their eyes all filled with tenderness. At the side of the sick woman stood a young child, beautiful beyond expression, and it seemed as if an angel had suddenly entered the room. It was Angela, with trembling lips and watery eyes.

The priest entered and he was visibly moved. His face turned red, then pale ; his eyes met those of

Angela. Her face haunted his inmost soul. Where had he seen that face before, the tender smile, the soft blue eyes, that looked so beseechingly into his own?"

He stood motionless and his heart beat slowly within him. He was confused—ideas flashed through his throbbing brain and he was seized with a feeling of faintness and would have fallen to the ground had not the strong arm of Mahtoree caught him.

"Poor man!" whispered the old Indian chief, under his breath, "the journey was too much for him."

In a moment he was himself again and his calmness returned, when the dying woman feebly exclaimed, "O, good Father! I am so happy to see you—give me your blessing."

At the same time all those standing sank down upon their knees and bowed their heads gently.

And now for the first time in eleven years Eduard and Colette Harrison stood face to face, but the years of sorrow and longing had left such deep lines on their young faces, that neither recognized the other. But it was not long, and a thought rose in Eduard's soul, as he whispered within himself, "O, how this dying woman resembles my lost Colette!"

But he wanted, he could—he dared not give this thought prestige at so critical a moment, when duty called him to soothe a dying soul on its way to its God.

One moment passed and with the help of God he conquered his heart and his feelings and in a loud voice spoke a gentle blessing over the dying woman and the little Indian band, which had welcomed him with open hearts. Shortly afterwards Colette, calling the faithful Nightstar to her side, whispered in her ear, "My good friend, ask your Indian children to leave me for a while. I want to be alone with the priest to confess my sins and to receive the last sacraments. Dear Nightstar! I die happy."

Then the priest gently put on his

stole and sitting upon an old stump near the bed, he began to prepare Colette for confession. The dying woman, her crucifix in hand, continued her prayers, in which the good priest joined. And now silence reigned again.

Angela had not left the wigwam with the others and now she stood at the entrance, sadly staring skyward. The moon lit up her soft, young face and now Father Harrison's eyes fell upon her and again that strange feeling rose within his soul. He saw in the little child the likeness of his long-lost Colette and again that thought rose within him and seemed to overwhelm him completely. Every throb of his wildly beating heart told within him the same words, "This child is thine." Eduard's eye moved rapidly from mother to child. Hope! Doubt! Certainty! Fear! — all battled wildly within him.

"Angela"—he at last broke forth and his eyes stared searchingly into hers. Again he tried to call her name, but his lips would not move.

"What, Father?" answered the little one. The mother, who had heard the voice of her child, then said: "I thought you were gone. I did not know, Angela, that you were here. Go, now, dearie, and let me spend a few minutes in conversation with the Father. I will soon call for you again."

Eduard Harrison felt relieved. Angela's answer had removed all shade of doubt. The awful moment had come in which he was to appear as husband and father. A glance at the dying woman before him recalled an image of Colette, and his thoughts flew back to the lone, green hills, where years ago they had been so happy. A wealth of joy filled his heart, but again he suppressed it. He did not care to disturb the sacred peace of the departing soul. He was not desirous of robbing God of the honor of taking this lonely heart all to Himself but he was desirous as a Christian and as a priest to make an offering to

his Master of it all.

Colette little dreamed of the hurricanes of thought that were raging wildly within the former self of Eduard Harrison. She was happy to think that a merciful Jesus had sent her a priest to comfort her and steer her soul into that eternal sea beyond, where the storm-wings lie folded for all time. Looking at the saintly form before her she saw not the man but the gentle priest—the mediator between God and man. Father Harrison raised his priestly hands in blessing and having heard her confession he gave her absolution. Then he called in Angela, Mahtoree, Nightstar and all those noble sons and daughters of the wilderness, and in their presence administered to the dying one the last consoling sacraments that the Catholic Church ever grants her faithful children.

The Indians had never before witnessed such a solemn ceremony. They knelt there stricken with awe and astonishment. Angela alone answered the prayers of the dying.

When it was all over the priest asked the Indians not to disturb the poor woman and slowly and sadly they filed out, all knowing full well that before long Colette would be no more. For a while he remained kneeling at her bedside, absorbed in prayer, and then rising he asked her if she had any wish to make—if she had anything more to say.

"Yes, dear Father," she answered. "Above all I pray you that you take my child—my Angela—to yourself and if possible lead her back into the open and outstretched arms of her searching father." And then she told her sorrowful story—how she had been carried away and how she had searched patiently eleven long years for her husband, Eduard Harrison. She was growing weaker and she spoke more slowly as she continued in a trembling voice: "Ah! I could die happy knowing that the child was safe in the arms of its father."

"Be comforted! It will be so,"

stammered the noble priest, turning slightly in order to hide his feelings.

There was a momentary silence and he went on: "I know your husband. I have heard your story before and Angela shall rest in the arms of her father, God knows, before long."

These words brought the sunshine back to Colette's eyes and, gathering together all her strength, she raised herself and exclaimed joyfully:

"Is it true, dear Father, that you know Eduard? Do tell me why he has not searched for us."

"He did," came the reply, in trembling tones. "He searched long and patiently, but to no avail."

Then he told of Harrison's visit to the camp of the Iroquois and all that happened there, and of how for many years he had searched, with several Indians, for some clue that might lead him back into the sunshine of her smile. He also told how Eduard came upon his faithful dog Moro, starved and well-nigh dead, in one of the valleys near Lake Ontario, and of how they had traced footsteps from an old wigwam there, to the lonely shores in the neighborhood of which they found a horse, starved and weather-beaten, and of how they had concluded then and there that the unhappy ones had either been drowned or had been borne away by fate on the bosom of the cold, blue waters.

"Eduard Harrison," he continued "his heart sick with sorrow, had hoped against hope, and longing for that peace which the cold, empty world could not give him, he decided to search for it in the heart of his Saviour alone. After he had thought deeply within himself over the serious step he was about to take, he offered his whole life to God and swore eternal allegiance to his Master, and ever afterward gave his services for the uplifting of his fellow creatures."

"So, then, my husband became a monk," interrupted Collette, her

voice choked in tears.

"Not that," he answered. "He became not a monk but a priest, who gave his whole heart to Indian missions."

"Ah dear God," cried Collette, piously folding her hands. "Oh, that I could only see him once, I would die happy."

"Collette!" called the priest, in a voice that was filled with the feelings of his gushing, happy heart.

Astonished, surprised, she raised her eyes to his, and, pulling away the tear-stained handkerchief which covered his face, she exclaimed, in the fullness of her joy: "Eduard! Is it really you to whom I speak? Great God! What love! What happiness! Oh, how thankful I am!" Then she fell back, exhausted, upon her bed. Eduard, fearing that the sudden emotion had broken the silver threads of Life that held her fast, quickly called to Nightstar and other Indian women for help, but before long her eyes opened again and, placing Angela's hand in her own, she said, in loving tones "Angela, my child! Here is your father."

"Calm yourself, Colette," said the priest. "You must not be stirred up anew." And then taking the child to his arms he kissed her and, raising his eyes heavenward, gave her his priestly blessing.

The priest did not leave the sick bed in those last moments and administered "the Bread of Angels," for the end was rapidly drawing near. After she had finished her prayers a smile of peace flew over her whole face and she said: "Eduard, that I have seen thee again has been to me the sweetest consolation. I die in peace, for I know that you are happy, consecrated to God. But grant me one wish. Have mercy on these poor Pawnee children! Take them into your heart. They have been so good to me. Oh, I am sure you will care for these, my red children, just as much as you will for your own child—for our own Angela. Promise me!"

"Yes," answered Father Harrison. "I promise it with all my heart. Your wish shall be fulfilled and these children of the wilderness will not be abandoned. I offered my life for them, years ago."

"And you, my Angela," continued the dying mother, "you my dear child—you are a child of the mission. Never forget in all your life these words! With heart and soul, ever look after the welfare of these poor wild children."

"Yes, mother!" answered the sobbing child. "I will never forget their kindness to us."

"Mother!" interrupted Nightstar as she made her way slowly to the bed, "Mother, I ask you in the name of your red children, that you will bless us again before you go to meet the Great Spirit."

Father Harrison then rose and said: "Let as many Indians enter the wigwam as possible—the rest may kneel down outside."

The Indians came quietly and knelt down. "Faithful Colette," answered Eduard, as he lifted his crucifix into her hands, "Nightstar and I will support you—grant the wish of your pleading people!"

The priest held her trembling hands as she made the sign of the cross with the wooden crucifix. This was her last movement. Weak and exhausted, she sank back. The missionary raised his eyes to heaven and, just as he had finished his blessing, her soul had flown homewards, into the arms of its Creator.

All wept except Angela; her heart was so oppressed that an outburst of tears would have done her a world of good. For the first few days she ate little, but her tender heart-wounds soon healed under the kind words of comfort, which daily fell from the lips of Father Harrison, who found sweet consolation in prayer and praised God in his priestly heart for His tender mercy.

When the burial was over, Father Harrison rudely constructed a cross out of birchwood, and gently placed

it upon the grave of Colette and upon it he burned the following words: "Seigneur, Je chanterai vos tonanges avec les anges." (Ps. CXXXVII). "O Lord! I will sing thy praises with the angels."

CHAPTER VI.

Sunshine Again.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining."

—Longfellow.

For the following three months Father Harrison remained with the Indians, daily preaching to them, and in a short time they were all converted and baptized. Mahtoree and Nightstar were the first to receive the sacraments and to them Father Harrison in gratitude gave the names of Joseph and Mary. One morning the good priest, Angela, Mahtoreem Nightstar and several Indians carrying canoes departed for St. Louis. The journey, by land and water, was tedious.

At last they saw St. Louis in the distance, sleeping as it were with the last rays of the sun upon her face. Father Harrison was happy and exclaimed, "Noble children! Stay here with Angela until I return. I go to the city to make preparations."

Father Harrison was no stranger to St. Louis, as the following will show.

Colette Harrison and her only sister Bernice Franks, were left orphans by their parents, while quite young. Eduard's father, a rich lumberman of St. Louis, and as an intimate friend of the Franks, adopted the two orphans and they grew up together with Eduard. From boyhood, Eduard had shown a great love for books and study and he was so pious that his parents always thought he would enter the priesthood. But as he grew older, these thoughts left him and, desiring to settle down in Canada, he asked his father for money, that he

might be able to purchase a home. His father was delighted with the idea and also consented to his son's marriage with Colette Franks and together they left their St. Louis home, full of hope, full of promise. Dark clouds of sorrow soon overshadowed the brilliant future of this youthful couple and we have already noted them in the foregoing pages of this story.

After Eduard had searched vainly for his wife and child, he returned to St. Louis and his father and mother, now white with age, greeted him with open arms, and while he remained there, an intense longing to enter the priesthood again took possession of his heart. The burning fire, which had been extinguished in his youth, again shone forth in all its brightness and it seemed to consume his very soul. With great zeal he began the study of theology and in due time was ordained priest. His superiors were pleased and with their blessing he departed for the homes of the different tribes, who were scattered here and there for miles around.

His parents did not expect the sudden return of their son and wondered what had happened. Before bringing his little guest to them, Eduard was desirous of preparing them for the surprise. Bernice had also married a rich merchant of St. Louis and the old people stayed with her. She also had a little daughter, whom she called Colette, in memory of her own unhappy sister, whom she had loved passionately.

The welcome news that Angela was still alive and well brought a thrill of joy into the family. Father Harrison with his grandfather and uncle soon set out for the place where the Indians were awaiting their return and ere long little Angela was being greeted with a shower of kind words and hearty kisses.

"Now you belong to us!" exclaimed the happy old grandfather. Nightstar and Mahtoree stood

near and when the last word had fallen from the old man's lips, they both exclaimed — and their words had a tone of sorrow in them—"But surely the 'lily of the prairie' will never forget us?"

"No, no!" stammered Angela. "I am nobody's child — mother is dead. I am a child of the wilderness — a child of the mission. Mother always told me so. O, take me home to the mission!"

"That cannot be," answered Father Harrison. "Angela, your mother asked me to bring you here to grandmother and grandfather. Will you not love them for your mother's sake?"

"Yes," said Angela, sobbing loudly, "but will Nightstar and Mahtoree also remain here with me?"

"Later on we will see each other again, Angela," came the answer, "but Nightstar will stay a few days." Thus speaking, Mahtoree placed Angela in the arms of his wife and with the word "Wachcondah" (which means, the Great Spirit protect you) on his lips, he darted off with the Indian guides, and was soon lost with lightning rapidity in the dark, green woods which bordered the dusty road. The others then entered a wagon going in the direction of the city, and in a short time Angela lay safely in the arms of her grandmother and her aunt. "She is really a gift sent from heaven," they both uttered, under their breath, their eyes wet with tears of joy.

Father Harrison, knowing that Angela would be well taken care of, now smothered those paternal feelings in his bosom and bade good-bye to the world forever, and true to his promise that he would serve God in the calling of a missionary priest he left for those distant fields in the course of a few days with Nightstar, who had been richly rewarded by old Mr. Harrison.

Colette and Angela, the children of both sisters, soon learned to know and love each other, and they grew like summer roses, their red

cheeks aflame with love—a joy and a consolation to parents and grandparents.

Father Harrison had learned and realized the great eternal truth and he was grateful. To good people afflictions are but crosses, laden with thorns and blessed on the altar of Love, sent from heaven in order that the despairing ones may not tear themselves away recklessly from the fraternal bosom of their heavenly and merciful Father. Sweet indeed are the words of the poet when he sings:

"Sometimes, I think, the pitying tears,

Like rain on parching sod,
Bring forth new life from bygone years,

And bring a soul to God."

THE END.

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

New York, August 17.

Dear Fathers,—Enclosed please find an offering for the Holy Sacrifice in honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel as a thanksgiving for a special favor granted through her intercession.

A DEVOTED CHILD.

Brooklyn, Sept. 1.

Rev. Father,—Enclosed you will find \$10.00 towards the building fund of the hospice, in honor of our Lady of Mt. Carmel in thanksgiving for obtaining for me my request, after promising to give a donation towards the hospice fund.

W. B.

Albany, N.Y.

Dear Fathers,—I wish to thank our Dear Lady of Mt. Carmel for a great favor obtained through her intercession. I promised her to ask you to publish it if obtained.

Yours faithfully,

A READER OF THE REVIEW.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 13.

A child of Mary wishes to return grateful thanks to our Blessed Mother for a favor obtained through her intercession.

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

SIXTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel is
a Sure Defence for the Soul.

I. The Sacred Habit, brought to us as Mary's gift, is a pledge of salvation; and this, not to the body alone, but to the soul as well. Wherefore, it is always a great comfort to us and a potent defence against our common enemies. Thy solicitude, O Mary, for our needs — how plainly it shows thee fain to deal with us ever like a loving Mother! How it ought to strengthen our faith in thy most powerful protection! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. If subjects ask aid only of their Queen, sons, only of their own Mother, to whom should the Brothers of Mount Carmel have recourse with greater confidence, in severe and painful spiritual conflicts — whence should they more earnestly expect strength and assistance to bear and to quell the cruel assaults of our common spiritual foes and from whom, we ask, but from thee, O Mary, and thy most holy Habit? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. Many in number and very terrible are the foes, that with cruel attack continually besiege us, without, within and on all hands. All within us is tumult, all is confusion, all is up in arms, to sweep away the beautiful peace of our hearts. None the less, let the afflicted Brothers and Sisters of Mt. Carmel lift their eyes to their propitious Star! Let them invoke the

Blessed Virgin of Carmel with all fervor! Then, their troubles and their stress of anguish will, of a sudden, find surcease. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Who can better curb the force of evil passions within us, calm their ill-controlled expression or subject them to the sway of reason? Who can keep us from being overcome by a delusive world and its vain allurements? Who can turn our hearts away from their clinging to vile pleasures, here on this earth, and thus rushing straight to ruin? Who, if not our great Mother Mary, with her extended hand of love and power? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. With loving foresight, O most clement Advocate, thou hast wished thy Holy Habit to cover the heart,—that it might be a mighty shield against those unseen foes, who seek and strive in such manifold ways to seduce us and prevail against us. Oh, never refuse us thy grace and protection, that our hearts may be always closed against our fierce enemies and only open to thee, O Mary, and to thy love! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. Encouraged by the mighty influence of the sacred Habit of Mary, how many Brothers and Sisters of Carmel have gained the victory and triumphed over strong temptations! By merely pressing it to their hearts, they have been kept faithful to God in the midst of great perils, when they were on the brink of losing Divine grace. O Vir-

gin most pitiful, our only hope !— whenever the need comes, extend to us, also, a similar aid ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. How many poor sinners, sunk in depths of iniquity and for a long time buried, as to their souls, in the black shadows of Death, have at last put on the Holy Habit of Mary ! And scarcely were they clad therein, when they suddenly became filled with compunction, weeping over their old sins, and were led back to a salutary penitence. Ah, sweet Refuge of Sinners, protect us ever more, and among the perils of this miserable life never leave us nor forsake us ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

SEVENTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel
Brings Great Comfort in Death.

I. The greatest peril of the soul, that which puts it in bitterest need of opportune aid, comes at the extreme point of death. But what consolation the Brothers of Mount Carmel then feel, coming from thee, O Mary ! For thou hast promised that whosoever wears devoutly, in life, thy sacred livery, shall feel in death all the tenderness of thy maternal love and thy maternal protection. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Against the foes of our life thou hast given us thy holy Habit, O Mary, because it renders us formidable, and, likewise, restores us again after all errors and offences. If, with such special concern, thou dost deign to shield us through the stress of life, with how much more reason may the Brothers of Carmel hope for thine aid—thy willingness being proportionately greater—in the tremendous and perilous passage of death ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. If a good Mother, seeing her own son in great danger, runs anxiously to save him, thou, O Mary, who dost glory in being our most tender Mother—the best, in sooth, and most charitable of all mothers—how couldst thou fail to

show thyself such, at that perilous moment whereon our eternal felicity depends and in which thy maternal love ought to prove its full efficacy ? Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Yet Satan, like a roaring lion, rages round us, full of wrath, taxing the extreme force of his malignant fury,—eager to make the soul his prey and drag it to the brink of destruction. Yet, with our hearts fortified in that hour of trial by the potent Habit which thou hast given us, we can bear with firmness the fearful threats of the common adversary and in thy great Name face him, secure of victory. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. Terrible to evil demons is the sacred Habit of Mary. At the mere sight of it, even as the wild beast at sunrise retreats to his lair, these hellish furies, vanquished and panic-stricken, flee with precipitation to the depths of their abysses. Ah, Virgin most compassionate, hide us beneath thy salutary vesture, both now and in the great hour of our mortal extremity, that, having quelled our foes, we may freely pass on to our Celestial Country ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. What timely and precious consolation the sacred Habit of Mary sheds on the heart in the hour of death,—preparing us to bear meritoriously the bitter pains of our last agony ! How it helps us to make fervent acts of faith, and of holy love, and of hope, made more courageous by the nearness of salvation ! It is sweet to die in the Habit of Mary. How the Brothers and Sisters of thy Carmel rejoice, O Mary, at the last ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. It is beautiful to see so many good Sons and Daughters of Carmel, despite the anguish of their tremendous passage from earth, in sweet communion with the Blessed Virgin,—thanking her for having numbered them among her children, kissing often and earnestly her holy Habit ; cheerful,—nay, rejoicing,—to die thus in peace therein ! O

Virgin most amiable, make us constant and ever faithful in our loving service of thee, that we also may deserve to die this fair and happy death ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

EIGHTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel
Greatly Abbreviates the Pains
of Purgatory.

I. Most generous Virgin, thy partial affection overpasses comprehension ! How attentive it renders thee to the common good, to the common advantage of the Brothers and Sisters of Carmel ! Not content with aiding and protecting them continually in life and in death, thy maternal love would continue its special care of them even in Purgatory. This grace, O Mary, the crown of all other graces, is indeed worthy of the Mother of Mercies. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. Other friends, forgetting us in a very short time, perhaps, after our death, will leave us to suffer in Purgatory, un comforted. Mary, on the other hand, will look upon us even there with loving eyes, when, through flames and torments, we lift our hands to her for timely aid. Blessed a thousand times be thy holy Habit, O Mary, which makes us sons of so tender and pitiful a Mother ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. While the remembrance of our excessive debt to God brings with it no ordinary dread—in case, even, of the Christian soul, aware that it has to expiate all in the fearful fires of Purgatory, — the Brothers of Mount Carmel, on the contrary, only rejoice, still putting their trust in Mary. For she will be to them that cooling air, which alone can mitigate the flames of its fiery furnace ! She can also break its strictest chains and fetters and draw them forth from the flames, loosed and set free unto salvation. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Like a tender mother who feels the sufferings of her children, thou hast assured us, O Mary, that thou wilt promptly aid and succor

thine own clients amid the torrents of Purgatory ;—and, being softly troubled for them, thou hast promised thine ever effectual intercession with thy Divine Son that He would condescend to receive them, as reconciled children, into the bosom of His mercy. O Mary, thou art indeed a Mother truly amiable and ever worthy of our love ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. For the greater strengthening of our hopes, the Blessed Virgin has indicated Saturday as the day when she will herself appear in visible form to her devoted clients of Carmel doing penance in Purgatory, and, taking from their souls all woe and anxiety, conduct them in triumph to the realms of glory. O Mary, our sweetness and our hope, lead us to honor this day with especial reverence and devotion, that it may become the day of our blessed liberation and our eternal repose. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. How fair and luminous will be the dawn of that Saturday in Purgatory for the Brothers and Sisters of Carmel ! With what exultant joy their hearts will swell at the hope of that glorious day, which will change their tears to everlasting bliss. O Blessed Advocate, full of pity, help us to observe faithfully the obligations attached to so great a privilege that we may attain and ever safely enjoy the fruits of thy dear promises. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. Oh, how many Brothers and Sisters of Mount Carmel, — having been in life the tender clients of their dear Mother Mary, and freed, at the point of death, from all punishable sins, thanks to her holy Habit and its treasure of Indulgences, — have seen themselves, on that great day of Saturday, borne directly from earth to heaven ! But, if we ourselves do not merit this at thy hands, O Mary, grant that we may at least hope for it, that in this hope we may daily live and in this hope serenely die ! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

NINTH DAY.

That the Habit of Mount Carmel is
a Sign of Eternal Predes-
tination.

I. For the glorious completion of thy great beneficence toward the Confraternity of Carmel, after giving them thy holy Habit, thou hast also vouchsafed to give them, therein, a special sign of their eternal Predestination. O Virgin most generous, how truly is it said that the Order of Mount Carmel is privileged above all others! It shows thy maternal love pushing out, as it were, into sweet excess!—Verily, thou couldst not grant nor could we ask a greater grace than this, O Mary! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II. All this Mary gave, when she promised us that, having entered her Order and ever worn virtuously her holy Scapular, we shall have entered, also, the fortunate band of the elect to glory. What a distinguished prerogative is this for thy Holy Habit, O Mary! How we ought to exult and piously rejoice that thou hast covered us with such a vesture, potent to bring eternal salvation! Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III. If it be impossible for anyone, whosoever he be, to be eternally lost after having lived and reposed in peace under the care and protection of the great Mother of Mercies, how much less have we to fear as to our own happy destiny! For thou, O Mary, hast, thyself, in behalf of thy Confraternity, covenanted with God for their deliverance from eternal flames and in the person of Blessed Saint Simon assured us of thy pledge to exert all thy power for our sure salvation. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV. Even the demons have to confess that the true Brethren of Carmel can never perish. The cries of hell often arise with frightful shrieks. "How many souls, O Habit of Carmel," they exclaim, "thou hast stolen from us and snatched from hell!" Fortunate indeed, are we, if through right living on earth

we have never lost our devotion to Mary. So, at that critical time, shall our souls also be among those which, in virtue of thy holy Scapular, are snatched from the infernal Serpent. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V. What would have become of us, even now, but for the Devotion of thy Holy Habit, O Mary? How often we have hung over the very brink, the horrible brink of hell; and while its demons with open arms, stood around, awaiting the fall of our souls, thou hast obtained salvation for us, just as we were on the point of dropping into perdition. To thee, therefore, Virgin most loving, we inwardly commit ourselves, sure that thou hast more interest in our salvation than the powers of Hell have in our fall and ruin. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VI. The many beautiful flowers of sanctity, which have so gloriously adorned the Order of Mount Carmel here upon earth, and which now shine, even more resplendent, in the Kingdom of Heaven, thou, O Mary, hast transplanted them, as the beloved of thy Carmel; and from the propitious shadow of thy Habit hast thus exalted them, to afford the fellow members of thy Order an evident earnest of their own predestination. O Mother of our Salvation, succor us, even us! also—that we too may deserve to be made some day, thy joy and thy crown. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

VII. To ensure our eternal salvation, thou, O Queen of Carmel, hast received us into this most privileged Order, and art, thyself, even now standing before the throne of thy Son in supplication for us. Yet though each one of us, up to this time, has answered thine affection with ingratitude we would still lean in amendment and contrition, on thy maternal breast. Preserve us, O Mary, and keep us in thine own family! Continue ever to protect us! And bring us, one day, unto our Blessed Companions in Paradise,—there to exult with them in perpetual song, lauding thee and all

thy glories, and the Holy Habit of Mount Carmel. Pater, Ave and Gloria.

On each day of the Novena the Litanies may be said, as on page 95—after which the following Antiphon is to be sung :

Flos Carmeli,
Vitis florigera,
Splendor Coeli,
Virgo Puerpera,
Singularis,
Mater mitis, sed viri nescia,
Carmelitis da privilegia,
Stella maris!

P. Sancta Maria Mater Christi audi rogantes servulos.

R. Et impetratam nobis coelitus tu defer indulgentiam.

OREMUS

Deus qui Beatissimae semper Virginis et Genetricis tuae Mariae singulari titulo Carmeli Ordinem decorasti, concede propitius, ut cujus solemnem commemorationem praevenimus, ejus muniti praesidiis, ad gaudia sempiterna pervenire mereamur. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

OTHER PRAYERS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

OREMUS.

Defende, quaesumus Domine, Beata Maria semper Virgine intercedente, istam ab omni adversitate civitatem et familiam tuam, et toto corde tibi prostratam, ab hostium propitius tuere clementer insidiis. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

PRAYER FOR THE POPE.

OREMUS.

Deus omnium Fidelium Pastor et rector, famulum tuum N., quem Pastorem Ecclesiae tuae praeesse voluisti propitius respice : da ei, quaesumus, verbo et exemplo quibus praest proficere, ut ad vitam aeternam cum grege sibi credito perveniat sempiternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

PRAYERS FOR THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT.

P. Panem de coelo praestitisti eis.

R. Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

OREMUS.

Deus, qui nobis sub Sacramento mirabili Passionis tuae memoriam reliquisti, tribue quaesumus, ita nos Corporis et Sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari ut redemptionis tuae fructum in nobis jugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas, etc.

Prayers of Thanksgiving — Te Deum, as on page 84.

P. Benedictus es Domine Deus patrum nostrorum.

R. Et laudabilis, et gloriosus in saecula.

P. Benedicamus Patrem, et Filium cum Sancto Spiritu.

R. Laudemus et superexaltemus eum in saecula.

P. Benedictus es Domine Deus in firmamento coeli.

R. Et laudabilis, et gloriosus et superexaltatus in saecula.

P. Benedic anima mea Domino.

R. Et noli oblivisci omnes retributiones ejus.

P. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Deus, cujus misericordiae non est numerus, et bonitatis infinitus est thesaurus : piissimae majestati tuae pro collatis donis gratias agimus, tuam semper clementiam exorantes : ut qui petentibus postulata concedis, eosdem non deserens, ad praemia futura disponas.

Deus, qui corda fidelium Sancti Spiritus illustratione docuisti ; da nobis in eodem Spiritu recta sapere, et de ejus semper consolatione gaudere.

Deus, qui neminem in te sperantem nimium affligi permittis, sed pium precibus praestas auditum : pro postulationibus nostris, votis-

que susceptis gratias agimus, te piissime deprecantes, ut a cunctis semper muniamus adversis. Per Christum Dominum, etc.

FORMS AND CEREMONIES

At the Taking of the Habit by Brothers and Sisters.

Over and above the small pilaster of Holy Water with the aspersory, there shall be prepared upon the Altar by the Brothers the long habit, of a dark brown color, the girdle of leather, the scapular, the cloak, the crown and the candle ; for the Sisters, the leather girdle, the scapular, the white cloak, the crown, the white veil of simple muslin and the candle. Then, the Director, vested in his surplice and white stole, seating himself, shall question the postulant, as follows :

P. What do you desire ?

R. The mercy of God and the habit of the Third Order of the most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

Having given a brief discourse upon the holiness and obligations of this state of life, he shall proceed by asking :

P. Can you observe the Rule and the mode of life enjoined in the same ?

R. Trusting in the help of God and in the intercession of Mary SS., I hope to observe whatever is therein contained.

After this the Director shall rise to his feet and turning towards the Habits, shall bless them after the following manner :

BENEDICTION OF THE HABIT, CLOAK, AND OF THE SCAPULARS.

P. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.

R. Qui fecit coelum et terram.

P. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.

R. Ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui trabeam nostrae mortalitatis induere dignatus es, obsecramus immensam tuae largitatis abundantiam ut hoc genus vestimentorum, quod sancti patres ad humilitatem cordis, contemptum mundi et candorem mentis significandum ferre saecerunt, ita bene * dicere digneris : ut hic famulus tuus qui eo usus fuerit, te Christum induere mereatur. R. Amen.

BENEDICTION OF THE LEATHER GIRDLE.

OREMUS.

Omnipotens sempiterne Deus, pius et misericors, qui peccatoribus pietatis tuae misericordiam quaerentibus, veniam et misericordiam tribuisti ; oramus immensam clementiam tuam, ut hanc corrigiam bene * dicere et sancti * ficare digneris : ut quicumque pro peccatis suis cinctus fuerit et misericordiam tuam imploraverit, veniam et indulgentiam tuae sanctae misericordiae consequatur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

BENEDICTION OF THE VEIL.

(For women only.)

OREMUS.

Bene * dic, quaesumus, Omnipotens Deus, velamen istud famulae tuae capiti imponendum : ut in ipsum bene * dictio tuae pietatis descendat : ut sit in ea sanitas, sanctitas, castitas, virtus, victoria, sanctimonia, humilitas, bonitas, mansuetudo, legis plenitudo et obedientia, ac Dei Patris, et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti perpetuo auxilio protegatur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum.

R. Amen.

BENEDICTION OF THE BEADS.

(It shall be handed to him by the Priests.)

OREMUS.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui discipulos tuos orare docuisti ; suscipe,

quaesumus, bene * dicendo orationes famuli tui, et eum aspirando praeveni, et adjuvando proseguere ; ut cuncta ejus oratio a Te semper incipiat et per Te coepta finiatur. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

Then shall be sprinkled with holy water first the Habits, and then the postulant. Then, those who assist shall take to the same each portion of the vestments, and at the same time the Father Director turning towards him shall say :

Exuat te Dominus veterem hominem cum actibus suis, qui secundum carnem natus est, renovare spiritu mentis tuae et induere novum hominem, qui secundum Deum creatus est in justitia et sanctitate veritatis : in Christo Jesu Domino nostro. R. Amen.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Adesto Domine, supplicationibus nostris ; ut famulum hunc bene * dicere digneris ; cui in tuo nomine habitum sanctae Religionis Virginis Mariae imponimus, a mundi impedimento vel saeculari desiderio defende : et concede ei in hoc sancto proposito devote persistere et remissione peccatorum percepta, ad electorum tuorum valeat pervenire consortium. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

When it is a question of vesting a brother the Director shall put the Habit upon his back, with the words :

Inmittat in te Dominus Sanctae Religionis amorem, ut sancto fervore succendaris et ardeas coelestium bonorum desiderio. Amen.

Afterwards, taking the girdle, and having turned toward the Altar he shall say :

Accinge, Domine Jesu Christe, lumbos mentis ejus, ut serviat Tibi in tabernaculo Tuo. Qui vivas et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

He shall give the girdle to whoever may assist in the vesting,

since, especially for the Sisters, she who assists has the special office of putting the vestments upon the postulant, and so, following ; meanwhile, the Priest shall say :

Accipe corrigiam super lumbos tuos ; ut sint lumbi tui praecincti in signum temperantiae et castitatis. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti.

R. Amen.

Delivering the Scapular, he shall say :

Tolle jugum Christi suave et onus ejus leve. In nomine Patris et * Fi lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Taking in his hand the white cloak and turning to the Altar, he shall add :

Mortifica, Domine Jesu Christe, famulum tuum ; ut vestimento humilitatis et salutis circumdetur. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

And in delivering the aforesaid cloak, he shall say :

Accipe chlamydem albam in signum puritatis et continentiae ; ut Deo servias in simplicitate et caritate. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Then shall he take the crown in his hands, and, turning toward the Altar, shall say :

Septies in die laudes dicat tibi, Domine Jesu Christe, ut mens ejus ad super coelestia erecta, tibi, qui es omnium in te credentium salus sempiterna, inhaereat. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum.

R. Amen.

Delivering it, he shall say :

Accipe signum orationum in manibus tuis, ut more contemplantium, contempta felicitate terrena, praesentem vitam habeas in patientia et in desiderio futurorum, cupiens dissolvi et esse cum Christo. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Afterward, taking the lighted candle and turning to the Altar, he shall say :

Domine Jesu Christe, qui illuminas omnem hominem venientem in hunc mundum, illustra faciem tuam

super famulum tuum : ut te verum lumen agnoscat et ardenti caritate te diligat. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

Delivering it to the Novice, male or female, he shall say :

Accipe candelam in manibus tuis, in signum supernae illustrationis et inflammatae caritatis. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Next, taking the veil, if it be a question of vesting a Sister, and turning toward the Altar, he shall say :

Averte, Domine Jesu Christe, et aperi oculos ancillae tuae, ne videat vanitatem, ut in corde suo veram vitam conspiciat et in omnibus actibus suis ardenti dilectione perquirat. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum. R. Amen.

Then, causing her to come nearer to the Altar, after she has kneeled, he shall add :

Veni Sponsa Christi, accipe coronam, quam tibi Dominus praeparavit in aeternum.

And, placing the white veil upon her head, he shall say :

Accipe velum candidum super caritatis et obedientiae. In nomine Patris et Fi * lii et Spiritus Sancti. R. Amen.

Then the Father Director, kneeling, shall intone the following hymn and shall follow it with the appended verses.

Hymn.

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita ;
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui diceris Paraclitus,
Altissimi donum Dei,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Digitus Paternae dexteræ,
Tu rite promissum Patris,

Accende lumen sensibus,
Sermone ditans guttura.
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te praevio,
Vitemus omne noxium,
Pre te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum,
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula.

R. Amen.

P. Kyrie eleison.

R. Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

P. Pater noster.

P. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

P. Emitte Spiritum tuum et creabuntur.

R. Et renovabis faciem terrae.

P. Nihil proficiat inimicus in eo.

R. Et filius iniquitatis non apponat nocere ei.

P. Ora pro eo, Sancta Dei Genetrix.

R. Ut dignus efficiatur promissionibus Christi.

P. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Deus, qui corda Fidelium Sancti Spiritus illustratione docuisti : da si in eodem Spiritu recta sapere et de eius semper consolatione gaudere.

Concede famulum tuum, quaesumus, Domine Deus, perpetua mentis et corporis sanitate gaudere et gloriosa Beatae Mariae semper Virginis intercessione, a praesente liberari tristitia et aeterna perfrui laetitia.

Adesto, Domine, supplicationibus nostris, et hunc famulum tuum quem in sancto Religionis flamine sociamus, perpetua tribue firmitate corroborari, ut perseveranti proposito in omni sanctitate tibi valeat famulari. Qui vivis et regnas

in saecula saeculorum.

R. Amen.

Having sprinkled him with Holy Water, the Priest shall add:

Et ego, auctoritate qua fungor et mihi concessa, te recipio ad nostram sanctum Religionem et investio ac participem te facio omnium nostri sacri Ordinis. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

Then shall be sung the hymn,

Maria Mater gratiae.

Meanwhile the Novice, having given the candle to the person assisting, shall advance and kiss the Altar, and afterwards the hand of the Father Director, saying to him, "Father, pray to God for me." Then shall he kiss each one of the Brothers, beginning with the eldest and saying, "Brother, pray to God for me." And that which is said here for the Brethren is also intended to apply to the Sisters, among themselves.

FORMS AND CEREMONIES

for the admission of Novices to the Profession

All things needful for the rite shall be made ready as on occasions of Receiving the Habit (see page 69), except that the Brothers will not find it needful to prepare the habit or long garment of brown cloth, since it is proper that they should be clad therein when they present themselves at the Altar.

The Novice (or the Sister) who is to profess, shall write his or her Profession on a sheet of paper, and if either know not how to write, it shall be written for them by another; but each shall, at least, add thereto a cross, made by his or her own hand.

The formula of the Profession runs as follows:

I, N.N., make my Profession and promise obedience and chastity to Almighty God, to the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, to the Most Reverend Father, Head and Prior General of the whole Order of the Most Holy Virgin Mary

of Mount Carmel, and to his successors, according to the Rule of the Third Order, until death.

The Father Director, vested in surplice and stole, shall begin in this manner:

P. What do you desire?

R. I ask for the mercy of God, and to make my Profession in the Third Order of the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

Then the Father Director shall make a brief address on the topic of the vows which the Novice is about to make, and shall conclude with this question:

P. Are you disposed to observe the Rule, and in a special way the two virtues concerning which you make promise to God?

R. Trusting in the mercy of God, in the intercession of the Virgin Mary and in the prayers of the Confraternity Brethren (or Sisters), I hope to become worthy of this holy state and to persevere therein unto the end.

Then he who is to make the profession, kneeling before the Director, shall take the paper containing it by its lower portion, leaving the upper part in the hands of the Director; and in a clear, distinct voice shall pronounce the words of profession three times over, in the mode above indicated.

After this, the Father Director shall rise to his feet and say:

Immola Deo sacrificium laudis.

And those present shall answer:

Et redde Altissimo vota tua.

He who has made the profession shall add:

Vota mea Domino reddam in conspectu populi ejus, in atriis Domus Domini.

Leaving the paper containing his profession in the hands of the Director, he shall return to his kneeling attitude; meanwhile the Priest shall say:

Deus, qui te incepit in nobis, ipse te perficiat. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Then he shall give his blessing to the newly professed, saying:

P. Dominus vobiscum.
R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Sempiternæ Deus et Omnipotens Pater, qui humanæ fragilitatis infirmitatem agnoscis, respice, quæsumus, super hunc famulum tuum, N., et largæ tuæ benedic-^{*} tionis abundantia imbecillitatem ejus corroborare digneris: ut promissa vota, quæ præveniendò aspirasti, per auxilium gratiæ tuæ, sancte, pie ac religiose vivendo, valeat vigilanter observare et observando vitam promereri sempiternam. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

Then, turning to the Altar, he shall bless the Habits and impose them anew, as at the Reception thereof (see page 70): only except, that if any Sister, with previous consent from her own Confessor, having been sufficiently proven and so of well-tested piety, be disposed to take the vow of chastity, not only according to her state present and future, — as set forth in Chapter V of the Rule, — but perpetually, without future change of state, he shall also bless a ring, as the sign of her perpetual consecration to Jesus Christ, who is the Spouse of Virgins. In such case, the ring shall be blessed immediately after the Blessing of the Veil; and it shall be placed on the finger of the Sister, thus professing during the repetition of the An-
thiphon, Veni, sponsa Christi.

BENEDICTION OF THE RING.

OREMUS.

Creator, Conservator et Salvator humani generis, Dator gratiæ spiritalis, benedic^{*} tionem tuam super anulum hunc immitte, ut quæ eum gestaverit coelesti virtute mun-
ita, fidem integram, spem firmam et caritatem perfectam teneat; sicut sponsa Christi votorum suorum proposita custodiat et castitate atque humilitate perpetua in finem usque vitæ perseveret. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. R. Amen.

Having completed the Vesting,

the Father Director, turning towards the person who has thus specially professed and holding his hand outstretched over her, shall say:

OREMUS.

Dominus Jesus Christus, Pater Misericordiarum et consolator peccatorum, qui dixit; nolo mortem peccatoris, sed magis ut convertatur et vivat; et qui non venit vocare justos, sed peccatores ad poenitentiam: Ipse sua ineffabili misericordia et solita pietate ad veram cordis contritionem te vocet et gratiam devotæ poenitentiae inspiret; ut digne habitum sanctæ Professionis gerere, et votum tuæ Professionis et promissa Sancti Ordinis valeas adimplere, ac in suo sancto servitio perseverare et cum electis ejus ad æterna gaudia feliciter pervenire. Qui cum Patre et Spiritu Sancto vivit et regnat Deus in sæcula sæculorum. R. Amen.

Moreover, it is to be observed that the hymn Veni Creator with its versicles is to be omitted and in its place shall be said the following hymn:

Hymn.

Te Deum laudamus; * Te Dominum confitemur.
Te æternum Patrem: * omnis terra veneratur.
Tibi omnes Angeli: * tibi coeli et universæ potestates.
Tibi Cherubim, et Seraphim: * incessabili voce proclamant.
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, * Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt coeli et terra: * majestatis gloriæ tuæ.
Te gloriosus * Apostolorum chorus.
Te Prophetarum * laudabilis numerus.
Te Martyrum candidatus: * laudat exercitus.
Te per orbem terrarum, * sancta confitetur ecclesia.
Patrem * immensæ majestatis.
Venerandum tuum verum, * et unicum Filium.
Sanctum quoque, * Paraclitum Spiritum.
Tu Rex gloriæ * Christe.

Tu Patris * sempiternus es Filius.

Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem : * non horruisti Virginis uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo : * aperuisti credentibus regna coelorum

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes : * in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis * esse venturus.

Te ergo, quaesumus, tuis famulis subveni : * quos pretioso Sanguine redemisti.

Aeterna fac cum Sanctis tuis, * in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine; * et benedic haereditati tuae.

Et rege eos, * et extolle illos usque in aeternum.

Per singulos dies, * benedicimus te.

Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum ; * et in saeculum saeculi.

Dignare Domine die isto, * sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine : * miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos : * quemadmodum speravimus in te.

In te, Domine, speravi : * non confundar in aeternum.

P. Salvum fac servum tuum.

R. Deus meus sperantem in te.

P. Domine exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

OREMUS.

Deus, cujus misericordiae non est numerus, et bonitatis infinitus est thesaurus : piissimae majestati tuae pro collatis donis gratias agimus, tuam semper clementiam exorantes ; ut qui petentibus postulata concedis, eosdem non deseris, ad praemia futura disponas.

The Rosary.

THE month of October, so beautiful in its many tinted foliages, so rich in the abundance of its fruits, has been devoted by His Holiness to Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary. In these modern times, in public and private, many doctrines are disseminated in which either the name of God is passed over in oblivion or even blasphemed, and many things are said every day against faith and morals, and moreover in many persons there has arisen a kind of weakness in their faith, which if not an entire falling away from the faith is to all practical purposes as if they had no faith,

Therefore our Holy Father Leo XIII., in his encyclical, offers us the remedy for these evil times. He tells us there is nothing more powerful than the duty of piously and perseveringly praying, especially if it be joined with a study and a practice of a Christian life, both which

things we can find most assuredly in the practice of the rosary of Our Blessed Lady.

The glorious St. Dominic laboured indefatigably for ten years against the Albigensian heretics. At last, seeing that all he had done seemed in vain, he betook himself to prayer to his divine Mother and in the woods of Toulouse with prayer and with severe acts of penance he begged the blessed Mother for assistance. After three days and nights the most glorious Virgin appeared to him and said to him :

"Thou knowest, beloved Son, what means God used in order to redeem the human race. The first thing was the salutation with which the angel Gabriel saluted me. Then followed the Birth and Life of Jesus Christ ; then His most bitter Passion and Death, and finally His glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and by these means the world was saved and the Gates of Heaven

opened. These mysteries of the Life and Suffering of Christ encircled with the angelical salutation and the Lord's Prayer are my Rosary. Proclaim this my Rosary to those who have fallen away, and this will be the beginning of their conversion."

St. Dominic, consoled with confidence, began his fight at the Cathedral of Toulouse. The church bell rang and the church was filled with people. St. Dominic spoke to the people of the Divine chastisement, to avoid which the safest means would be to use the Rosary, which he explained to them. The heretics who were present felt insulted that St. Dominic treated them as children, teaching them the Our Father and Hail Mary, and rushed out from the church, but a terrific thunder storm drove them back and they were forced to listen to the preacher, who speaking more powerfully and more feelingly, finally knelt down before the image of the Blessed Virgin. He said the Rosary and all those who prayed together with him received mysterious strength and those that were erring came back in great numbers to the church. The heavens cleared up and those devoted ones were filled with joy and formed the confraternity of the Holy Rosary and great wonders are related of the power of this prayer.

The feast of the Rosary was instituted by Pope St. Pius the Fifth in thanksgiving for the naval victory which the Christians gained over the Turks at Lepanto. Through the special assistance of Our Blessed Lady of the Rosary, many other victories too numerous to mention have been gained by means of the Holy Rosary, and if we consider the many Christians who have been blessed and the many fallen away ones who have been called to the grace of God by the means of this holy Rosary, well may the nations cry out, "Blessed art thou, Mary, Queen of Victories." Clement the Seventh says, "the devotion of the

Rosary is the salvation of Christians," and as Pope Adrian the Sixth says, "The Rosary scourges the devil." Therefore our Holy Father, whose voice is the voice of Peter, calls upon all the faithful to practice the devotion of the Rosary.

If we consider the Rosary in its oral prayers we find in it the Creed, the Our Father, and the Hail Mary, the most excellent of our prayers, and if during the recitation of these prayers we meditate on the joyful and sorrowful and glorious mysteries, we indeed pray as we ought to pray, and we must be improved in our life after we have considered the life of our Divine Saviour from the time of His Incarnation to His Ascension, and the life of our Blessed Mother up to the time of her glorious crowning in heaven.

The Rosary is a form of prayer most perfectly suited for the high and low, for the learned and ignorant, for the high contemplative and for the child who begins to lisp its prayers. In these days no Catholic will be so rash as to say that the Rosary is not the most excellent and proper prayer for him. The saints, the pious and the learned of the world have found in their Rosary their chief consolation and delight.

By the Rosary God is always glorified, for as often as we say the Rosary we make known the works of His Omnipotence. To relate the wonders and the works of God shows forth His power and greatness. Thus God's Might was glorified in the old law in the signs and wonders which He wrought on Pharaoh in Egypt and the people of Israel in the desert and in the promised land. Now this also happens through the Rosary, for it is a sign which reminds us of the mysteries of our religion and the power of God, and the works of the new creation, our redemption. The Rosary shows to us the love of God, who so loved the world that He gave up His only begotten Son for

our redemption. In the Rosary we consider what the Son of God suffered for us as we think of His bloody sweat, of His Scourging, His Crowning with thorns and His Crucifixion. In the Rosary we also consider the wonderful ways of God's wisdom in the choice of the Mother of Jesus—her unspotted virginity, her visit to her cousin Elizabeth in order to sanctify the precursor of Jesus, her Assumption into heaven and her glorious Crowning. We see God's wisdom when we consider that Jesus Christ was conceived and born of the Blessed Virgin Mary and that He was offered up and found in the temple by Her and through all the days of His sufferings even to the time of His ascension she was near to Jesus Christ.

By the Rosary Mary is honored, for in it we speak of the excellence of Her graces. "Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee, Holy Mary, Mother of God." We think of the Incarnation and the Birth of the Son of God without detriment to her virginity and her assumption and glory in heaven, and we praise her as holy and blessed among women; and all her other excellencies of which the Holy Scriptures speak. We consider the excellencies of her virtues, her purity, her fear of God, her motherly solicitude, her union with Christ, "The Lord is with thee" always was; her holiness we cry out: "Holy Mary." We consider the excellence of human nature, we call ourselves sinners whilst Mary alone is the only child of Adam without stain. We call upon her full of confidence to pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death.

Through the praying of the Rosary we receive the greatest blessings, for we see therein the great works of the goodness and wisdom of God. We see what great things God has worked, can work and will work if we are faithful. We see what we should be and what we are and thereby are spurred on to virtue. We learn humility and place

our trust in the Blessed Mother of Jesus as our intercessor with her Divine Son.

In this month of the Holy Rosary every Catholic in public and in private will pray the Rosary most devoutly every day and thereby ask our Blessed Mother to protect our Holy Father from all enemies of the Holy Church. For those who pray the Rosary, the Blessed Virgin will obtain every grace. If we offer up these spiritual roses, praying with our lips and raising our minds in prayer our Blessed Lady will be charmed by our prayers as she was when Gabriel saluted her, "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee."

SOME OF ST. TERESA'S SAYINGS.

By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

I.

"To suffer or to die."

When spent with sorrow or o'erwhelmed with pain,

Upon our cross in agony we lie,
Oft do we weep, and, weeping, oft complain :

"Give ear, O God ! Though grief and death were gain,

Let me not suffer, Lord, nor let me die !"

Not so the saint of love and brave desire—

Not so Teresa.—In the days gone by,

(Heroic rival of the Seraphs' choir!)

Oft 'mid her pains, she cried, with heart of fire :

"Oh, let me suffer, Lord, or let me die !"

II.

"He loves not !"

Once, in the saintly presence

Of Avila's sweet nun,

They spake of cruel Satan,

The dread, infernal one ;

Of all his bitter malice,

His snares, his treachery—

His rancor, cold and callous,

His base malignity ;

But while against the demon
 The speakers fierce inveighed—
 "Alas! poor wretch, he loves not!"
 Was all Teresa said.

III.

St. Teresa's Book-Mark.

"Let nothing disturb thee" — the
 peace of thy spirit
 Is something too sacred for care
 to destroy ;
 "Let nothing affright thee," save
 sin—if we fear it,
 Naught else can deprive us of
 grace or of joy.
 "All things are passing ;"—Time's
 stream never falters,
 Wealth, honors and pleasures, it
 sweeps with its tide ;
 "God never changes ;" He fails not
 nor alters,
 Though life's fairest dreams into
 ruin subside.
 "Patient endurance to all things attaineth ;"
 Who God possesseth, for nothing
 shall want ;"
 "Alone God sufficeth" — the soul
 where He reigneth
 Earth's joys cannot tempt, nor
 earth's miseries daunt.

ROSARY GEMS.

"Accept these autumn wreaths—our
 chaplets bright
 With crimson-yellow stained, like
 sunset skies.
 O star of morn, be still our star at
 night,
 And bless our failing years as
 thou didst bless their rise."
 —Rev. A. Ryan.

We have come to the Rosary
 month—"the autumnal May," as it
 is styled—and gladly lay our "Fifteen Saturdays" tribute at Mary's shrine.

Rosary Sunday is a triumphant
 feast instituted by Holy Church in
 thanksgiving for the memorable victory of Christian forces at Lepanto, October 7th, 1571, over the Turkish enemies of Holy Church. The holy Pope, Pius V., attributed this glor-

ious victory to our Lady's intercession. Again, this is also a floral feast, because of that beautiful custom in the Dominican Order of blessing roses in her honor. It is a restful one on the eve of this Holy Year, and is illumined with the radiant constellations of fifteen mysteries. May we not hope she will triumph over all obstacles to the fulfilment of our prayers, all enemies of our salvation? And will not the fragrance of Mary's virtue embalm us, and the guiding rays of her example light up evening shadows darkly falling round us? We venture to think no one can look back on Saturdays consecrated to this sweet Mother without feeling grateful for many choice graces and perhaps feeling urged to recommence in order that she may be crowned with the "glory and honor" of a living acknowledgement. Let us joyfully lay at Mary's shrine these precious chaplets, these rare gems, these flow'rets of exquisite beauty, and then indeed our heart-strings will vibrate in harmony with Holy Church, and even with the golden harp-strings of angels praising their Queen.

Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, inspire souls with gratitude for the past, devotedness in the present, trust for the future, and may all who have twined "Fifteen Saturdays" in thy honor hear at last thy sweet welcome, and the celestial invitation, "Come, receive the crown which God prepared for you from eternity."

—Enfant de Marie, St. Clare's.

During the late annual convention the headquarters of the Grand Council officers of the C.M.B.A. was the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls.

On the Feast of the Assumption many devotees of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel came to the Shrine of Our Lady at Niagara and were invested in the habit of our Third Order.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

On October the second we celebrate the Feast of the Holy Guardian Angels and during October all devout Christians will try to increase their devotion to the Holy Angels. It is another sign of the Fatherly solicitude of the Good God for us that He appoints for each of us a special angel to watch and take care of us. This heavenly spirit is ever at our side; he loves us and protects us. We should therefore be thankful to God for His kind providence in sending an angel to be our companion. Some of the saints ever saw their guardian angel near them. This angel hates the least sin or imperfection, and loves virtue, innocence, and works of penance. How we should love our angel, and feel our relationship to him, and remember we were created to live with the angels for ever and ever! How strong and courageous we should be in well-doing! How innocent in all our ways! We should try to lead angelic lives, and if we have sinned we should do penance all our life-time and thus give pleasure to the angels. This month is also devoted to Our Blessed Lady and she is the Queen of the Angels. The angels without doubt think very much of us, though we are so weak and so full of faults and since they salute Our Blessed Lady as their Queen, full of grace and all lovely and fair, and she is not only our Queen but also our Mother, the angels love us so much the more as being the children of their Queen. So we should love and reverence the angels and never do anything to offend them, and cry to our guardian angel, "Holy Angel, protect and help me," and also call on Mary, Queen of the Angels, to protect us. If our Lady prays for us, all her court, the angels and saints will also join their voices in harmony with their Queen.

On the first Sunday of October Holy Church celebrates the solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. We should redouble our fervor in reciting the Holy Rosary, enlarging our hearts and praying in union with the whole Church for the exaltation of the Holy Church, and that Our Lady may obtain from God the blessing that Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., may yet be preserved for many years as our Chief Pastor and Father to direct the whole Church.

On the second Sunday of October we celebrate the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin. Mary is the Mother of God and our Mother. "O Mary! show thyself a Mother to us."

On the third Sunday of the month we venerate the Purity of the Blessed Mother of God. "O Ever Virgin-Mother of Jesus, keep us ever pure and free from sin."

The Feast of St. Teresa, October 15, reminds us of the glorious Patriarch, St. Joseph. St. Teresa's love for St. Joseph has brought into Christian hearts a reverence and love and study of the great St. Joseph. He was the husband of Our Lady, the Foster-Father of Jesus, the Son of God; Glorious Joseph was a just man; he was a hard laborer, a manly man, a man of deep prayer. God committed to the care of St. Joseph the Holy One Jesus and His Divine Mother. Pray during October each day, and every day of your life, "St. Joseph, obtain for me a happy death like thine."

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York are paying their royal visit to Canada. The Royal Duke, the Crown Prince of the British Empire, surveys the vast territories of British America and all give him a royal welcome. Canada, gifted and blessed with immense territory, fer-

tile lands, virgin forests, unexplored mines filled with riches, greets the son of her King in her boundaries. May God grant that Canada prosper before the face of God and that the Royal Duke may ever be ruled by the Hand of the King of Kings.

The Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls has been forging ahead during the last season. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen have enjoyed their stay at the Hospice. People from all directions have been under the roof of our guest-house and much encouragement has been given us. The generosity and kindness of our many visitors have given us the hope that Our Blessed Lady's hand will see to the success of our work at Niagara Falls. The site of the Hospice is the most perfect at Niagara Falls. On the bluff, with pure fresh air, with pure, deep rock spring water, outside of the belt of the spray, the Hospice—a large, magnificent stone structure—opens its doors, during summer and winter, to our friends, that they may rest there, or if they wish, make there a retreat. Niagara Falls is beautiful at all times. During the fall months the weather and the scenery is proverbially beautiful. In winter with the ice-bridge and the beauties of fairy-like lace-work of the frost on all surrounding nature, the rainbow of the Falls is seen not only over the Falls, where it ever dwelleth in sunshine and moonshine, but even on every little twig and shrub it is reflected.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel is built in honor of Our Blessed Lady and we have instituted the Pious Union of Mt. Carmel at Niagara Falls, the object of which will be the erection of a shrine in honor of our Blessed Lady, so that the visitors to Niagara Falls may turn their wearied steps to the Hospice and at the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady worship Nature's God and honor our Blessed Lady of the Holy Scapular.

The whole world stands aghast at the murder of the late President Wm. McKinley. He was a man of unblemished private life. His death showed how he was revered and beloved by the American people. It is a great humiliation to the great American nation which has opened its doors to all peoples of the world and proclaimed that all men are brothers. It was not the death of Mr. McKinley that was sought by the abominable assassin so much as the attempt to destroy all lawful authority. All minds are thinking of the trend of the doctrines of the anarchist. "Free speech is a gem of liberty." So speak many. But has not the wicked tongue perverted thousands and caused destruction throughout the ages.

The murderer of Mr. McKinley was educated in our public schools; he grew up without religion and the fear of God; he imbibed false doctrines; he was not trained in his heart and in the practice of virtue, and his hands were steeped in the blood of the Chief Executive of a glorious nation.

Parents who neglect to correct their children are as bad as idolaters. Sentimentality, the fear of hurting and chastising, a maudlin fear of physical correction of children is a growth of atheism. "Spare the rod and you spoil the child." There is lacking a wholesome respect for authority. Parents suffer for their own omissions in the correct way of bringing up their children. For the wilful child, the criminal and culpable one, there is nothing so good as correction with severity moderated with reason and charity.

Mr. McKinley as a citizen and soldier of his country, as a kind, loving husband, as the beloved President of the United States, will always be remembered. His last farewell, "Good-bye to you, good-bye. This is God's way. His Will be done, not ours," gives us the keynote to our ears and hearts. Be we high or low, we must also die.

The general intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for October is "Christian Generosity." As followers of Christ we should imitate the lesson of generosity which His Sacred Heart teaches us. He was so generous that He could not do more for us than He has done; He has given everything to us and gives to us Himself in the Most Holy Sacrament. By our Christian generosity we prove ourselves to be genuine children of God and true children of the Holy Church. We should be generous in all our ways—in keeping the Commandments, in loving God and our neighbor for God's sake. Narrowness and stinginess in character is hateful to all men, and a narrow-minded, shallow-hearted, long-faced piety is not the spirit of our Saviour. Our heart should be large and generous when it is a question of work for God and our neighbor. Love is the fulfilment of the Law. Nowadays, when there is much blindness, so much false doctrine disseminated daily by the sensational papers, so much immorality, so many wicked devices spoken of and even whispered into the ear of our youth, when even the sanctity of our families is often threatened by the perverse whisperings and gossiping of the worldly and materialistic, as Christians it is our duty to be generous. Fathers and mothers should be generous in raising their families in the fear of the Lord and teaching their children to be generous in all things noble, teaching them to love God and Holy Things. If we love God and His Holy Church, we shall then be generous, for love is the mother of generosity.

A RULE OF DAILY LIFE.

A generous Christian should begin his day with God.

1. When we awake in the morning we should bless ourselves and say, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and soul." Then offer up all your thoughts, words

and actions of the day through the Immaculate Heart of Mary to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

2. Then kneel down and say, "O, My God, I adore Thee, I love Thee with all my heart. I thank Thee for all Thy blessings. I offer Thee all my thoughts, words and actions of the day."

3. Say three Hail Marys in honor of the purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. If you have time say the Our Father, Hail Mary, the Apostles' Creed, etc.

During the day work diligently and avoid all sin and occasions of sin. Remember, God is everywhere. Life is too short. In temptations, say "Jesus, Mary, help me."

At night retire at a seasonable hour. Examine your conscience, make an act of Contrition and acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, say three Hail Marys in honor of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin. Say any other prayers you wish, especially the Holy Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, and a little prayer to St. Joseph, the Patron of a Holy death. When you retire, think that some day, perhaps very soon, you must die. Kiss the Holy Scapular and say, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I commend my soul to you."

ST. TERESA—OCT. 15.

St. Teresa brings to our mind the thought of Prayer. She was the Saint of Prayer. She worked for years striving to pray perfectly and at last she lived in continuous prayer, contemplation and ecstasy with God. She shows how any one can pray properly, if he so wishes, and what a stringent obligation there is on all to pray and for those who are specially called to any perfect work, what an obligation on them to strive to pray perfectly.

St. Teresa tells us in "The Way of Perfection": "I say that it is very important—it is everything to have a strong and firm resolution not to stop till we arrive at the

living water (which is in true prayer.)" We are often told that "there are dangers ; that such a one was ruined thereby, and another was deceived, and such a one fell who prayed often," etc. If you tell me you may be speaking with God when you recite the "Our Father," and yet be thinking of the world, then I am silent." The Saint tells us first that we should think when we pray, to whom we speak, and who we are, and comport ourselves accordingly, when we pray. When for instance we say the "Our Father," we should join oral with mental prayer, keeping our minds fixed on God whilst with our lips we pray. If we would consider when we say the "Our Father," who is our Father, who is in Heaven, and what kind of children we are of our Heavenly Father—if we would thus in saying our prayers, e.g., in saying the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary," take our time and deeply place ourselves in God's presence and consider Him and the words we pray, we would then be making a beginning in the way of prayer. If we would resolutely pray in this style, and if we use a book of prayer and read a few lines of it at a time and place ourselves in the presence of God and speak to Him from the depths of our hearts, talking with Him about His greatness and our smallness, and at another time place before our minds the Passion of our Saviour, or taking our Rosary meditate slowly over the Divine mysteries, as we pray the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary," we would day by day advance in virtue. For either as our Saint says, "We would either give up our meditations and become worldly," or "give up meditation and one will not need the devil to take him to Hell," or keep to our meditation or mental prayer and we will be forced to leave sin and lead a perfect life. If we say the Holy Rosary, both mentally and orally, and always pray as St. Teresa did,

and faint not and we will gain the crown.

A QUESTION OF FIGURES.

A bit of a mathematical problem. How many Catholics will be in the world's census of 2000 A.D. ?

Here's the rate of progression for nineteen centuries, on the authority of a German Protestant statistician :

First century	500,000
Second century	2,000,000
Third century	5,000,000
Fourth century	10,000,000
Fifth century	15,000,000
Sixth century	20,000,000
Seventh century	25,000,000
Eighth century	40,000,000
Ninth century	48,000,000
Tenth century	56,000,000
Eleventh century	70,000,000
Twelfth century	80,000,000
Thirteenth century ...	85,000,000
Fourteenth century ...	90,000,000
Fifteenth century	100,000,000
Sixteenth century ...	125,000,000
Seventeenth century ...	175,000,000
Eighteenth century ...	250,000,000
Nineteenth century ...	315,000,000

What a procession of faith ! The table shows that in times of great persecution our holy religion has made the most progress. This proves that indeed "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christianity." Altogether, more than 1,500,000,000 have lived and died in the arms of holy mother church.

The census of the faithful in the year 2000 may swell the stupendous aggregate to the most inconceivable total of 2,000,000,000—two thousand millions of Catholics. — Church Progress of St. Louis.

Father Thomas Sherman, S.J., tells of a story of two non-Catholic gentlemen who were looking at the dome of St. Peter's. One read aloud the inscription that circles the dome translating slowly as he read from the Latin : " 'Tu es Petrus'—'thou art Peter,' " etc. Then continuing

" 'To thee will I give the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven, etc.' " When he had finished, he turned to his companion and remarked, "Why, it was to one man Christ was speaking ! Thou and thee ! How personal and direct it all is. Peter held the keys of heaven." The two men looked each other in the eyes and saw the flash of conviction reflected there. Both became Catholics and both attributed their conversion to the force of the text calmly conned from its most appropriate page, the dome of the world's cathedral.

The polished manners, the high-bred bearing so difficult of attainment,—all that goes to constitute a gentleman ; the carriage, grace, gestures, voice ; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy ; the talent of not offending, the generosity and forbearance — these qualities, some of them come by nature, some are found in any rank, some are the direct precept of Christianity.—Cardinal Newman.

Gotthold, a devout farmer, had accustomed himself to contemplate everything in a religious sense, and to compare the doings of nature with the doings of men, in order to draw wholesome lessons from everything that came under his notice. This becoming known, he was often sought out by persons who wished to profit by his study and meditation. Thus a friend one day told him that he had seen a hawk descend from the air for the purpose of stealing a fowl, and asked whether such an incident could suggest any good or useful thought. "Why not ?" rejoined Gotthold. "That bird is a figure of a worldly-minded man, who, while wearing an appearance of godliness, denies the power thereof. That bird soars aloft, and would seem to aim at heaven, while its sharp eyes are constantly turned towards the earth, watching for prey. Such are

all hypocrites. Their conversation is on sublime topics ; they go to church, and even approach the Sacraments ; they pray, read and sing, but their hearts are on the earth."

BOOK REVIEWS, ETC.

Catholic Home Annual for 1902. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 25 cents.

This charming and progressive annual, now in its 19th year, comes again in bright attire, replete with good things for its many admirers. Pretty and well-selected pictures, bright instructive stories, large and curious information on pertinent subjects, as heretofore, characterise its make-up. A new feature has been added in having prominent writers give short original stories. This will prove a boon to our largely increasing number of young writers in thus affording them correct models of pure English. It will also teach these aspirants to a pure style how to strike the salient fact in a brief essay — by no means an easy thing. Another point not to be overlooked is the catalogue of books of devotion and instruction and entertainment, many of which ought to be in every growing family. Yet it is the constant cry of pastors for years past that the Catholic home is ill-provided with proper literature to meet the wants of the times. We cheerfully recommend this little Annual to all our readers, hoping also that it will find its way into every Catholic home.

Special Introduction to the Study of the Old Testament, by Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S., Part I. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, 1901. Price \$1.50.

It would seem at first sight that a book like this should be put exclusively into the reviewing department of a magazine specially devoted to priests and seminarians. Time was when that would be the truth and the fact. But we have lit upon

happier times. Thanks to the summer schools, reading circles and the work of zealous priests in writing text books and primers, etc., the study of the Holy Scriptures has received a new and inspiring impetus, and everything tends to shew that it will be lasting. The many reasons why this study was passed over rather than neglected in the past decade by a large majority of English-speaking people, are now proverbial. The publication of such a work by Father Gigot, for general use from the wide-awake publishers that print it, proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the present century will witness a marked and steady increase in the knowledge—not merely superficial—of God's revealed word to mankind. And every Catholic good and true must hail that day.

To fully appreciate this work, a former work of the Rev. Father, "General Introduction," must be read and studied. We have no doubt that a large number of our readers already possess the work, of which this is a sequel. Procure this one, also. We are bound to know God here on earth. How can this be better done than by studying Him in His inspired works?

OBITUARY.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers Mrs. Alice Ryan, who died on June 8th, 1901, in the 79th year of her age, at Paterson, N.J.

Mrs. Margaret Duggan, who died July 3, 1901, at West Brighton, Staten Island.

Ven. Sr. M. Bernard Dinan, who died on September 20th, at Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto, Ont. fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the Church, in the 72nd year of her age, and in the 52nd of her religious life.

Mr. Patrick Hoban, aged 82, died Aug. 27th at Cincinnati, O. The de-

ceased was a good friend of ours and a subscriber to our Review. May he rest in peace.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr.—In the passing from earth of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the noted art critic, author and loyal Catholic, we lose from our midst one of our most devout and earnest converts. Born of real New England stock, and educated in New England schools, her life broadened, however, into wider sympathies, for in Philadelphia she received the light of the true faith, and in Chicago her later years were spent. A visit to Italy resulted in her remarkable work, "Pilgrims and Shrines," which ought to be in every cultured household, for it is singularly productive of a love for what is true and beautiful in art, history and religion. She has left behind her the memory of a holy life, built upon lofty ideals, vivified with the love of Christ, and sustained by daily union with her Lord in His Sacrament of Love. When the University of Notre Dame conferred upon her the Laetare medal, it performed not only a graceful but a praiseworthy act, for it thus did honor to a woman who had followed faithfully the guiding star of truth, and had, so far as in her lay, lifted up literature and art to their rightful place as handmaids of God and glorious ministers in His realms of divine and un fading loveliness.—The Sacred Heart Review.

ENROLLED IN THE SCAPULAR.

Scapular names received at Pittsburgh, Pa., Priory from New Coeln, Wis.; St. Martha's Ch., Martinsville, Wis.; Franciscan Fathers' Ch., Chicago, Ill.; St. Ferdinand's Ch., Ferdinand, Ind.; Immaculate Heart Ch., Pittsburg, Pa.; St. Francis Mission, Rosebud, S.D.; St. Bonaventura's Ch., Philadelphia, Pa.; New Brighton, Beaver Co., Pa.; St. Louis' Ch., Caladonia, Wis.; St. Louis, Mo.; Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa.; St. Jos-

eph's Ch., Braddock, Pa.; St. Mary's Ch., Cleveland, Ohio; St. Boniface Ch., Allegheny, Pa.; Guardian Angel Ch., Manistee, Mich.; St. Mark's Ch., Chicago, Ill.; St. Peter's Ch., Wulzburg, Ohio; Capuchin Convent, Appleton, Wis.; St. George Ch., Pittsburg, S.S.; St. Vincent's Ch., Kansas City, Mo.; All Saints' Ch., Bridesburg, Pa.

Names for registration received from Scipio, Kan.: Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.; Reveraux Vases, Mo.; Olpe, Kansas; Kansas City, Mo.; Ashton, Dane Co., Wis.; St. Dominic's Monastery, San Francisco, Cal.; St. Mary's Church, Kansas City, Mo.

Scapular names received at Falls View from: Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Paterson, N.J.; Thorold, Ont.; Ch. of St. Michael, St. Michaels, Alaska; Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Cal.; Georgetown, Minn.; Chicago, Ill.; Vincennes, Ind.; Trinity, Nfld.; Ch. of St. Francis of Assissi, Mildred Pa.; Ch. of Immaculate Conception, Seattle, Wash.; St. Ignatius Mission, St. Ignatius, Mont.; St. Brendans Ch., Bonavista Bay, Nfld.; LaSalle, Ill.; Mount Carmel, Ont.; Holy Cross Mission, Alaska; St. Basil's Novitiate, Deer Park, Ont.; St. Peter's Ch., Lewiston, N.Y.; Holy Angels' College, Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Francis Convent, Dubuque, Ia.; Grass Valley, Cal.; McHenry Ill.

Editor of Carmelite Review:

Kindly ask your readers to pray for the success of an examination.

A READER.

Niagara Falls.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 160 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.

LEGEND OF THE ROSE.

(For Children.)

I remember a quaint old legend,
(Will the children ask "Is it true?")

Which tells why this queen of
flow'rets

Is oft of a crimson hue.

She reigned 'midst the primal
beauty

Of Eden, in snowy bloom,

And the dawn of creation's morning
Was balmy with her perfume.

Alas! the dark cloudlets gathered
O'er souls who had lost their
grace,

And her delicate petals crimsoned
Like blushes on maiden-face.

But when, after lapse of ages,
The Life-Blood of Jesus flows,
How softly its glistening dew-drops
Are shed o'er the drooping rose.

Restoring her pristine fairness,
Like dawn after shady night,
She blooms for His Easter gladness
Arrayed in her robe of white.

Yet some, like the Wounds of Jesus,
Their petals of red retain.
We twine them through Mary's
chaplet

In mysteries of love and pain.*

May our hearts be like queenly rose-
buds,

Snow-white in their purity,

Yet, blushing at times with crim-
son

Through love, dearest Lord, for
Thee.

Yes! love and a deep compassion
For all Thy most bitter pain,
And then shall Thy glorious mys-
teries

Illumine our buds again.

—Enfant de Marie, St. Clare's.



The Queen and Saints of Carmel.

"Behold I and my children, whom the Lord hath given me for a sign, and for a wonder in Israel."—Isaias VIII.



Jesu, Save Us, We Pray.

O Thou who while we sleep, as while we vigil keep,
Dost shield us from all harm and hold us nigh
To Thine own bosom — to Thy Sacred Heart. O Love
Unutterable ! haste unto us from above
In sorrow's hour, lest fiends our feeble strength defy.
Jesu, Shepherd, Friend, aye, Brother, save us, Thy sheep !

Created for Thyself, in Thee alone we rest,
Our love is Thine, our hopes repose in Thee ;
Yet Earth doth draw us down. Made as we are of clay,
Our hearts seek idols here, our thoughts are far away
From Thee, our God, our End for all eternity.
Raise us, save us, merciful Redeemer, Jesu Blest !

Avert our eyes from vanity and tempters' wiles,
Let creatures ne'er Thy claim to us dispute,
Nor us exchange the purest gold for basest dross,
Or barter away our crown, purchased by Thy Cross.
Enriched with grace, may we "bring forth good fruit,"
And shun with all our strength whate'er the soul defiles.

And when the hour is come to leave this world of sin,
Be Thou, Jesu — our Spouse — at our right hand
To aid us, to defend us 'gainst the enemy
Who seek to weaken us, to wrest our souls from Thee.
The struggle o'er, O Master, guide us to that land
Where none but Thy beloved ones may enter in !

— (Very Rev.) Aloysius M. Blakely, C.P., V.G.

St. Paul, Minnesota, Sept. 28th, 1901.

Universality in Miniature.

By Rev. Stephen McDonald, O.C.

NOT to everyone is it given to travel abroad and witness in a thousand different lands, among a thousand different peoples, that divine characteristic of the Church, its Catholicity. Countless, indeed, are those to whom the world and its allurements has no further meaning than is represented by their country village with its church or two and general store; at most a town some twenty odd miles distant might be numbered among the allurements. They live, die, and go to heaven, without once attempting to form an estimate of the broad world that lies beyond their own limited sphere. True, the daily paper comes regularly from the city, and its elaborate accounts of "coups d'état," yachting flukes, and campaign planks, are duly read and wondered at, but they excite, not ideas, but crude fanciful guesses as to what might be the realities. The column of local intelligence in the town weekly filled with interesting accounts of "sojourns," measles and other pastimes indulged in by country people are of inestimably greater importance to them.

If one of these toured about this earth of ours and saw what it had to present in the manner of apparently irreconcilable differences, his astonishment would be beyond measure. Different climes, different notions, different governments, and different men would one after another present themselves to his view. He would recollect at once what he has heard of a universal empire, and would behold at once the utter emptiness of such a project.

And yet, such an empire exists; one whose laws are regarded in every portion of the earth, by every class of people. It is of course the

Church to which I refer. By this does she exhibit her divine origin, reconciling what seems hopelessly estranged. It alone of all institutions on this earth can induce harmony where all was discord. It gives its laws and its dogmas to all classes without distinction, and demands equal recognition from all. The ten commandments are never modified by her to suit the vicious proclivities of any race, nor is any dogma smoothed over in deference to sentiment. This universal unity is not a name merely, but it is a reality.

We have other human societies which are, or have been, wonderful in their extensiveness, often embracing several lands; but even a superficial investigation will at once reveal that there is absent a unity of motive, a unity of belief; their members unite only in a name.

To see and appreciate the Church's Catholicity in its full extent, one should know all the peoples of the world, and be acquainted with their ideas, their customs, and their language. But we can obtain at least a very good idea of this universality by a look at our own country, America. Here we have representatives of every land under the sun, and as they come to their adopted country, they bring with them the faith that came down to them through a hundred generations from the days when the Church's missionaries first brought them the happy message of redemption.

Even in a single one of our great cosmopolitan cities we can find this great characteristic of divine origin. Truly these great cities might be termed miniature pictures of universality. On account of the numberless nationalities represented in their population, they present the

very fittest soil for the fostering of revolution and anarchy. No human organization can reconcile their differences and hold them in unity. But the Church can and does. Concerning New York City, for instance, it has often been asserted, and with truth, that if it were not for the influence of Catholicity exercised through the clergy, not even martial law would hold the conflicting elements in check.

And the same can be safely said of the whole country. It is a great country—indeed, one of the greatest that the sun has ever shone on. Yet its own weight would draw it asunder were it not for the beneficent

and unifying influence of the fifteen millions of Catholic subjects.

We might adduce numberless facts in support of this; but let the reader consult his own memory. Let him recollect how often in his own time the Church's authority, as exercised through her prelate, has intervened and stamped out the fire of lawlessness ignited by bitter race hatred and hatred of capital. Adding fact to fact he will gradually realize that there is a universal empire and that it is one of the greatest factors in the preservation of the peace and integrity of his country.

The Rosary.

By V. Rev. A. M. Blakely, C.P., V.G.

O Sinless One! God's hands a garland twine
Of rarest flowers that our planet knows;
A wreath, composed of mysteries divine,
A crown, which with resplendent jewels glows:
For there we see the lowly violet—
The emblem of humility, which thou
Didst practice when unknown at Nazareth,
Thou didst thyself His handmaiden avow
Who placed the royal diadem on thy brow.
There, too, is found the lily—purity—
Renewed in thee, more lustrous than in Eve;
And angels gaze on thee in silent ecstasy,
As they thy answer to their King receive:
"Divine Motherhood I waive full readily
Should it take from me my virginity."
Again, we see the "Queen of Flow'rs"—the rose—
Reigning supreme among its sisters fair;
Its presence in thy matchless garland shows
Thy peerless love for God—for man—and there
The passion flower woven in we find,
To hold each lovely sister-flow'ret fast,
Its tendrils 'round them one and all are twined:
Fit emblem of thy woes and sorrows vast.
Ah, Maiden, Mother, Martyr, Virgin queen!
Share with thy loving children here below
The chalice of thy cruel suffering
That they with thee to Calvary may go.
And as bead after bead we slowly move
O! thy most sweet and holy rosary,
Grant that our souls, inflamed with God's own love,
May meditate with fruit each mystery!

—St. Paul, Minnesota, October 1st, 1901.

Establishment of The Carmelites

and Their Labors among the Indians in Tucker, Mississippi.

BY REV. AUGUSTINE BRECK.

ONE year and a half have passed away since we left our dear relations and friends in Holland,—one year and a half full of cares and hard labors. It was a hard time indeed, but not without happiness, and, I hasten to add, not without blessings from the good Lord, who evidently showed us His divine Providence. Our undertaking was the civilization and Christianizing of the Indians, a difficult task which Rev. B. J. Bekkers, after laboring fifteen years on the same field, left to us.

A complete history of our Indian Mission in Tucker from the very beginning up to the present time, however interesting perhaps to the readers of the Review, would be a work which I dare not undertake. This would begin with presenting a picture of Tucker with no Catholic Church and but one Catholic family, with some hundreds of uncivilized Indians who had no other worship than their tedious dances by night and their wild ball-plays by day.

The late Bishop of Natchez, Right Rev. F. Jansems, when travelling once through some counties of his wide-spread diocese, took an interest in the many Indians he saw living in the woods, forgotten by their white brethren, without any knowledge of their Creator and about their destination as human beings. The good bishop got so much interested in this poor and uncivilized people that he at once made the purpose of founding a Catholic Indian Mission. Money, as well as a zealous, self-sacrificing priest, were needed for the purpose. The bishop was looking for both in his native country, Holland, where he found charity furnishing money to start, and a priest of zeal and self-denial

in the person of Father Bekkers, who was willing to offer himself for the bishop's undertaking. The beginning was discouraging, indeed, as the Indians had but little confidence in that strange, black-clothed white man who made so many promises to them. Everybody in the diocese thought Father Bekkers' courage admirable; nobody, however, expected him to succeed. His Bishop only sympathizing with him. But Father Bekkers as the right man at the right place was not discouraged by the many disappointments he had to experience and to overcome. By his unshaken confidence in the assistance of the Almighty, and by his indefatigable zeal he overcame all obstacles, surprising his admirers by unexpected success. Let me only say that he built an Indian church in Tucker, Neshoba County, and one in Scott County; that he baptized about 800 Indians; that he by his love for the Indians—not neglecting the white people—saw his little white congregation, consisting of one family, increased to one hundred members; that he erected schools for Indian and for white children, both under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy. Such was his success that the zealous priest felt a heavy load on his shoulders. This and his age moved him to look for a successor in his undertaking, but a durable successor, one giving stability to his mission, viz., a religious order. Many years passed away before he succeeded in his endeavors to get what he was looking for, till he came in 1898 in Holland, where he found the Carmelite Fathers willing to take his place and his mission. Here begins our history. In October it was given out in our order that

an Indian mission in Mississippi State was accepted, and that three fathers and two brothers soon would be selected as the first missionaries. The news was unanimously received with the utmost pleasure. Anxiously was further news expected. Of course, each would know the names of the five selected. This came next month, when our Superior gave the following publication: "Will have to leave for Tucker, in the United States of America, in the State of Mississippi, in the County of Neshoba, to take charge of our newly-adopted mission among the Indians, the Rev. Fathers Augustine Breck as Superior, Herman Joseph Hamers, Leopold Wysbeck, and the Rev. Fathers Alexander Donkers and Lebuin Klunder, etc., etc."

What was it that made us so happy in hearing our names? We lived so peacefully with our brethren in the quiet monastery and its attractive surroundings, and now we had to go to an unknown wilderness. We lived in a pleasant sphere of activity, and now we had to change the labor that we understood and loved for the work among uncivilized people. We had to quit the customs whereby we were educated, and grown up. We had to leave the country where our dear parents are still living. We had to cross the sea, and to meet with many trials and privations. It was God who strengthened us, filling us with happiness in spite of all those trials that were awaiting us. We knew we could in the wilderness pray to the same good God who heard our prayers in our little cell. But short time was left for preparations, the 12th of January being fixed as the date of our departure. So we were in a hurry to say good-bye to our dear relations, which I think should always be done in a hurry to make easy such an uneasy work, to pack our trunks, etc., whilst for the first time I got a little experience of that heavy weight that is loaded upon the shoulders of

a poor superior. Afterwards we learned that we had been making haste for nothing. When we had everything in shape, and were ready our steamer had nothing in shape, and was far from being ready. We then concluded to postpone the day of departure to the 24th of the next month, and used our time to pick up a little of our new language. At last the long-wished-for day arrived. Early in the morning I celebrated a solemn High Mass with the assistance of the other missionaries, after which our vows were renewed. One hour later we bade adieu to our brethren, a moment that shall never be forgotten. Accompanied by our Superior we came by railway to Rotterdam, where the steamer was waiting for us. A loud scream of the steam-whistle, a warm hand-shaking with our Superior and some friends, a long waving with the handkerchiefs, a last view of our dear country, and we were for fourteen days abandoned to the dashing waves of the mighty ocean. There was joy in our hearts, there were said prayers of thanksgiving to our Lord when we had safely landed at New York, for our voyage had been a terrible one on account of heavy storms. Soon the misfortunes we suffered on the sea, and the dangers we happily had escaped on the broken steamer, were forgotten, and we enjoyed the fresh air of our new country. Many are the enjoyments of that great world city, of course, if you have plenty of time and plenty of money, but our time was limited, while our money was running short. We came not like tourists for curiosity, but as poor missionaries with very few English words in memory and a few dollars in the pocket. Thus we left New York as soon as we could for Meridian, Miss. Here we had the happiness of enjoying the most friendly hospitality from good Father Bekkers, who now has charge of a parish in this city. The meeting was as cordial and fraternal as it could be, whilst it was a

great relief to us to meet the first man on American soil speaking our language. We spent three days in the hospitable house of Father Bekkers whose kindness was a real temptation to make here our mansion. Then we knew the end of our voyage was the woods of Neshoba County, the uncivilized Indians in their miserable cabins, the poor church and still poorer priest-house in Tucker, forty miles from Meridian.

It is our intention to give from time to time in the Review a relation of our labor in the Mission. These pages will be an introduction to a description of what we found in Tucker, and what we did. May we meet some among the readers who are interested in our poor mission.

Tucker, Neshoba Co., Miss., Oct. 4, 1901.

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

By *Enfant de Marie*, St. Clare's.

ST. GERTRUDE.—First Friday, November, 1901.

STAR differeth from star in glory"; and in this dark wintry month, a beautiful star gleams in the kingdom of Jesus' Sacred Heart with unique brilliancy. She was, as it were, the morning-star that preceded its revelations in Paray le Monial, for to her it was revealed that this devotion would be more fully extended in latter ages of the church. It is difficult in this brief space to give even a slight idea of St. Gertrude's love for the Divine Heart. Jesus again and again manifested himself to her, exchanged His Heart for her own and at the last moment of life she was seen to spring (in spirit) towards this abyss of love, to be borne upwards to Heaven.

She saw the Sacred Heart under many forms of exquisite beauty, for instance as an Altar upon which sacrifices were offered, a thurible of fragrant incense, a harp whose tunes ravished the heavenly court, a lamp, a chalice, and many other mystic appearances. Her revelations and prayers are indeed treasures of holy thoughts and seraphic aspirations, and Fr. Faber calls her "the saint of praise and desire." How shall we imitate so sublime an

example? Which amongst all the wonderful virtues of St. Gertrude shall we select this month?

It seems to us that union with the intentions, prayers, desires, of the most sweet Heart, is very appropriate. Thus in prayer, Holy Mass especially, we might unite ourselves to its voice of loving intercession, thanksgiving, etc. In work, we might do all for Him "Omnia pro te Cor Jesu"—"All for thee, O Heart of Jesus!" In suffering we might unite ourselves to His Passion. We must not forget our dear dead this first Friday, for our glorious patroness had a most tender devotion to the poor souls, and so while emulating from afar her star-like example we will attract the Sacred Heart to our own souls, and open its treasures for the dear souls we intercede for "at rest" in the sleep of peace.

The Most Holy Sacrament is called "The Bread of Angels," not that they feed on its sweetness as we do, but they contemplate, love, and adore incessantly, this "hidden God" thus abased for love of men. We cannot come into the presence of Jesus without also coming near His Holy Angels; and St. John Chry-

sostom saw these Blessed Spirits attending at the Holy Sacrifice and making intercession. Many saints indeed have been favored with beautiful visions and revelations of them in connection with the Divine Heart so that we may confidently ask their aid when seeking its celestial treasures. We ought especially ask them to obtain that "the bread of Angels" may render us angelic in purity of heart, and also in the words of Holy Church, we may "unite our humble voices" with their glad canticles of adoration, praise and thanksgiving. How beautiful it is to anticipate the prayer of Heaven! No reparation there, no petition, no sighs from a "vale of tears" to our sweet Mother Mary, but the voice of praise shall resound eternally before "the crystal sea," and the virgins will sing as they "follow the Lamb," and the Immaculate Heart will magnify Him. Was it not perhaps his angelic purity, emulating these celestial intelligences that attuned the glorious soul of St. Thomas to such wondrous melodies as the "Lauda Sion," "Panga Lingua," etc.? O, how much glory we deprive the Sacred Heart of if we are wanting in the spirit of praise and thanksgiving. Was not Jesus pained when only one out of ten returned and gave glory to God for his cure? Let us glorify Him by "psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles," and this especially at Holy Mass and Communion, and may the blessed Angels praise Him with and for us, and intone new "Glorias" as they did of old in the star-lit skies of Bethlehem.

According to the Detroit Free Press in that journal's elaborate pen picture of the great celebration at the City of the Straits, the founder of that city, Cadillac, was educated by the Carmelites of France.

ALL SOULS.

The souls of our dear ones departed are speaking to us loudly in these days of November. We hear their plaintive, saintly voices calling on us to be merciful to them and assist them by our good works. All Souls' Day, and all of the month of November, tell us of those who have gone from us and have slept in the Lord. The truths of our Holy Religion are so consoling and we believe only a slight veil hides our departed ones from us and we can think of the souls in Purgatory and love them in our hearts and do what our hearts dictate to us, offering to them the refreshing draughts of our hearty prayers, our penances, applying to the poor souls many indulgences which we can so easily gain, and above all having offered the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the release of these souls from the purifying flames. The souls in Purgatory are blessed, beloved children of God, but God's justice holds them in bondage until they pay the last farthing. In eternity there is no longer room for merit but only for justice, and the poor souls cannot merit and help themselves in any way but only suffer. We can earn merit all the live day long on this earth and can offer up our merits for the dear souls. We lose nothing but rather gain a hundred-fold reward for our mercy and charity. The most devoted persons and the most Catholic show forth their true faith and love by their sincere devotion to the departed souls. We should remember that it is a privilege to ourselves to help the suffering souls and that God looked upon our favors done to them as "favor shown to Himself — because what you have done to the least of my brethren you have done to me."

May all the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

PRAYER TO THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN OF CARMEL.

To be Recited on the Day of Her Feast.

O glorious seed of the mighty Saints, Joachim and Anna, Mother of God, Flower of Carmel, our only glory and fairest ornament, prostrate at thy feet I offer thee infinite thanks, O noble Virgin, for having received me into thine Order and made me worthy of Thy holy Habit! For, being enrolled in the number of thy fortunate and chosen children, thou hast spread thy graces over me, to the advantage and salvation of my soul. I acknowledge that I have often insulted Thy Divine Son with my frequent sins, and thee also, most amiable Mother; that I have been ungrateful for the favor thou hast shown in numbering me among the wearers of thy holy scapular; and that I have not lived a truly devout life towards thee. I ask pardon, therefore, in all humility! I repent of my unfaithfulness and past neglects! I promise true amendment, forsaking all my sins, and especially such as displease thee! I will strive, in future, for more fervor in thy sweet service, more constancy in doing thee honor — holding aloof, especially, from the great danger of sullyng that holy purity so dear to thee—the love of which thou hast instilled into us not merely by promises, but by thine own example. Pardon me, therefore, again I pray, O Mother of Mercy! Obtain for me from thy Divine Son, my dear Redeemer, the perfect remission of my sins! Grant, moreover, that thy holy Habit may serve as a true pledge of thy love to me; that it may

become my defence in danger, an invincible shield against the Evil One, a safe guide to eternal salvation. May the result of this, thy loving protection, be such faithful service to thee, here below, that at last, in company with all those who have devoutly worn thy holy scapular, I may praise thee and bless thee, in Heaven above, for evermore. Amen.

Three Paters, Aves and Glorias.

ANOTHER PRAYER.

To be said after the Joyful Mysteries of
the Blessed Virgin, to be found
on Page 93.

O Mary, Virgin of Mount Carmel, sweetest Mother of God,—Queen of Angels, Advocate of sinners, Refuge of the Sorrowful—lend a pitying ear, O Virgin most glorious, to these our prayers, offered by Thy most humble servants! Oh grant, of thy grace, that we may be in the number of those whom thou dost love, whose names are written on thy virginal heart! Purify our souls, O Virgin Immaculate, from every sin! Drive out and keep away from us all that offends thy chaste eyes! Purge our minds from all affection for the vanities of earth and raise them to a love of things celestial and eternal. Make all this, O Blessed Virgin, the bent of our minds and our chief desire. Pray for us, Most Holy Virgin, now and ever, to thy dear Son:—both in the hour of death and at the Day of Judgment, when we must render account of our deeds — that through thy intercession we may be spared the pains of eternal fire. Forsake us not, O Blessed Virgin, since with strong affection we would now commend

to thy pity our souls and our bodies. Govern us and defend us from all the ills of this lower world, and from all its dangers. Deign to intercede for us with thy Divine Son that,—thanks to thy intercession,—He would pardon all those sins for which we beat our breasts, in penitential grief at having wronged such infinite goodness. Give us true faith, firm hope and ardent charity, with the grace of the Holy Spirit, which enables us to do God's holy will; and may he deign in mercy to guard this city from pestilence, famine and war, to save all our relatives and friends from mortal sin and to keep faithful Christians from all evil. We would also recommend to thee, O Virgin of Pity, the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Offer thine affectionate prayers for them, O Mary, to thy beloved Jesus, that, rising from expiatory flames and soaring to the skies, they may rejoice to all eternity in the glory of the Blessed, and ever pray for us on earth, poor, miserable sinners!

Amen.

SEPTENARY.

Of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mt. Carmel.

I.

O Mary, Mother Most Loving, Mother Most Blessed, who didst delight to honour us with thy holy Habit, appearing in wondrous guise and giving it to thy beloved son, Simon Stock—and through him to us all—we pray thee so to assist us, that we may wear it with that fruit of good living, which thou dost expect of us and which we ought to render unto thee.

Pater, Ave, etc.

II.

Thou hast given us thy holy Habit, O Sovereign Princess, as a livery whereby thy servants should be known; grant, we beseech thee, that we may never stain it by indulgence in evil passions, but ever honor it by our purity of living.

Pater, Ave, etc.

III.

O great Queen of Heaven, in giving us this noble livery, thou wert not content with owning us as thy servants, but, instead, hast deigned to call us sons: we implore thee, therefore, to entreat such

grace from Jesus in our behalf, that we may never disgrace thee, but certainly become to thee a joy and a crown.

Pater, Ave, etc.

IV.

O Mother of fair Love, as if it seemed to thee but a little thing to call us sons, thou hast not hesitated to distinguish us with the honorable title of well-beloved sons. We pray thee, of thy condescension, to exert all thine influence on high that we may be led to love thee,—and this in a way corresponding, as far as possible, to the singular requirements of thine own maternal love.

Pater, Ave, etc.

V.

With loving foresight, Most Admirable Mother, thou hast desired that thy holy Habit should cover the heart, to be its shield and defence; we beseech thee so to assist us, that our hearts may ever be closed to the Evil One, opening only to Jesus and to thee, His Mother.

Pater, Ave, etc.

VI.

Thou hast assured us, O most potent Advocate, that thy holy Habit, if we wear it worthily, will give us safety in dangers; we therefore pray that, through thy most effectual protection, we may be preserved from all bodily peril and from all spiritual dangers,—that we may never fall into any guilt which would make us odious in the sight of God.

Pater, Ave, etc.

VII.

Finally, thou hast given us the hope, O Mother of Mercy, that in case of our death in the devotion of thy holy Scapular and after our descent into Purgatory, thou wilt take upon thyself the task of aiding our souls and freeing them quickly from their sufferings. We beseech thee never to let us forsake this sweet and useful devotion—no, not for the shortest time!—but grant that, even unto death, we may persevere therein.

Pater, Ave, etc.

Antiphon. Sub tuum praesidium confugimus, Sancta Dei Genetrix; nostrae deprecationes ne despicias in necessitatibus nostris, sed a periculis cunctis libera nos semper, Virgo gloriosa et benedicta.

Afterwards may be recited the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, page 95.

P. Ora pro nobis, Mater et decor Carmeli.

R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

OREMUS.

Deus qui Beatissimae semper Virginis et Genetricis tuae Mariae singulari titulo Carmeli Ordinem decorasti : concede propitius, ut ejus commemorationem celebramus, ejus muniti praesidiis ad gaudia sempiterna pervenire mereamur.

FIVE MEDITATIONS

For the Clients of Saint Mary Magdalene de Pazzis.

To be recited every Friday, in honor of the Saint aforesaid.

In nomine Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

I.

Consider, Christian soul, how Mary Magdalene, enamored of the Passion of Jesus, our Lord, and desiring to suffer with her heavenly Bridegroom, was made on every Friday a worthy participant in His bitterest torments, which she endured with great gladness of heart. Congratulate this great Saint, therefore, and beg her to entreat the Lord, in thy behalf, for deeper devotion to His most holy Passion.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

II.

Consider, also, how this new Seraph of Love, beholding in an ecstasy the multitudinous transgressions whereby sinners offend God, was so grieved that she wept for three hours immoderately and incessantly ; yet, afterward, Jesus consoled her, espousing her as His beloved One, with a most precious ruby, taken from his side. Rejoice, then, with this happy Bride of Christ and ask her aid to obtain tears of penitence for thine own transgressions.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

III.

Consider how Jesus, wishing to proclaim His beloved Spouse a Queen, appeared in His glory and encircled her head with His own crown of thorns. Rejoice, then, with this Saint, thus rendered Queen of Sorrows, and invoke her assistance in all thy troubles, that thou

mayest bear them with resignation and joyfulness.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

IV.

Consider how this wondrous Queen, meditating upon the greatness of God and, in counterpoise, upon the ingratitude of sinners, and suffering most painful affliction in so doing—her Affianced, Jesus, grew so enamored of her that with His own hand He gave her His heart. Rejoice, then, with this Saint already transformed into Jesus, and ask her prayers in thy behalf, for thine own conformity to the Divine Will and for a total detachment from worldly affections.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

V.

Consider how this Mary Magdalene, being assailed by most fiery temptations to impurity, in the lake of the infernal lions, after severest penitences, fled for succor to Mary, the great Mother of God ; and how she was consoled by the Blessed Virgin in person, who, covering her with a veil of purest white, assured her that she should never again have similar temptation. Rejoice with the Saint, therefore, in her angelic purity,—praying her to assist thee in like fashion and bring thee off victorious over all temptations.

Pater, Ave and Gloria.

Hymn, Antiphon and prayer, as on page 98.

MODE OF RECITING THE HOLY ROSARY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

JOYFUL MYSTERIES,

To be recited Mondays and Thursdays.

I.

In this First Mystery let us contemplate how the Angel Gabriel announced to the Blessed Virgin that she was to conceive and bring forth a Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

II.

In the Second Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin, understanding that her cousin, Saint Elizabeth, had conceived, rose with haste and went to visit her, remaining three months with her in her house.

III.

In the Third Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin Mary, when the time of her delivery was come, brought forth our Redeemer, Christ Jesus, at midnight in the city of Bethlehem and laid Him, between two animals, in a manger.

IV.

In the Fourth Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin Mary, on the day of her Purification, presented Christ our Lord in the Temple, where the aged Simeon received Him into his arms.

V.

In the Fifth Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin Mary, having lost her beloved Son in Jerusalem, sought Him for the space of three days; and at length found Him, on the fourth day, in the Temple in the midst of the Doctors, disputing with them, He being then but twelve years old.

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES,

To be Recited Tuesdays and Fridays.

I.

In the First Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, at prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane, sweat great drops of blood.

II.

In the Second Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ was most cruelly scourged in Pilate's house and how innumerable stripes were given Him.

III.

In the Third Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ was crowned with sharpest thorns.

IV.

In the Fourth Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, being sentenced to die, Himself bore the wood of His Cross; this being laid on His shoulders for His greater torment and ignominy.

V.

In the Fifth Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ being come to Mount Calvary, was stripped of His clothes, and nailed to His Cross most harshly and cruelly, in the presence of His afflicted Mother.

GLORIOUS MYSTERIES,

To be Recited Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

I.

In the First Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, on the third day after His Passion and Death, rose again in glory and triumph, never more to die.

II.

In the Second Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, being seated at the right hand of the Father, sent the Holy Ghost upon His Apostles, who were all gathered together in Jerusalem, with the Blessed Virgin Mary.

III.

In the Third Mystery let us contemplate how our Lord Jesus Christ, being seated at the right hand of the Father, sent the Holy Ghost upon His Apostles, who were all gathered together in Jerusalem, with the Blessed Virgin Mary.

IV.

In the Fourth Mystery let us contemplate how the glorious Virgin, twelve years after the Resurrection of our Lord, passed out of this life and was assumed into Heaven by Him, accompanied by His holy Angels.

V.

In the Fifth and last Mystery let us contemplate how the Blessed Virgin was crowned by her Most Holy Son, as Queen of Heaven and Earth; and, beyond this, let us likewise contemplate the glory of All the Saints.

OREMUS.

Deus cujus Unigenitus per Vitam, Mortem et Resurrectionem suam, nobis salutis aeternae praemia comparavit; concede, quaesumus, ut haec mysteria sanctissimo beatae Mariae Virginis Rosario recolentes, et imitemur quod continent et quod promittunt, assequamur. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

PRAYER FOR THE SISTERS.

To be Recited Whenever Occasion Serves.

Respice, Domine, gregem istum, qui contempto mundo et concupiscentia carnis, sub ala tuae protectionis effugiens humiliter commoratur; atque devotas animas et tibi sponte servire volentes, tuae beatitudinis regno, velut apes argu-

mentosae, unquam accumulare recusant : et tam signo tuae invictissimae crucis protegas, quam interiori sancto habitu nostrae sanctae Religionis informes : ita ut fide ornatae, spe securae et caritate sint accensae. Fac eas, Domine, mundum et ea quae sunt in mundo despiciere : et quia Satanae militiae resignarunt, te solum sponsum suum et patrem veracissimum quaerentes, super eas rorem tuae bene * dictionis infundo : easque ab omnibus peccatis absolve, cor suum in tentationibus roborata, pariterque mentem a pravis desideriis aliena, ut ab illicitis concupiscentiis nudatae, nudam crucem sequantur, et velut altera Magdalena mundum fugientes et hic coelestis vitae participatione fruuntur, et in fine, quam nec oculus vidit, nec auris audivit, nec in cor hominis ascendit, una cum Sanctis tuis accipiant vitam sempiternam. Amen.

MODE OF SERVING MASS ACCORD- ING TO THE RITE OF CARMEL.

The servitor, having come to the Altar, shall make the genuflections or prostrations together with the Priest, and then, having placed the Missal upon the reading-desk, shall immediately take the ampollae, present them to the Priest, and, giving him the one containing water shall say : Benedicite. Afterwards, he shall replace the ampollae on the credence table and go to kneel down on the Gospel side of the Altar. He shall make the sign of the cross together with the Priest when the latter thus begins :

P. In Nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Amen. Confitemini Domino quoniam bonus.

R. Quoniam in saeculum misericordia ejus.

P. Confiteor Deo, etc.

R. Misereatur tui omnipotens Deus et dimittat tibi omnia peccata tua, liberet te ab omni malo, conservet et confirmet in omni opere bono et perducatur ad vitam aeternam.

P. Amen.

R. Confiteor Deo omnipotenti Beatae Mariae semper Virgini, Beato Patri nostro Eliae, omnibus Sanctis et tibi Pater (bowing his head to the Priest,) quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, locutione, opere, et omissione, mea culpa, (without

striking the breast). Ideo precor Beatum Mariam semper Virginem, Beatum Patrem nostrum Eliam, omnes sanctos et te Pater (bowing his head as before), orare pro me ad Dominum Jesum Christum.

P. Miseratur, etc.

R. Amen.

P. Indulgentiam, absolutionem, etc.

R. Amen.

P. Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini.

R. Qui fecit coelum et terram. (He shall lift the hem of the alb for the Priest, as he ascends the steps of the Altar.)

At the Kyrie.

The servitor, in alternation with the Priest, shall respond :

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.

At the Dominus vobiscum, he shall always make response, Et cum spiritu tuo, and at the close of every Oremus shall say, Amen. After the Epistle the response shall be, Deo gratias ; and the servitor shall then promptly betake himself to the Epistle side where the book is and be ready to remove it, after the Priest is done reading, to the other or Gospel side.

At the Gospel.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Sequentia, or, Initium S. Evangelii, etc.

R. Gloria tibi Domine.

At the close of the Gospel the Servitor responds, Laus tibi Christe. After the Gospel, if the Creed be said, he kneels ; if not, he goes quickly to the other side and responds to the Dominus vobiscum. After the Priest has said the Oremus, he proceeds to the credence table, and taking the ampolla holding water, together with the dish and towel, pours water on the Priest's fingers, presents him with the towel, takes the small bell and returns to his place again, kneeling down.

P. Orate Fratres.

R. Memor sit Dominus omnis sacrificii tui et holocaustum tuum pingue fiat. Tribuat tibi secundum cor tuum, et omne consilium tuum confirmet.

At the Preface.

P. Per omnia saecula saeculorum.

R. Amen.

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Sursum corda.

R. Habemus ad Dominum.

P. Gratias agamus Domino Deo nostro.

R. Dignum et justum est.

At the Sanctus he shall ring the little bell three times, and likewise, at the elevation of the Host and of the Chalice, at the same time lifting the hem of the chasuble.

At the Pater Noster.

P. Per omnia saecula, etc.

R. Amen.

At the close of the Pater noster, he shall respond :

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

After a little while the Priest says :

P. Per omnia saecula, etc.

R. Amen.

P. Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

At the proper time the servitor rises, takes the ampollae and puts the wine into the chalice, afterwards pouring wine and water on the fingers of the Priest.

Having done this, he restores the ampollae to their places and carries the Missal to the Epistle side of the Altar, making response to the prayers as given above ; after which the Priest shall say :

P. Dominus vobiscum.

R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

P. Ite Missa est, or, Benedicamus Domino.

R. Deo gratias.

If the Priest has left the Missal open, remove it to the other side for the last Gospel.

At the Benediction.

P. Benedictio Dei omnipotentis, Patris, etc.

R. Amen.

Afterwards, the Priest says the *Salve Regina* ; while the servitor, imitating the Priest, either stands or kneels ; after which the servitor makes response, *Ora pro nobis, sancta Dei Genitrix*. The Priest responds, then says the final *Oremus*, to which the response is *Amen*.

At the season of Easter, instead of the *Salve Regina*, the Priest shall say the *Regina coeli*, after which the servitor shall say, *Gaude et laetare Virgo Maria*. Later, at the close of the last Gospel, he responds, *Laus tibi Christe*.

The Scapular a Safeguard.

BY J. A. POST, S. J.

ALBERT and Duncan had been for a long time good Christian friends. Unfortunately Duncan fell into the hands of wicked companions, and it was not long before he changed his good ways. He cared no longer for a Christian life. He mocked, yes, even laughed at everything that had any appearance of religion or of Christian piety. After the lapse of many years when both Albert and Duncan had become fathers of a family, it happened, one morning in summer, that dark clouds gathered together in the sky, and soon a most severe thunderstorm arose. Duncan, at home as

he was with his wife, approached the window to view the danger. The next moment he saw his former friend Albert running in all haste towards the lake, where, as much as could be distinguished from afar, two persons were in danger of being drowned. "Look here," said Duncan, calling to his wife, "look, there is the pious Albert braving the danger." "He is all right," replied the wife in a sneering way ; "there is no danger for such a God-fearing man, a man who wears the scapular." Thus she spoke and then burst out into a kind of hellish laughter. "But I wonder," began

Duncan again, "I wonder who might be those children in danger of being drowned? Say, where are our two boys?" "A while ago," said the wife, growing pale, "they asked me to go to play near the lake." "Why, then, they might be our children," and like a madman Duncan ran out of the house. In a few minutes he was standing at the lake, and to his great distress he saw the imminent danger of his own children. Albert, who had been one of the first to witness the boys' misfortune, had by that time already started in a small boat to rescue, if possible, the little ones who were now most piteously crying for help on that very log on which they had been playing before. Duncan, a good swimmer as he was, and thinking that Albert could not possibly save both his children, tore off at once his clothes, threw himself in the water and made for the place of danger. Though it did not take him long to reach the spot, still at his arrival he found the two boys safe in the boat of Albert, whilst the latter had disappeared himself. "How glad I am, my children," cried Duncan, "to see you safe; let us hurry on, the storm is not over yet. I suppose that other man who came to save you is as good as lost. Even if I would swim after him, I don't think I could save him." By this time crowds of people had gathered around the lake, and wished good cheer to those on the water. Duncan, indeed, worked the oars as hard as he could, and he had almost reached the shore, when on a sudden a flash of lightning fell in the very midst of the little crew. Imagine the anxiety and care of the people on the shore. Whilst many hurried at once to offer, if necessary, a helping hand, others were called upon by a voice from the opposite side of the lake. It was the voice of Albert who had saved himself by means of the very log from which he had rescued Duncan's boys. What a joy then filled the hearts of the people,

when they saw that courageous man in safety on the shore. Hundreds of questions at once were put to him, how he succeeded in reaching the shore. But instead of any answer, Albert knelt down, looked up to heaven and said, "Thousands of thanks to thee, my dearest Mother in heaven, for thou hast shown me today that whosoever wears faithfully your scapular shall not die unprovided—" Here he stopped, his strength gave way, he felt altogether exhausted. He was brought home, and there, as soon as he was able to talk, he went on saying: "At the moment when I was putting the second boy of Duncan's in my little boat, I myself fell overboard and down into the very deep. Not knowing how to swim, I considered myself lost, but the next moment a ray of hope shone brightly through my heart. I remembered the words, the promise of the Virgin Mother of God, and I prayed thus: 'O Holy Mother, don't let me pass out of this world without receiving the last sacraments! Remember, dearest Mother, the promise you made your children who wear the scapular.' I had scarcely finished my prayer, when I felt within myself new strength and courage, and the next moment, I don't know how, I was again on the surface of the water and just near the log where I saved the two boys. Of course I took hold of it and in a short time I was driven to the shore. Once more, thousand thanks to our heavenly Queen. But say, tell me, how is Duncan and his boys? Are they safe?" "Albert," replied one of the bystanders, "be not disturbed if we tell you what happened. Duncan had come near the shore when lightning struck in the boat. One of the boys and the father are lost; the other boy is at home." "Great and just God in heaven," cried Albert, "what a terrible death. Duncan, may you have found in Jesus a merciful Judge!"

—J. A. Post, S.J.

NOVEMBER.

(Quatrain.)

J. William Fischer.

[N widow-weeds, she kneels at Earth's lone tomb—
Love's Queen—while night is weeping in despair,
And now Christ's stars peer through the heaven's gloom—
O wealth of souls sweet ransomed by her prayer !

Blessings of the Holy Scapular.

DURING the fall of the year 1873 a free-mason, who lived in the neighborhood of a Carmelite convent, was very sick. The sisters, knowing the deplorable state of the soul of this man, sent fervent prayers to heaven. The face of the sufferer was almost eaten up by a hideous cancer. He was brought to a hospital, where sisters nursed him. But even in the hospital he did not wish to hear anything about conversion. The Carmelite nuns sent him a Holy Scapular, which the sisters of the Hospital—unknown to the man—put under his pillow. A few days later, he being worse and very weak, the sisters put the Scapular on him. The following night he asked for a priest and made a good confession. Then he received communion. At the moment of his death he exclaimed, "Blessed be the merciful, for they will obtain mercy. Blessed be the good nuns, who, notwithstanding my hardness, did not cease to invoke divine mercy for me. They certainly will obtain mercy and I trust that for their sake the Lord will also have pity on me." After these words he died peacefully.

What a precious treasure is the Holy Scapular which the Mother of God brought us from heaven ! Let us thank God with St. Theresa who at the moment of her death exclaimed, "I thank Thee, O Lord, that you made me a daughter of the Holy Church."

At the beginning of the war between Prussia and Austria, in the year 1866, a great number of Cath-

olic soldiers took care to be invested with the Scapular. Once one of these soldiers, who stood between a Protestant and a Jew, was struck on the breast by three bullets, which, not even piercing his coat—far less entering his body—fell to his feet. After the battle the two comrades asked the man to what cause he ascribed his wonderful preservation. Without saying a word the Catholic soldier unbuttoned his coat and showed them the Scapular, telling them that those who are invested with it are under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin. The Jew, understanding nothing thought that the Scapular was a kind of a magical talisman and offered for it all the money he had at his disposal. The Protestant was shaken in his religious convictions—was touched by grace, and became a Catholic, though his family renounced him.

Some years ago the south of France was visited by great inundations. In a house twenty persons had sought shelter against the furious waves. The proprietor of the house distributed among all the Scapular, which was accepted by all excepting one woman, who considered this precaution as useless. Now the flood had reached the house, which soon—with a terrible crash—was swept away. All the people who had been in that house at the moment of the catastrophe were saved with the exception of one, and this was the very person who had refused to accept the Scapular.

Notes on a Trip to the Holy Land,

PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW

By VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,

Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

MOUNT CALVARY.

THE charm of the Basilica of the Resurrection lies in the fact that it encloses two incomparably sacred shrines which make it the center of Christian love and devotion throughout the world—namely Mount Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. It is of these most signal monuments of our Divine Saviour's Passion and Death that I promised to treat in my present letter; and I shall observe, by way of preamble, that, considering the many times Jerusalem itself has been destroyed since our Redeemer's coming (even of its once magnificent temple—as was predicted by Him—there is no longer as much as one stone upon another), and the implacable hatred of both Jew and Saracen for everything christian, it cannot be otherwise than miraculous that they have come down to our time in so perfect a state of preservation as is that which characterizes them among the several sites rendered glorious and sacred by the tragedy of Golgotha.

Originally Mount Calvary, which is interpreted the place of skulls, was the locality where only the most notorious criminals were executed,—those to whom lesser offences were imputed being put to death elsewhere as was St. Stephen. In the adorable designs of Almighty God it was on this horrible mound that His Divine Son—who, as St. Peter says (I. Ep., II. 24), “bore our sins in His body upon the tree” (that is the Cross)—was destined to die in the guise of a malefactor, surrounded by all that was infamous and laden with opprobrium. The pagan rulers of Rome, who, in

unconscious fulfilment of our Saviour's prophecy, subjugated Palestine to their sway forty years after this awful deicide, sought, by every artifice that diabolical astuteness could devise, to obliterate all traces of the great sacrifice which He offered upon this spot for the redemption of the world, vainly hoping meanwhile that His memory might perish therewith and His divine work be destroyed. But the very efforts they made to this end only served to defeat their purpose and to proclaim irrefutably for all time the identity of the “holy places,” and, in particular, of Mount Calvary and His Sepulchre.

About two hundred and ninety-four years after the Crucifixion, St. Helen caused the Temple of Jupiter, erected by the Emperor Hadrian on the summit of the former, to be thrown down, and she replaced it by a beautiful chapel. When, however, there was question later on of enclosing Mount Calvary and the tomb of our Lord in one grand structure, namely, the Basilica of Constantine, the holy empress had both these sacred localities so altered as to quite change their original appearance. Hence, all that is seen of Calvary today is an elevation fifteen feet square by twelve in height. This is overlaid with precious marbles and is reached by a double stairway of eighteen steps each. Moreover, it is roofed in, thus forming, as it were, a separate edifice in the basilica, and contains three altars, commemorative respectively of the Crucifixion, the planting of the Cross and the taking down of our Saviour's body therefrom. The

Franciscan Fathers have charge of the first and third mentioned altars. The second, which is on the site where Jesus expired, fell into the possession of the schismatic Greek clergy about the year 1512 through the favor of the then reigning sultan, which, it is well known, was not obtained without a substantial quid pro quo. Needless to say, they do not allow Catholic priests to officiate at it, though even these may share (as I had the happiness of doing) the privilege accorded all visitors at stated times namely, of venerating the spot on which the sacrifice of Calvary was consummated. To my dying day I cannot forget the emotions that stirred my soul as I prostrated myself on that ground in which was planted the "Tree of Life," whose precious fruit was man's redemption, or my joy at being permitted to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass upon that mount whereon the High Priest of the New Law, Christ Jesus, inaugurated it in a bloody manner, by immolating Himself upon the altar of the Cross.

Calvary, I may remark, was not a mountain originally, as some have erroneously supposed, but rather a knoll or mound formed by a great rock sparsely covered with soil. This rock was rent asunder by the awful earthquake which shook the globe on the first Good Friday; and the fissure which then cleft it in twain—and which, as if by a miracle, runs against instead of with the grain—is still visible through an open space in the marble covering already mentioned. A silver frame surrounds this aperture, into which the hand can be introduced with ease. Finally, on one side of the mount the continuation of the great cleft may be seen running the entire width of the rock and disappearing in the ground below.

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The receptacle in which the dead body of Jesus was laid is scarcely more than a minute's walk from

Mount Calvary, which accounts for its being under the roof of one and the same temple which covers the sacred eminence. In fact, the Gospel according to St. John says: "And there was in the place, where He was crucified, a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein no man had yet been laid. There, therefore, by reason of the Parasceve of the Jews, they laid Jesus, because the sepulchre was nigh at hand." And now I shall tell you of this august shrine somewhat more in detail than I had occasion to do in a former letter, reminding you beforehand that our Divine Redeemer, who said "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," (St. Matthew, VIII., 20), died as He had lived, that is to say, in poverty and want, without so much as a grave that He could call His own; for He was buried in the tomb of another, namely, in that of His faithful disciple, Joseph of Arimathea. This, as has already been said, was situated in a garden near the scene of our Lord's death, and consisted originally of two apartments hewn out of a rock and opening into one another—the first serving as a sort of ante-chamber to the second, which was the sepulchre that the disciple just mentioned had prepared for himself, but which, as we have seen, was occupied by the Author of life, dead for love of ungrateful man.

St. Helen, it may be said with regret, in her zeal to embellish this priceless treasure of the Christian world, caused the first and largest of these apartments to be removed, A.D. 326, and built over the thus isolated tomb a sumptuous chapel. This was demolished a long time after by the Persians and rebuilt by their queen, a Christian, wife of Chosroes the II., in the year 629. Twice again during the eleven hundred and seventy years that followed, were new chapels (or *aediculae*, as they have since been called) erected to replace those that perish-

ed within that period. The last of these constructions was effected in 1808, subsequent to a conflagration which greatly damaged the basilica itself. This time, however, the schismatic Greeks, by means of a large money-offering and the powerful influence of Russia, obtained from the Sublime Porte the privilege of enclosing the Holy Sepulchre thus dispossessing in a measure the Franciscans, notwithstanding the fact that their brethren had been in charge of it since 1230, having been appointed to that office by Pope Gregory IX. and confirmed in the same a little more than a century later by Clement VI. In this connection, it will not be out of place to mention that the Sultan Melek-el-Aschraf, who sanctioned the act of Gregory by a firman issued in 1215, quotes in that document no less than twelve of his predecessors who had shown exceptional favor to the sons of St. Francis and afforded them the royal protection. All of which goes to show that the present intruders at the tomb of Jesus have wrested it in a manner wholly unjustifiable from the Latin clergy, represented by these devoted religious, and in spite of the oft-renewed covenant between the Holy See and the Saracen rulers. The last aedicule—erected, be it said, under the Franciscan guardianship in 1555 and destroyed by the fire of which I made mention a little farther back—is reported to have been a masterpiece of art and refined taste, which is more than can be said of the tawdry and ungainly creation that now offends the eyes of visitors to the Redeemer's tomb. This is a structure of yellow marble whose walls, on the outside, are intersected by pilasters of red limestone—the effect of this combination being quite the opposite of pleasing. Its length is 26 1-2 feet; width and height, 16 1-2 feet each. The roof, which is flat, is surrounded by a heavy-looking balustrade of variegated marble, and is surrounded by a spheroid or balloon-shaped

cupola upheld by massive square pillars. The façade is adorned with four winding columns of white marble, as also by a bass relief of the same material and an oil painting—both representing the Resurrection.

As may be inferred from the external measurements I have given you, this aedicule is not of insignificant dimensions; nevertheless, standing as it does in the vast rotunda of the basilica, it is like a pigmy beside a giant. As regards its interior, it has but one chamber proper—the “Chapel of the Angel,” which serves as a vestibule to the tomb. Its inner walls, to which are attached alternately twelve semi-circular columns and as many half columns of similar form, are of white marble. From its ceiling hang fifteen large lamps of precious metal and exquisite workmanship, whose myriads of waxen tapers, fed by the purest olive oil, cast a delicate light upon the surroundings by night and by day. Five of these lamps are cared for by the Franciscans; the remainder by the divers schismatic bodies which inhabit the basilica.

I said that there is but one chamber proper in the aedicule. In other words, the rear portion of the edifice is but a false compartment, which is unseen from within, serving merely as a covering to the sepulchral vault. This though hollowed out of what was once a huge rock is in itself but a small cell, being only five feet nine inches long, by five feet five inches wide. Its walls, too, are overlaid with white marble, but are quite plain. Several paintings, richly framed, and a bass relief in silver temper this severity, however, and a marble pillar adorns each corner, though supporting nothing; for by an act of vandalism without parallel, the Greeks, when rebuilding the aedicule in 1808, removed the natural rock roof of the sepulchral chamber in order, they said, to afford an inlet for air, and a passage-way for the smoke constantly ascending from the forty-

three massive lamps of gold and silver which burn incessantly in the presence of our Saviour's grave. This ineffably holy receptacle is on the right as one enters the little cave-like cell just described. To give you an idea of it, I shall ask you to picture to yourself a couch hewn out of the solid rock, situate on the north side of the sepulchral chamber and looking east and west; its length being five feet three inches, its breadth two feet five, and its height one foot ten. The bed of the couch is not flat, but excavated, forming a species of trough. The entire sarcophagus is now covered with marble slabs, and mass is celebrated upon it daily—a portable wooden "mensa" being fitted over it at the required height for the celebration of the holy sacrifice. The Franciscan sacristan puts this in place only when priests of the Latin rite or of other rites in communion with Rome are about to celebrate,—which it fell to my lot to do on Friday, September 15th, octave of our Blessed Lady's Nativity—and removes as soon as they have finished; for the schismatic Greek, Armenian, Syrian and Coptic clergy who profess a claim equal, if not superior, to that of the Latins, arrange the sepulchre according to their respective rituals when preparing for their functions. It is indeed sad to think that these most precious monuments of our Saviour's Passion and Death—these inexpressibly holy shrines of Christendom—are in the hands of the infidel Turk; but to see them made the theatre of strife and contention by men invested with the priesthood, even though they represent sectaries who have long since left the one sheepfold of Jesus Christ, is painful and humiliating in the extreme. While our party was visiting the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, for instance, a case of this kind occurred under our very eyes—a troop of Turkish soldiers having been called into that sacred edifice by the guard on duty there to quell

an emente that had broken out between the members of the Greek clergy and a number of Armenian monks, neither side, I was almost glad to learn, being in communion with the Holy See. But to the credit of the Latin clergy, be it said, the Turks themselves are not slow to praise their reverent and pacific attitude under the most trying circumstances. Days would not suffice to tell all that the heroic and long-suffering children of St. Francis have had to encounter at the hands of their schismatic adversaries in this connection. A member of their little community housed in the hospice adjoining the basilica of the Holy Sepulchre said to me: "Father, matters are growing worse as time goes on; encroachments on our rights are constantly multiplying, and it is not difficult to see what the end will be if Providence does not soon intervene." I may add that the ever-increasing intrigues of schismatic Russia (more inimical, if possible, to Catholicity than the Mohammedans themselves); the apathy of Catholic France, her ally, under the present irreligious rulers by whom she is governed; the growing propagandism of Protestant Germany, coupled with the unstinted use of vast pecuniary resources placed at the disposal of sectarian associations for proselytism in the Holy Land, and, last but not least, the tendency of the Sublime Porte to seek an avenue of escape from the pressure brought to bear upon it from all these quarters by abandoning its protection of the Church and her institutions within its dominions, or at least by conniving at the infringements upon her secular prerogatives by her numerous adversaries—all this, I say, makes the future look dark for the triumph of truth and justice in that country which was evangelized by the Divine Founder of Christianity in person. Let us not doubt the issue of the impending struggle, however, but rather send up fervent petitions to God that it may come

speedily, consoling ourselves meanwhile with the assurance of Isaias: "Behold the hand of the Lord is not shortened that he cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear." (I.IX. 1.)

I have purposely dwelt in this and in some of my former letters on what may have seemed to you my first visit to the Basilica of the Resurrection and its shrines, for I wished to give you an uninterrupted account of all that I found specially interesting under its roof. Let me observe, however, that it was in reality during six subsequent visits I paid this great church that I acquainted myself with the greater part of what I have laid before you in connection with it. To conclude this portion of my "letters," I will sum up with the following reflection: Human hands and the vicissitudes of time have indeed changed the appearance of the spots consecrated by Christ's death and burial. Still, this very circumstance has served to render their memory imperishable, by repeatedly fixing the attention of the Faithful of all ages upon them, hereby establishing beyond the possibility of reasonable doubt their identity and their exact position. Moreover, an unbroken chain of tradition, recognized and conformed to by the principal religious bodies in the Christian world and even by Islam itself, has come down to our day from the time of the Apostles in regard to these sacred places, and neither the powers of darkness nor the efforts of infidelity—though great and unrelenting beyond expression—have been able to disprove its teachings. On the contrary, all such vain endeavors, like those of the emperor of pagan Rome, have brought confusion upon their authors and have proved once again the truth uttered by the Wise Man in the Book of Proverbs: "There is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord." (XXI. 30.) Finally, the prediction of Isaias in regard to the God-man

and the grave in which His blessed body was laid, namely, "Him the Gentiles shall beseech, and His sepulchre shall be glorious." (XI. 10.) has found its verification in none other than the tomb which from the time of His death until the present moment has been universally acknowledged as His; for, this tomb has never had a rival! What proof of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre, as we know it, could be more unanswerable and convincing than this? Aye, truly, "Him the Gentiles shall beseech, and His sepulchre shall be glorious." Won over by the sublimity of the faith of Christ, the "Gentiles," of whose race we are, have besought Him as their God for ages past, and have flocked to His grave in countless thousands from all parts of the world. Here they have adored their risen Lord and have glorified the tomb which afforded His body—ever united with the Divinity—an asylum in death, by surrounding it with all the magnificence that talent can devise or wealth bestow. From the days of Constantine the Great, his pious mother St. Helen and the victorious crusaders down to our time, no shrine in the world has been dearer to the followers of the Crucified. Gold, silver and precious stones have been lavished upon it. The rarest fabrics and most costly textures hang round about it, a mighty temple shelters it. But more priceless than all these "gifts of hands" are the tears of the innocent and the penitent which mingle there, as though they would wash out the marks of blood with which the sins of man have indelibly stained this holiest of tombs. May I not say to you, my dear cousin, and to all who read these my letters: Let us weep with them, as, in our turn, we plead for pardon, resolving meanwhile to glorify by a Christian life the merciful Redeemer whose death has robbed ours of its sting, and whose resurrection from the grave is to us the pledge of a blessed immortality.

(To be continued.)

True Education.

TO ask what the state of true education is, may seem an idle question, one that can be answered by pointing triumphantly to the large educational institutions that dot this fair land of ours. But no; such an answer is too superficial; it proves no more in respect of real education than did the gorgeous palaces of the Roman emperors prove in respect of morality, justice, and law. 'Tis not the fair face or comely form that bespeaks genius, 'tis the words that the tongue speaks that tell us of wisdom; words, deeds, results, are the cogent arguments for hidden knowledge. It is not the mere existence of seats of learning that gives unanswerable proof of the advancement of learning, it is what these seats teach, what they do, what they produce, that commands our attention and recognition. Unfortunately, the shadow too often has been taken for the substance; form and figure too often have been confounded with mind; the veriest means time and again has been vaunted as the desired end. As this has been the case in various other matters, so has it been the case in this question of education. Therefore, lest we flounder in the same slough in which so many others have been sinking, let us see wherein education precisely consists.

Education is the systematic and proportional development of the powers of man along their respective lines. It develops not only the mind but also the heart; man must be taught not only to know, but also to love. Separate these two things, and you separate man—an inseparable unity. It would be of little benefit to man to teach him what is good, and what is bad; what is beautiful, and what is unseemly, if he would not love the good and the beautiful, and shun the bad and the unseemly. To know

without appreciating what one knows, were to philosophize without loving the truth. We are led by education from the region of darkness and insensibility, to those of light and sensibility. As truth is one, so also is man. To educate him, one must take him as one finds him, and one finds him with a mind and a heart. When the child learns its catechism, it is taught to know and to love God; to know Him without loving Him were loss, not gain.

Education does not mean a development of man that is, in any way, prejudicial to sound morality. Detriment to morals, produced by any so-called education, would be a debasement of man, not an advancement. No one considers the deleterious use of anodynes as a cause of health, how much sooner it may allay, for the moment, most exquisite pains. Brilliant intellectual studies without sound training of the will may have an alluring momentary glamour; but, when the enchantment palls, the hidden desolation is exposed to view. No trainer would think of developing an athlete in one point only; a proportional development of all the muscles is required, else an abnormal condition would ensue, a condition entirely at variance with all views on physical development. Similarly, there must be a proportional development of the powers of man's soul, otherwise the issue shall be widely removed from the one desired.

That such is true education, the great Ruskin teaches. "Education" says he, "does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know, it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." Again, "Education is leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best of them." But as no man behaves differently from that which he has been accustomed

to; as no man is led to what is best unless by a change of heart; so, of necessity, the true development of man concerns these two inseparable things—mind and will. Great statesmen and generals have oft voiced this sentiment. "Educate men without religion," says Wellington, "and you make them but clever devils." Gladstone has said that a school where no religion was taught was no school.

Though this is thus potent, that education concerns the whole man, numbers of teachers and institutions are losing sight of this very fact. What do many of these seek? The true and lasting good of their pupils, or a specious show which brings them the greatest emoluments and the vainest of honors? Tawdry, tinsel and pomp, so often the veriest substance of gorgeous pageants, are also not infrequently the one reality in educational matters. What do many instructors care for the moral life of their pupils so only they are tolerably subservient whilst under instruction? No deep guiding principles of life are inculcated. As a result of this superficiality, learning of the flimsiest and tawdriest kind is the mental food of the pupil. What a good sterling teacher can do in this regard is proportional to the deleterious effects that can be produced by an unworthy one. The atmosphere of the schoolroom is pregnant with influences on the lives of the scholars. The seeds of a manly, upright, sincere conduct; of a self-respecting pride, and of an instinctive feeling of right and wrong, are sown within its precincts. If the teacher has not these qualities himself, he can never be expected to engender them in the minds of his pupils. Hence a conscientious teacher feels how heavy and serious his duty is; a thoughtless, shallow teacher never dreams of the far-reaching influence of his daily acts in the schoolroom, because such thoughts are too deep for him.

One virtue which, above all oth-

ers, should be instilled into the hearts of the young, is a sincere love for truth. To engender this virtue in the pupil, the teacher himself must have a life-long love for justice and truth. This is a necessity; without it, 'twere dumb show, mockery, to profess to teach a love for that truth which should permeate the soul of every true scholar. Yet facts—hard, dry facts—are constantly coming before us, and telling us of the lack of this ingenuous love for truth.

But last summer a professor (how sadly is this name abused!) in the University of Chicago openly said that lying was in some cases allowable! How Truth must have hid her face in sorrow at such an attack upon her immaculate and virginal integrity! Had some second-rate teacher propounded such a doctrine, she might have scorned him with proud disdain, but when a leading institution of the land—an institution which professes to lead men to higher and nobler ideals—places upon its rostrum such a teacher for the human race, there is evidently a detestable and baneful principle at work.

Anyone should think that, in this enlightened twentieth century, there should be some deep-rooted love for truth. But most painful examples of the contrary are, ever and anon, coming under notice. Now, if anyone should be a devotee of truth, it should be an historian. Such a one can never hope to disentangle the intricate maze of truth and falsehood which history is unless his guiding star is truth. Yet howsoever evident this is, there are, in this twentieth century, professors holding chairs to Clio who are wandering in a Cimmerian darkness, a thousand times more dense than that which enveloped the Egyptians of old. In the University of Chicago during the second week of October of this year, Professor —, noted for his bias against Catholicity, was treating of the period of the Reformation. Here his bigotry,

boasted by the grossest ignorance or the most villainous falsehood, broke forth in a false and scurvy tirade against the Catholic Church. The popes of that time were knaves, tricksters, hypocrites, who professed in their outward lives the direct opposite of their inner lives, who believed not the tenets of the Church of which they were the head; indulgences, pardons for sins, (!) were bought and sold. Such, in effect, is the substance of this jaundiced professor's harangue. The scholars drank in this baneful potion, and thus were swallowed the germs of the grossest and most detestable bigotry and falsehood, in the very halls of a great American university!

But such a monstrous and diabolical attack on Catholic principles was not allowed to pass unchallenged. In the class was a sterling Catholic girl, who grew more indignant and Catholic as the lesson progressed. When the professor had almost exhausted his supply of lies and falsehood, she rose, in open class, in the full confidence of the strength of her position. "What is the Catholic doctrine on Indulgences?" was the simple but telling question she asked the professor. The class was thunderstruck; the professor, dumfounded. He could not answer the question, because he did not know the answer. She then proceeded to tell him that he had recommended to the class seven works, not one of which was Catholic.

The professor afterwards apologized, saying it was a slip of the tongue. "No, sir, it was not, and for the future be careful of what you say," was the girl's firm response. A few such fearless scholars in the halls of prejudiced universities and schools would work untold good in the advancement of justice and truth. All honor to such courageous souls that dare to stand up for the right.

What a shame it is that such men as this bigoted sciolistic professor

are placed upon the chairs of American universities to be a light in the darkness to American youth! Is that loving truth? Is it consoling to think that America has such schools? The fewer such schools the better. It is high time that men would seek truth first of all. What will such training profit the character of youth? This land of ours must indeed groan under the weight of such debasement, as long as teachers worship not truth. O, ye Dark Ages! would that ye might shed some light on these Ages of Light!

A school from which the moral virtues are banished cannot be but a cesspool of evil. Better it were to remain in the densest of ignorance than to corrupt one's soul with falsehood and bigotry. A great burden is placed upon the shoulders of all concerned in the education of youth. Presidents, teachers, parents, pupils — all shall have to answer for their obligations in this regard.

Above all, parents must be careful in this regard if they value the souls of their little ones. It is the bounden duty of parents to choose schools where mental and moral discipline is in vogue. Yet they often send their children to a school where they think they can make their studies with the greatest eclat; brilliancy, not depth or morality, is the one desideratum; that gained, all gained; that lost, all lost. So, at least, is thought. Fond parents! How often are they undeceived in succeeding years, when the learning they so much coveted bears its bitter and noisome fruit! A one-sided training shall ever remain so, and from it can never be expected true and lasting results. Warped and distorted intellectually, in their early years, children can never be what they might have been — and this, simply because their parents were so thoughtless and vain.

"Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little

children tends towards the formation of character." Though begun at home and continued outside the parental influence, training must ever be under the supervision of parents. They must learn what the standard of a school is before they entrust their little ones to its care. Therefore they must be nice in their choice, else their hopes shall be dashed anon to the ground.

Youth is a time of hope. Prospects are bright; rebuffs, easily pardoned; disappointments, light; the horizon, clear. But the really serious, though youthful, student must not allow himself to be dazzled by appearances. Young man, young woman, you have a precious treasure in a frail vessel. Let nothing that can sully its brightness ever enchant your mind. Knowledge is a grand and noble goal, so only it be, not false, but true. Bow down before no vain display; respect the nobility of your soul. Seek a learning that will raise you above the mire in which so many wallow. Choose those teachers and schools which will feed your soul with grand Christian principles, and which have a moral condiment in all mental instruction. You may say, "I know my religion sufficiently well," but you are wrong—wrong in principle and in heart. In principle, because no man can know his duty to God too well, any more than he can love Him too much; in heart, because you have not that meek and humble spirit which loves to sit at our Saviour's feet even as Magdalen.

To teachers, parents and pupils we would say, in conclusion: Seek a true moral and mental development, not a warped and one-sided education; then, lovers of truth alone can find scholars, and the biassed and bigoted sciolist shall be no more. The Dark Ages may have been dark, but they had no longer or more noisome shadows than those which today cast a pall over our land. When the grand principles of the Catholic religion are under-

stood and received, we may hope for the removal of all this darkness and gloom.

May that Seat of Wisdom, who knew so well even whilst on earth what truth and virtue are, use her powerful intercession to hasten the dawning of that day when truth, justice and all virtues will reign in the hearts of teacher, parent, and scholar.

"C."

Chicago.

PROFANITY.

A repulsive feature of contemporary life is our reckless profanity. The vice is not confined to the "tough" element, but is indulged in by "respectable" people. The name of God is outraged by oaths and imprecations quite as a matter of course and without the excuse of anger or excitement. The sacred name of Jesus Christ is a byword, and the air is vocal with expletives which are not according to the second Commandment. Profanity is a sin, and profanity is ungentlemanly. One can understand why boys, who imagine that it is manly, indulge in it. One can understand how a man, under the influence of deep feeling, might now and then find ordinary language inadequate to the situation, though this rather palliates than excuses. But that a man in the regular intercourse of life should season discourse with oaths and curses is a strange and foul thing. The growth of Holy Name Societies throughout the country is an encouraging sign. It is a matter which ought to appeal to every sincerely Catholic man, this crusade against blasphemy. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that shall take the name of the Lord his God in vain."—The New World.

Rosary Gems.

We have already enumerated the indulgences attached to the devotion of "Fifteen Saturdays," and that all are applicable to the Holy Souls in Purgatory. Indeed, the wonderful indulgences with which our Lady's Rosary beads are enriched, especially when blessed by a *Dominican and used by a "Rosarian," (that is, one enrolled in the Confraternity) render it one of the most efficacious means for helping those captives of the King. From the fifteen mysteries of our Redemption, celestial dew ("ros") of grace falls softly to refresh and even extinguish their torturing pains, and when we say the chaplet for this end, "Eternal rest grant them, O God, and let perpetual light shine upon them," may be substituted for the "Glory be to the Father," etc.

It is a pious thought and may be pleasing for some souls when contemplating the virtues of Jesus and Mary in the mysteries, to offer them in atonement for those in Purgatory who have failed in humility, charity, etc., and are now satisfying Divine Justice.

We read of a holy nun, Rev. Mother Francisca, of the Holy Sacrament, who had a most tender devotion to, and compassion for, the poor souls, and recited daily the fifteen mysteries of the Holy Rosary, calling it "the distributor of alms." She was frequently visited by them, and her biographer tells us they would take her beads and kiss them respectfully as the instrument of their deliverance. Their various states of suffering filled this compassionate nun's heart with anguish but then she was inundated with joy at their deliverance and assisted in many ways by their gratitude.

Let us take example from this, and while some desire to lay beautiful wreaths on the lifeless forms of their dear departed, or twine

them round their tombs, we will offer unfading chaplets, and lay them in Mary's gentle hands, for she is Queen of those wide realms of suffering, "clement, loving, sweet," to soothe their pain, to plead for their release, and at last to show them Jesus, the Blessed Fruit of her womb.

"O turn to Jesus, Mother, turn

And call Him by His tenderest names.

Pray for the Holy Souls that burn
This hour amidst the cleansing flames." —Fr. Faber.

—Enfant de Marie of St. Clare's.

WHO MERITS TO BE CALLED A MODEL CHRISTIAN.

The recognized hall-mark of the exemplary Catholic is his frequent reception of the sacraments. Unfailing regularity in attending Holy Mass on Sundays and festivals of obligation, with at least habitual presence at Vespers, Benediction and other public religious services, may suffice to secure for one the reputation of a practical, as distinguished from a nominal, indifferent or lax Catholic; but the esteem entertained for the model Christian, for the man whose conduct is consistent with his beliefs, is never won save by those who, every few weeks, are seen approaching the tribunal of penance and the Holy Table. It matters not that less fervent neighbors may occasionally speak slightly of such a practice, that they flippantly disclaim any intention of "setting themselves up for saints," or that they sometimes essay a sarcastic fling at "devotees" and "old women" — at heart they pay the tribute of their homage to a habit whose excellence they recognize, although they lack the piety or the courage to adopt it. —Ave Maria.

Progress of the Catholic Church in Canada.

Is the Church making much progress in the Dominion? Let us look round about and see what are the signs thereof.

We will take the Province of Ontario as a fair test for our question, as it gives a good indication of all the others, with the exception of Quebec, which of course is almost entirely Catholic.

In Ontario only a few decades ago to be a Catholic meant belonging to a religion which was looked upon with contempt and dislike by the great majority of the population, for at that time they numbered but a very small section of the country, and bigotry was rampant everywhere.

Today that is happily all changed. Thanks to the mighty efforts of learned and saintly men like Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishops Power, Horan, Guigues, Farrel, Cleary, Charbonnel and Archbishops Lynch, Walsh, and the present venerated Archbishop O'Connor and many others who form a portion of that noble galaxy of men who have guided the destinies of the Church in Ontario, bigotry and prejudice are fast being swept away under the light of truth, and everywhere the Church is receiving the honor and praise which her virtues entitle her to. All over the land there are spread beautiful church edifices, colleges, seminaries, institutions for the sick and afflicted of every sort. Many of those institutions are famous throughout the whole continent. We have in St. Michael's College, Ottawa College, and Sand-

wich, halls of learning, both religious and scientific, which are a credit to Canada.

All over the province are priests and Christian brothers and sisters, devoting their whole efforts to the cause of religion and education. Nor have all these influences been at work in vain. There are growing up in Ontario a hardy, successful, and increasingly prosperous Catholic body of people, and while they do not include in their ranks a large number of the wealthiest class, yet it is true that every decade finds an increased number of them in good circumstances of life, and it cannot be denied that the number of very poor among them is rapidly decreasing.

Thus it will be seen that the Catholic people of the province comprise a large portion of that part of the community which is the most useful and contented part of every country. In numbers our people now form about one-half of the entire Dominion.

Of the other provinces much the same is true as of Ontario. Quebec, however, occupies a unique position being almost wholly Catholic, and therefore the history of the Church there is the history of the province itself.

As to the future of the Church in Canada, who can say that the prospects are not of the brightest? With their own system of schools and their own teachers they have every opportunity for advancement. Their representatives have some of the best positions in the highest councils of the land. Their hierarchy is composed of the most learned and zealous men. We have indeed every reason to look for even greater results in the future than have been effected in the past.

W. W.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

"CONVENTIONS OF TODAY."

The Episcopal Church in convention lately found that it could not form a canon against divorce and the remarriage of the divorced. Evidently wealthy members of that body have formed a trust of Episcopal Protestantism and its canons. Even had they formed any Episcopal laws, who could enforce them in regard to marriage? The feeling of the convention was in favor of affiliating other sects under a so-called spiritual oversight of the Episcopal bishops. Those who wished to break the law of God, like Herod did, would certainly be satisfied, for that purpose, with this oversight of the bishops. The English Church in America has no kingly head and no government to legislate for it and establish its tithes and stipends, and as such it forsooth would call itself American to please the plutocrat and Catholic to please the High Church members, and it yet remains English. Marriage is a Holy Sacrament instituted by Christ and the votes of the Episcopal convention may break down the reverence of its votaries for God's laws but cannot veto and render null the word of God, Who says: what God has joined together let no man put asunder.

Strange enough the Reformed Episcopal Church repudiates all the decisions of the Episcopal convention. This Reformed Church would punish and drive from its midst those who started the rumors that any compromise and any Episcopal oversight might be considered.

The latest Episcopal move of one of the clergymen of the High Church in Brooklyn, is to dress himself as a poor monk and in the streets preach the truth of the authority of the Church of Rome and the supreme power in the Church of Our Holy Father Leo XII. Let us hope that our separated brethren may join the

true fold and obey the one true Shepherd.

The Presbyterians are undermining their so-called fundamental dogmas. It is evident that they find their severe and stern beliefs do not satisfy the palate of moderns. Their conventions tell us how their ranks are broken into by doubt and infidelity.

Mormonism is rampant. We read daily of its progress throughout the land. Under lying deceit and ranting pretences, these wretches seek to bring the world back to paganism.

Many remedies are sought for the evils of the day. The public school system is robbing the land of all virtue. Even if the moral virtues were expounded and taught in these schools, this yet would only be a mental education. Surely the history of the world has shown that man left only to reason always goes astray. Politics and all systems and notions in pedagogics will never make children better and more moral and preserve their innocence. Only a living faith in the revealed word of God and an obedience to His commands as taught and proposed to us by Holy Church can educate our children.

If the individual is not properly trained in virtue what will become of the family? If the sanctity of the family is profaned what will become of the State? Legislation will never be a remedy, because if the people should become corrupt the legislature being of the people will also become corrupt. There are hundreds of thousands of divorced people and broken-up families in the country, and hundreds of thousands know little about the all-saving religion and even, if so, prefer to pan-

der to their passions. Where is there peace and calm in this ocean of striving passion? Only in Him Who calls out, "Come to me, all ye who are burdened and heavily laden and find refreshment for your souls." His Church, built upon the rock of Peter, the city of the mountain top, will alone give safe refuge and consolation to all and offer wine and oil for the wounds of society and the ills and wrecks of souls. Conventions are the rage of the day; and the City of the Church built upon the rock of Peter weathers all the storms. She sees the rising and the falling of nations and individuals; her infallible voice teaches all peoples and she alone explains to men the truth and shows her strength in drawing men to follow the truth. Her strength is in Christ, Who, as He promised, remains with the true Church to the end of ages.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO NIAGARA FALLS.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York with their suite on Oct. 13 visited Niagara Falls and paid a visit to Loretto Convent and spent some hours there being entertained by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, Vicar Gen. McCann and the Carmelite Fathers. The royal party was charmed with the Falls and pleased with the reception given them. The Duke and Duchess were in themselves a lesson against bigotry. They listened standing, while at their request the "Ave Maria" was sung for the third time by the students of Loretto. No one, however democratic in his views, could help admiring the simplicity of manner and bearing of the Duke and the womanly, winning, queenly ways of the Duchess. The royal party profusely thanked all concerned for the home-like way in which they were treated. The Duke expressed his admiration for the Hospice, at which he and his party had really intended to lodge during

their stay at the Falls, but other arrangements had been concluded before our Hospice was in consideration. October 13, the Feast of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin, was also the Feast of St. Edward the Confessor, an English king, and as the Duke walked by our Church, the Shrine of Our Blessed Lady, which was formerly called of St. Edward, one prayed that the son of Edward VII. might some day rule in the spirit of the good Edward the Confessor, when merry England was so happy in the Faith and so devoted to Our Lady as to be called "The Dowry of Mary."

CARMEL'S SAINTS.

On Nov. 14 we celebrate the feast of all the Carmelite Saints. As a great writer has said, "Count the stars and you will not yet be able to number the saints of Carmel." Millions for centuries have been affiliated with Carmel by wearing the Scapular and as lovers of the Scapular of Our Lady we should also show our love for the saints of Our Lady of Mount Carmel on Nov. 15, Feast of All Souls of the Carmelite Order, Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

November 15 is the Feast of All Souls of the Carmelite Order. Our Lady of Mount Carmel is also the Queen of Purgatory and her promises to those who wear the Scapular are the great consolation of her children. By the Sabbatine Indulgence Our Lady promises to deliver those who wear her scapular and fulfil the other conditions from the fire of Purgatory on the first Saturday after their death. Remember your departed who died wearing Mary's livery and love Our Blessed Lady and be grateful for her benefits and hopeful for her assuaging hand when you bid farewell to this world.

The General Intention of the League of the Sacred Heart for November is Christian Mercy—the

mercy which Our Divine Saviour taught us. "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy." Are we not well rewarded by doing our little acts of mercy by the assurance from the mouth of God Himself that if we are merciful we shall also obtain mercy? A kind, forgiving heart that pities and forgives the faults of others, wins the Loving Heart of Jesus. We can perform many acts of mercy every day both for the good of the body and soul of our neighbor. We can be merciful to our dear departed ones and remember them daily in our prayers, penances and good works. By showing mercy to our neighbor we shall prove ourselves most merciful to ourselves.

On Nov. 21 Our Lady's Presentation in the Temple recalls to us very forcibly our promises and vows to God. Ever should we be renewing our good purposes, offering ourselves with resolute spirit daily to God and to the pursuit of good work. We should renew our purpose as good children to be sincerely devout to Our Blessed Lady and imitate her life. Our resolutions are strengthened and beautified in execution by our true devotion to Mary, our Mother, who ever increased in beauty and merit before God. We should consecrate ourselves to Our Blessed Lady on her Feast Day.

THE PATRONESS OF MUSIC.

Nov. 22.—St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, was a saint young in years but old in the grace and wisdom of God. Our saint loved music and sang as the prophet king her hymns and canticles to God. Hers was a musical soul, filled with much beauty. We have the spirit of St. Cecilia's harmony in the Church of God. The Church, in her song of joy, of adoration and praise, in her hopeful requiems, in her hymns of exulting victory, speaks to us of the choirs above. Only the devout can

appreciate the charms of Our Mother the Church's song; their spirit alone can take in the depth of meaning and the height of sublimity of ecclesiastical prayer and song. May the spirit of the Virgin-Martyr Cecilia awake in the hearts of many cold, slumbering Christians a love for religious, orthodox music. As the Church alone can teach us how to pray properly so she alone can teach true religious harmony and melody.

THE MYSTIC DOCTOR.

Nov. 24.—St. John of the Cross, the great mystic Doctor, in his works has laid down the rules for souls aspiring to sanctification. Many souls have ascended so bravely up the heights of Carmel, led on by the grace of God. There is no fear of false mysticism and delusion to those souls who under their directors are led by the spirit of St. John of the Cross. His spirit of prayer, meditation and abnegation of self is so needful in these material days; it would be as a balm to unrestful souls, and it would bring down many blessings upon individuals and on societies. Perhaps we are astounded when we hear our Saint tell our Lord Who asked him once what He should give him, "O Lord, give me to be despised and condemned for Thee." However, it strengthens us poor, little spiritual fledglings to try to rise in spirit with the Saint whose ascent in the interior life was gigantic and sublime before God.

On November 2nd, All Souls' Day, we will start our Novena of Masses for the poor souls. Our friends will kindly send the names of their departed ones on time so they may participate in this Novena.

On Nov. 24th, the Feast of St. John of the Cross, the Very Rev. A. J. Kreidt, our Father Provincial, will celebrate at St. Cecilia's Priory, Englewood, N.J., his silver jubilee as priest. His venerable

mother, who had not the pleasure of assisting at her son's First Mass, looks forward with motherly devotion to see our Provincial celebrate his silver jubilee. This good mother wishes as a joy of her old days to assist at her son's jubilee mass, and, poor in health as she is, she wishes this as an occasion to praise God for His goodness in granting her heart's desire by calling her son to Carmel and to the priesthood. Now she will be satisfied and will pass her days in peace, having seen the great things the Lord hath done for her.

Father Kreidt was born in Newark, N.J., in May, 1854. He received his elementary schooling in St. Mary's Parochial School, Newark. The pastor of this church, Fr. Oswald Moosmueller, O.S.B., gave him his first Latin lessons. In 1865 our Father went to St. Vincent's College and remained there until 1869. In February, 1870, he entered the Carmelite novitiate in Cumberland, Md., and after his simple profession in 1871, he was sent to Paducah, Ky., and in the following year, 1872, to Rome. In November, 1873, at the time of the suppression of our monastery in Rome, he was sent to Holland to finish his theological course. He had received minor orders in Rome from Cardinal Patrizi, was ordained sub-deacon at Hertogenbosch in Holland, Deacon at Breda and on Nov. 19, 1876, he was ordained priest at Roemond, Holland, by the venerable old Bishop Paredis. After his First Mass, he was sent to France to assist in the foundation of a house of our Order in Montpelier, was appointed procurator of the new foundation and remained there until 1879, when the French Government suppressed the house and compelled us to disband. After a short stay in Rome, where he was employed as extraordinary Confessor during the Jubilee, Father Kreidt returned to America and preached his first English sermon in the cathedral of his native city on Trinity Sunday,

1879. Then he returned to Paducah, Ky., and remained there until the union of our houses took place the following year, when he was sent out on the missions by Very Rev. A. J. Smits, the first Commissary of our united province. For several years Fr. Kreidt was Superior and Professor of Philosophy and Theology at our seminary in New Baltimore, Pa., and then for a number of years Prior at Niagara Falls, and as such built the Hospice and started the Carmelite Review. In September, 1896, he was called to Rome as a titular Provincial to assist at the General Chapter. In September, 1900, he was elected Provincial for a second term and as Provincial besides attending to the Province, he has been active as the head of missionary bands, giving missions throughout the country.

As a token of her love, his mother will present Father Kreidt with a golden chalice on his jubilee day. His host of friends will remember him on his festal day, and we all shall pray that Our Lady of Mount Carmel will obtain for him that he may yet, full of merit and strong in body and soul, celebrate his Golden Jubilee. He has worked well with God's grace; may he increase in strength, virtue, and in everything good till the wreath of his Silver Jubilee may ripen into the golden fruit of his fiftieth anniversary in the Lord's Vineyard.

THE CARMELITE SCAPULAR.

According to a rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated July 3, 1901, the Holy Father has been graciously pleased to condone forgotten or neglected registration of members of the Confraternity up to the date mentioned. Enrolments which have taken place after that date must again be notified to a Carmelite monastery or convent, or a church where the confraternity is canonically erected.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SAINTS.

High above the thought of earthly things is the thought of the Saints of God. The Blessed rejoice and are glad in seeing God face to face. Even the best of us are more or less concerned about many things and the one thing necessary is often not apparently so necessary to our minds as it ought to be.

Looking at the sublimity of nature, especially around Niagara Falls, we are astounded at the works of God; we see His Power; we listen, and the thundering, rolling cataract speaks to us of Him Who is, and every rustling leaflet whispers to us His Love. The many hued rainbow, the playful colorings of the waters, the giant sweep of rapids, the wreathing of the snow-white spray heavenward, the golden, crimson, and kaleidoscopic coloring of the trees, the vivid evergreen and the lingering emerald of low shrub and clinging vine; all nature sings to us of the glory beyond the rosy horizon and the star-spangled blue vaults of the heavens; everything tells us of the glory which we see now only through a darkened glass, by Faith, tells us of the supernatural world.

It is sad that comparatively so few think of the great Hereafter. The Saints are enjoying their eternity of peace and joy. No trouble or sorrow can come nigh to them, for they have fought the good fight and now rest in God.

In Heaven millions and millions of Saints rejoice. They were like ourselves—men, women, youths and children; they were of all stations and positions in this life; they had infirmities, crosses and trials as we have, but now the night of sorrow is past and now this great multitude of blessed souls stands before the Throne of God "clothed with white robes and palms in their hands and they cry with a loud voice, saying, "Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb."

Their spirit yet lingers on this earth. The Church has the spirit of the Saints, for she is the mother of the Saints, and she wishes us to imbibe that spirit which is also her spirit. The Saints were like us; they had their troubles and crosses; many of them even committed great sins, but repented for them all their lives. They were the heroes of Christ and His Holy Church; they were never done with fighting. As is said, "Keeping ever at it, brings success." They were ever working courageously at the work of their salvation. They understood the risks at stake; the priceless value of their immortal souls; the eternal joys and eternal shame in store for them in future according to their work. The Saints were not dreamers, always intending to do much and spending their time only in false pretences of piety in a moping, morose dreamland. No, they were up and doing. They understood the all importance of saving their immortal soul and as good business men in their all-important work they laid up treasure for themselves in Heaven, where the moth eateth not and rust doth not consume. They were the wise men who built not their house on the sand but on the solid rock. They made no risk on their souls. They insured their future life with abundance of good work and labor for God and awaited bravely and perseveringly for the coming of the Lord, who coming as a thief unexpectedly in the night would reward them for the good use to which they put the talents committed to their care.

The Saints of God practised all the virtues. They avoided evil and did good. They allowed no loophole in the observances of the Commandments of God and His Church. All sin was avoided and the least venial sin was repented for as a great evil before God. The blessed were blessed because their virtue made them blessed. They were poor in spirit, they possessed things as if they did not possess them, because

they knew God gave and would take away as he lists. They were detached from the world, knowing that all things, riches, honors and glories of this earth pass away. They were pure in heart, therefore did they see God. Only to the pure of heart is it given to appreciate and to understand God and His ways. Purity of heart is the crystal through which only we can see the beauty of our Holy Religion and see the loveliness of virtue and the grandeur of the Saints, and we are thus drawn to God and to Holy Things. In one word, God lives in the pure heart and the heart that possesses God possesses all things. The Saints were humble and lowly in mind, knowing that all they had in body and soul belonged to God. In other words, they were truthful and gave to God His due. They were blessed in suffering persecution. Sufferings are the inheritance of the Saints. As St. Teresa often said, "To suffer or to die." She knew the true spirit.

All Christians, at times at least, look heavenward; they look in mind past through the twinkling stars to the restful peace beyond; they look in spirit beyond the fiery sun, back to the supernal light ineffable in Heaven. We boast that this is a practical age, an age of progress and enlightenment. Yet how dull and tardy to believe and slow to act when it is a question of eternity. The child at the use of reason is trained and taught by his surroundings, his spirit feeds on the spirit of the world, as if he were born only for this earth, as the cattle who browse in the meadow. The youth who should bend their necks to the sweet yoke of the Lord give their time to frivolities, worldliness, bending their energies only to worldly pursuits. Their warm hearts' blood does not incite them to rush along the narrow path that leads to Heaven; their ideals and aspirations are of the earth. How often are men and women so intent on this world that their hearts ap-

pear to become more hardened and rocky as they grow older, as far as their future happiness is concerned. And what is the reason for all this? No one will doubt the greatness of the eternal prize; everyone admits that eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor the heart of man conceived what God hath in store for those who love and serve Him. The fact is, man is prone to evil from his youth; his mind is darkened, his will weakened. It is only supernatural grace that will give man vitality and energy and force in appreciating and working out the purpose of His Creation and enable him to attain his end, the possession of God. The ocean cannot be emptied with a spoon nor can man left to himself quaff the water of life or do anything for Heaven. Grace made the Saints, but they co-operated with grace and thus merited their reward. If men would spend in the right way one hour of the twenty-four in the fervent practise of prayer and works of penance—seven hours a week, seven hours out of 168 hours—in downright serious consideration of heavenly things, what a change would take place in this world. But the misfortune is that many men do not spend seven minutes or seven seconds out of 777 hours, as they ought to, in serious consideration. With desolation is the whole earth desolate, because no one thinketh in his heart. We often think of the cities of the plains,—the salty Black Sea shows where once were these rich, populous cities, the stench of whose sins ascended heavenward, and brought down the fire and brimstone. We read about the destruction of Jerusalem; not a stone remained upon a stone. We have seen wrecks and conflagrations. The soul of a man who thinks not in his prayers is a black sea of sadness, a wreck of virtue, a conflagration of passion, and no wonder he works not for Heaven as the Saints did.

On "All Saints' Day" we think of

our Divine Redeemer, His Blessed Mother, all the Angels and the Saints, and we would wish to be some day there in Heaven with the Blessed. Do we remember that some dwelling is being prepared in Heaven for each one of us, if we are faithful? The heir of a king knows if he lives he will yet be king. Why do we not know we are sons of our Heavenly King and heirs of Heaven and as such will most certainly be crowned if we live in His grace. When shall we be called? Why, at any time. Shall we be like the wise or the foolish virgins? This depends on ourselves. God is so good; He puts up with so much of our littleness and our waywardness. He surely loves us dearly. Our dear Saviour is all heart towards us and we can hear His complaint. O, ye of little faith, Heaven is yours for the asking—eternal joys will be the reward for a good life. The pure of heart, the meek and humble hearted, gain everything. There is no Heaven and do penance. Only those that use violence will carry away the Kingdom of Heaven. Those strong—en for those that will not persevere hearted, courageous souls that stop dreaming and theorizing and set to work with stout hearts and determined purpose and persevere in prayer, in purity of heart and the practise of virtue shall gain the end. Only he who perseveres to the end shall be crowned.

OBITUARY.

We humbly ask the prayers of our readers for the happy repose of the souls of

Mr. Patrick Ryan, who died on the 27th of August, at Cincinnati, Ohio, in the 82nd year of his age.

James J. Callanan, who died at St. Johns, Nfld.

Sister M. Ursula Dougherty, who died at the Convent of St. Joseph, Toronto, Ont., in the 43rd year of her age, and the 22nd of her religious life, fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the Church.

Catherine L. Robinson, who departed this life on September 5th, 1901, at Buffalo, N.Y.

Thomas McGuane, who died at Niagara Falls, N.Y., on Oct 16th, 1901.

The following beautiful letter tells us of the death of a brave and noble young man, the son of Mrs. Francis H. Sheppard. He was brave and fearless and yet was a most devout Catholic and at all times wore his Scapular and the last thing he asked his young wife to do for him on leaving her was to make covers for his Scapular. We offer sincere sympathy to his mother and poor wife and pray that God through Our Blessed Lady's intercession may grant him eternal rest. The letter is addressed to his bereaved wife as follows:

Charity Hospital, State of
Louisiana.

New Orleans, June 15, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Gonzalez:

I have delayed answering your dear letter much longer than I would wish, yet I know you do not blame me for it. Yes, we sympathize most sincerely with you in your great sorrow, and only wish it had been in your power to save the life of your dear one. Yet even in his death there has been comfort to us, and we are sure to you also, for it was one of those cases of visibly miraculous protection we sometimes witness as a reward of a good life, or of some other praiseworthy deed. The accident, as it happened, left no possibility of an after-breath, but to the astonishment of all who saw him, he was alive and perfectly conscious, thanking the young doctors who waited on him and assuring them that he could not live. The ambulance arrived here just as Father was coming to say his morning mass. He came to meet the poor, dear sufferer who recognized him with perfect consciousness but could not express it. Father gave him conditional absolution, and almost immediately

he breathed his last, apparently without struggle or agony. All present wondered, but on discovering his scapular around his neck we understood all, and so will you, my dear Mrs. Gonzalez. You certainly have much to be grateful for. Have some masses said for the repose of his poor soul and beg Our Blessed Mother, who was so mindful of him in that dread hour of trial, to be his intercessor now with Her divine Son.

With kindest wishes and sympathy, I remain,

Very respectfully,

SISTER AGNES.

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

Reverend Sir,—

Kindly accept the small offering herein contained, that I promised Our Blessed Lady to make to your institution if she would restore to me my health. I am happy to confess that she has been pleased to grant me my request. I wish you would please insert this in your magazine, out of honor to Our Blessed Lady, and thereby confer a favor on me.

M. C.

New York.

I was greatly troubled with a pain in my side. I had recourse to St. Anthony and promised a mass in his honor and publication in the Carmelite Review, if I would be cured. I feel now that I have been cured, as I have not felt any pain for quite a long time. I also had recourse to him for success in a law-suit and promised a mass and publication in the Carmelite Review. The law-suit was a great success, so now in thanksgiving I would like to have the two favors published in next month's Review.

M. W.

WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Dear Fathers,—

Enclosed please find four dollars in payment for the Carmelite Review for the two past years and for the two coming ones. I am very grateful to you for sending me your magazine so regularly every month, as I would not be without it, if possible. I wish it success, and may its years be many.

M. M. C.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Reverend Sirs,—

Enclosed you will find money order for one dollar in payment for my subscription to the Review. Always continue sending it to me, even if I am not prompt in paying for it, for I would feel lonesome without it.

MRS. H. B.

Names have been received at Falls View for registration from Slatersville, R.I.; St. Catharines Church, Columbia City, Ind.; St. Leo's Military College, St. Leo, Fla.; O. S. Mission, Ont.; St. James Ch., Rockford, Ill.; Great Barrington, Mass.; St. Agnes Ch., Halifax, N. S.; St. Malachy's Ch., St. Louis, Mo.; Morgan, Minn.; Sarnia, Ont.; St. Joseph's Ch., Johnstown, O.; North Sydney, C. B.; Williamstown, Ont.; Feehanville, Ill.; Johnville, N.B.

Falls View.

Falls View station on the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is located on the Canadian bank of the river, about 100 feet above and overlooking the Horseshoe Falls. The Upper Rapids, Goat Island, the Three Sister Islands, the American Falls and the Gorge, below, seen to the best advantage from this point, at which all day trains stop from five to ten minutes, affording passengers a most comprehensive and satisfactory view of the Great Cataract and surroundings. Falls View is in the immediate vicinity of the Hospice of the Carmelite Fathers and Loretto Convent, and this station is used by visitors to these institutions.



The Divine Child and Mother.



The Lesson of the Dying Lamp.

(Sister Therese Martin, Carmelite of France, died in her Convent in 1898, at the age of twenty-five, after ten saintly years of religious life. The incident embodied in the following verses is narrated by this gifted young nun (in prose) in her exquisite autobiography—an English translation of which, "A Little Flower of Jesus," has recently been published.)

I WATCHED a little lamp whose flick'ring flame
Told of a light that shortly must expire ;
When, lo! an aged nun approaching came,
And touched her taper to its dying fire.

Then, up and down the choir, our Sister went,
And with her candle kindled all the rest,
Till ev'ry nun with burning taper bent,
Before the Sacrament adored and blest.

Deep in my soul, I said : "Where is the one
Who dares to glory in his own poor deeds?"
The whole world might be fired by this nun
With the small spark that from yon lamp proceeds.

"Oft do we fancy that rare grace and light
Have reached us from some new and brilliant source,
But, whence have these derived their lustre bright,
Whence, their converting grace — their fiery force ?

"Perhaps, ah ! me, 'twas from the fervent prayer
Of some poor little soul—abased, unknown,
Who claimed no shining virtues for its share,
But died, as it had lived, in God alone.

"What mysteries are these, one day to be
Revealed unto our spirit-eyes above !
Perchance I owe all graces granted me,
All the sweet favors of a God of love,

"To secret pleadings of some humble soul,
Some little faithful spirit hidden here,
Whom I shall only know beyond Death's goal,
Shall only meet in God's celestial sphere !"

—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land,

PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW

By VERY REV. ALOYSIUS M. BLAKELY, C. P.,
Vicar-General of Nicopolis, Bulgaria.

SEVERAL days were spent by our party in visiting Jerusalem itself under the guidance of Father Paul, O.S.F., a member of the Community of St. Saviour, who, for the time being, relieved our former cicerone, Frere Benoit. The profound acquaintance of this new leader with every portion of the Holy City, its numberless points of interest, and its past as well as modern history, sacred and profane, was a constant source of marvel to us. A perfect Hebrew, Greek and Latin scholar, a thorough archaeologist in the sense in which that term is commonly applied, it was no ordinary treat we enjoyed, in listening to his lucid explanations of ancient monuments and sacred sites. Indeed, so gifted was he, that his eloquent descriptions of the once grand structures amid whose ruins he addressed us seemed to cast a hypnotic spell over his wrapt hearers, and we found ourselves transported for the nonce some decades of centuries back, and beheld the glories of Sion in its most prosperous eras, mingling meanwhile with the motly gatherings that thronged its thoroughfares from age to age. Let me share with you, dear cousin Walter, some of the knowledge I acquired at the feet of this apt preceptor. For the moment I will stand aside and let him speak, merely assuming to myself the right of condensing and fusing into a whole some of the "talks" he gave us on different occasions and in widely separated places. And first of "El-Kods" (the Holy), as the Turks call the once famous capital of Judea.—"The Jerusalem of to-day is a sadly changed spectacle from that which was presented about the end of our Saviour's earthly career. Of all the imperial cities which then acknowledged the sway of the Roman Emperor, the City of David was in many respects the most wonderful. Alex-

andria, at the mouth of the Nile, Antioch, on the shore of Syria, Ephesus, Corinth, Carthage and all the rest of the magnificent cities which were subject to Rome itself, had to yield in certain matters to Jerusalem, and which had a mysterious antiquity, which none of her sister cities could equal, and possessed a glory which attached to none of them. A temple which surpassed in splendor the one Solomon built, stood upon Mount Moriah. The city's streets were filled with marble palaces and costly residences, the homes of the wealthy and ruling classes. The hill of Sion rose to the south, showing on its summit and slopes many costly buildings; to the west and northward lie Acoa, the portion of the town where the working people mostly dwelt; and further northward still was Bezetha, largely given over to merchandise, and known as the New City. Splendid gardens, beautiful parks, artificial ponds and magnificent mausoleums were met on every hand in the environs of the city; but the chief glory of the place was the temple which crowned the summit of Mount Moriah, whereof one writer has said:

It was seamed with golden plates and covered with a roof of golden spikes, lest the birds of the air might rest upon it. To the pilgrim afar off on the north and the east, it glittered in the bright sunlight of Judea with an effulgence which seemed divine. Within were two chambers. One was the Holy of Holies, into which no profane eye was allowed to gaze. It was wreathed in rare workmanship of the purest gold, and before its golden doors hung a veil, priceless in value, woven with the rarest skill of Jewish and Babylonian maids.

The outer chamber contained the golden candlesticks, whose seven lamps were the seven planets; the twelve loaves that marked the passing year;

the fragrant spices that declared the universal law of God. Here, too, the walls and roof were covered with immense plates of gold, and at the entrance hung another veil of Babylonian workmanship, embroidered in mystical devices of various colors.

Turkish mosques now stand on the site of the Jewish temple, the mosque of Omar and that of El Aska. In one corner of the terrace before these buildings, stood Pilate's residence, the Pretorium, where our Lord was condemned and where the Way of the Cross begins. There is the first station. The second is the front of the flight of steps which leads to the gate of the Turkish barracks ; and a broken column in the Via Dolorosa, as the narrow street which leads from the Pretorium through the Stephen Gate to Calvary is called, denotes the spot where Christ fell for the first time under the weight of the cross, and marks the third station. The fourth is a little further on, at a place where a lane runs from the street leftward, and a stone in the wall, by the house of Dives, is pointed out as the place where Simon of Cyrene relieved Christ of His cross. It is, consequently, the fifth station. The house of Veronica, which is still shown, marks the sixth station, and the seventh, eighth and ninth bring you to the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, inside of which are the remaining stations.

This church, as is well known, stands on the spot of the Saviour's crucifixion and sepulchre. Within it are pointed out altars and chapels which mark the spots where the Cross, bearing upon it the Saviour of the world, was raised ; where the Body of the Crucified Christ lay for three days in the tomb ; where His sorrowful Mother stood and beheld her Son's death. And outside the basilica are the chapels of the Flagellation, of the Agony, of the Mocking, the Parting of the Garments, and others, which recall in the most vivid manner the great events which the Church commemorates in Holy Week. Every afternoon in the year, in honor and commemoration of our Lord's passion and death, a pious procession of the faithful starts from the chapel of the Apparition, so called because it stands on the spot where the

risen Redeemer showed Himself to Mary first, of all creatures, after His Resurrection, and visits the altar of the Flagellation, wherein is preserved still, a piece of the column to which Christ was bound ; the chapel of the Prison where He was detained while preparations for the crucifixion were made ; the altar of Parting, where His lifeless body was anointed and prepared for the tomb ; and finally the altar of the Holy Sepulchre, which marks the spot where he lay for three days in death's embrace, awaiting the morn whereon He was to prove His divinity by rising from the grave.

Poor and incomparable from a worldly point of view through the Jerusalem of to-day is, contrasted with the rich and splendid city it was when Christ was condemned to die upon the Cross, still, in the sacred spots which are enshrined within it and in the holy and awe-inspiring memories which cling to it, the modern city possesses a glory far greater and riches far beyond what it ever knew, in the days of Solomon and David."

How gladly I would let Father Paul continue ; but here I must resume my "Notes," though you shall hear from him again in the course of our excursions. From one point in Jerusalem to another we journeyed patiently under a broiling sun ; and the glare of that (Eastern ?) luminary, reflected from the white walls of the houses and from limestone streets of snowy hue, sorely tried our visual organs as we proceeded. Not having taken the precaution adopted by most of our party, of providing myself with smoked-glass or colored spectacles, I was finally obliged to present myself to good Sister Josephine, chief infirmarian of the "Hopital Saint Louis," for treatment. She told me I had come in good time, fortunately, and immediately applied a lotion of borax water, giving me a bottle of it to take to our lodgings at Casa Nova, counselling me, meanwhile, to get a pair of blue goggles, and to keep indoors for a day at least I obeyed so far as concerned the goggles, but our time was far too precious to admit of my following the other part of the prescription. Ere many hours, nevertheless, I was all right again, thanks

to dear Sister Josephine's gentle ministrations. Incidentally she told me that affections of the eyes and even total blindness were quite common in Jerusalem ; and I myself, saw, waiting at the door of the infirmary, dozens of poor people, men women and children — of whom a large proportion were Mohammedans — whom the good Sisters treat gratis, and whose eyes, in a number of instances, were horrible to behold. I was vividly reminded of the cures of the blind wrought by our Lord in His day, and realized that circumstances in this respect had not changed since then.

Among the objects of note we visited with Pere Paul, was the "Church of St. Ann," in whose crypt several grottoes (or more likely remains of ancient foundations) were shown us, said to have appertained originally to the house of St. Joachim, in which our Blessed Lady was born. From the earliest age of the Christian era, this spot was venerated by the faithful with special devotion, as may be well imagined. Transformed into a sanctuary soon after our Lady's death, it was first served by the Solitaries of Mount Carmel — Mary's earliest Apostles. The pious Empress St. Helen restored it about the commencement of the fourth century, and it was called, later on, the Basilica of Saint Mary. Destroyed by Chosroes, King of Persia, and afterwards rebuilt by the Emperor Justinian, it was dedicated to St. Ann, the Mother of Israel's fairest daughter. After the Crimean campaign it was presented to the French Government by the Sultan Abdul Medjid, and has been for some years in charge of the religious of "Our Lady of Africa," called "The White Fathers," and founded by Cardinal Lavigerie. This eminent and indefatigable Prince of the Church established nearby a seminary for young Levites destined for the Uniate Greek rite. The French Government furnished the funds for this enterprise, and both enlarged and embellished the Basilica, which is of grand proportions, the material being cut-stone. The interior is majestic and yet simple. Thirty-one large stained-glass windows admit a soft and mellow light. A wonderful cleanliness is observable throughout the building, and this — in pleasing

contrast with the lack of neatness observable in some other sacred edifices in the Holy Land—inspired us with no little devotion. Our party,—all French but my companion and myself—was cordially received by "Les Peres Blancs," and their Seminarians. A solemn High Mass "of the Pilgrimage" was sung by our Rev. Director, after which an appetizing dejeuner was tendered us. On the whole, it was a delightful and memorable visit that we made to the "Church of St. Ann."

But, dear cousin, I must bring this already too lengthy letter to a close — with regret I say it. Don't imagine that I am going to be so prolix in my descriptions of all other places, churches, etc. But I love to expatiate on any spot or shrine connected with our sweet Mother. *Au revoir, then !*

(To be continued).

A CORRECTION.

The author of "Notes on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," which have appeared in the Review for some time back, requests us to correct an error that occurred in our November issue. The printer, namely, made Mount Calvary but fifteen feet square, whereas fifty is nearer the truth.

YE CALL ME MASTER.

In an ancient cathedral of Lubeck, Germany, may be seen an old slab with the following inscription :

"Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us ;

Ye call me Master, and obey me not ;

Ye call me Light, and see me not ;

Ye call me Way, and walk me not ;

Ye call me Life, and desire me not ;

Ye call me Wise, and follow me not ;

Ye call me Fair, and love me not ;

Ye call me Rich, and ask me not ;

Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not ;

Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not ;

Ye call me Noble, and serve me not ;

Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not ;

Ye call me Just, and fear me not ;

If I condemn you, blame me not."

Frank's Christmas.

‘SIT down and write to Frank this moment. Tell him that I don't want him to come here again; that I don't want him to write to any one in the family and that we wish to have nothing more to do with him.’ This was the harsh and cruel command given by Mr. John Williams to his little daughter, Mary. Mary sat down, for she was a meek and obedient child. But as she prepared the paper, her kind sisterly heart swelled with love for her brother, and tears gathered in her eyes. Her father, however, stood by and she went on with her work. As she wrote the date, he spoke again. “Don't say ‘Dear Brother’; omit such sentimentality; write simply ‘Brother,’ that's quite enough.”

Mary had never written so coldly to Frank before. “My Dearest Brother” had been her usual salutation; not that she thought him the dearest of her three brothers, but that her loving sensitive heart would not rest with simple “Dear.”

When she had written the date, she raised her head, while a pleading look in her glistening eyes plainly asked, “May I not write ‘Dearest?’” “Write what I told you,” said her father, “and be quick about it.” Mary turned to the paper, and finished her task, tears streaming down her cheeks the while.

“Oh! what will Frank say when he sees that I love him no longer?” If I could only tell him that I don't mean this, but that I had to do it!” At last the letter was finished; she placed the stamp upon it, and carried it to the box a few steps distant. “What if I should tear the letter and thus deceive father? But he will ask me about it, whether I posted it. Can I say, ‘Yes?’ Oh, no! I wouldn't dare to do that.” She pressed the flange of the letter-box, and dropped in the fatal letter—the letter that was to separate her from her “dearest” brother for many long years to come. With a heavy heart, little Mary walked back to the house, which had never before worn so gloomy and foreboding a look.

The same evening, her father asked her whether she had posted the letter. Mary answered that she had. “I want none of you to speak of Frank again,” said Mr. Williams to his wife and daughter. “He has shown himself most ungrateful and disobedient after all I have done for him. He left home against my express command, and thus has shown that he cares nothing for me or home.” “But, John,” began Mrs. Williams. “Don't speak of him again, Jane,” interrupted Mr. Williams. “I tell you I'll have nothing more to do with him. Don't mention his name again to me.”

Mrs. Williams was a gentle and timid woman; of a disposition directly opposite of her husband's. Whereas he was easily angered, and was stubborn and unfeeling, she was meek, yielding and most tender-hearted. She felt that it was useless for her to protest; her husband would have become only more angry and stubborn. So she resolved to bear this cruel blow to her motherly love as she had borne many a one before.

That night, the soft pillows of Kenwood Hall had no soothing touch for the sleepless heads of the kind hearted mother and loving sister. Both thought of Frank, the livelong night, and only as morning dawned, did they fall into a restless and fitful sleep.

The person, to whom Mary had been forced to write, was Frank Williams, son of John Williams, of the firm of Hart, Williams & Co., importers of Oriental goods. Frank was a young man of twenty-one. In stature, he was somewhat above the ordinary. His complexion was fair; his hair light; his features well shapen. The bright cheery smile with which he greeted everyone made him agreeable to all whom he came in contact. He was never selfish, never wilfully disobedient, and withal lively and jovial, and could enjoy a day's gipsying as well as any college boy. Well-nigh a year before our story opens Frank had graduated. He stood high-

est in his class, and, what was more to his credit, he had gained the reputation of being the most modest and exemplary young man that had ever in his time obtained a degree.

After spending his vacation, he went to work in his father's office. The work allotted to him was quite suited to his taste and learning. Dealing in imported goods, his father had, naturally, a large foreign correspondence. The translating of business letters called for careful and learned interpreters. To the department which handled the foreign mail, Frank was assigned. Week after week, he applied himself faithfully to his task, and before a month had sped by, he had won, by his modest and kindly demeanor, the good will and love of every one in the office.

But oh! what little things often change the current of our lives! Everything flows smoothly on; scarcely a ripple is seen on the surface; storms may sometimes come, but after them a greater calmness sets in—all is quiet again. So run our lives, till some day, an obstacle which before was washed aside now refuses to yield, and our lives are forced into unknown channels. Frank now met that obstacle—his father's unruly anger excited by an untoward incident of everyday life.

During a few days of avocation Frank had gone one morning to his father's office to ask leave to spend the following day—Sunday—with a friend who lived in a neighboring town. Mr. Williams was not in cue for granting favors that morning, and the least thing contrary to his inclinations at once aroused him to unwonted anger. Permission being refused at the first asking, Frank began to plead his case. Mr. Williams again refused. Frank not remarking that his father was bridling still importuned. In an instant the pent up anger of his father burst forth into a tempest of abuse. He berated Frank most unjustly for lack of love for home, and took him roundly to task for his importunateness. The more he vented his anger, the more enraged did he become. Finally, approaching Frank, he seized him by the arm, and ordering him to begone, threw

rather than pushed, his son out of the office door.

Dumbfounded at this outburst of passion, Frank walked slowly down the street. He intended to go immediately home, but recollecting that he had some pressing business in a near-by village he resolved to speed that before returning. Delays detained him in the village to a late hour, so late, indeed, that he missed the last train home that evening. It occurred to him that he was to assist his father in some important business that night, but this he had forgotten till it was now too late. He was minded to send a telegram to his father stating what had detained him, but as the same misfortune had happened to himself once or twice before, he deemed it unnecessary to send word.

Naturally, Mr. Williams, still angry with himself and everyone else, thought Frank had deliberately gone on the visit against his express command. The work he had to do without his son's assistance made the anger strike deeper roots in his heart. Before retiring, he scolded his wife—meek and good woman that she was—and his daughter Mary, and swore that so unruly and wayward a son should never receive shelter from him again. Mrs. Williams and her daughter trembled as they listened to these angry words; for they knew, from sad experience, that he would carry out to the bitter end whatsoever he would resolve upon, no matter what would betide.

The next day being Sunday, Frank slept later than usual, and went to High Mass at the Franciscan church. He loved to hear the good father sing mass and preach. This morning he felt happy at his good fortune. Though he was troubled about the disappointment he had caused his father by his absence on the preceding evening. The sermon was on the fourth commandment—"Honor thy father and thy mother." It was unusually unctuous, and Frank felt all the keener his father's disappointment. He determined to ask forgiveness for his thoughtlessness, and to be more obedient in the future. In the afternoon, he started home, little dreaming that he was never again to sleep in Kenwood

Hall during the lifetime of his father.

It was growing dusk, as he sauntered up the well-kept walk to the large oaken door of the house he loved so well. He met his father in the hall. One look told him plainer than words, that his father was in no genial frame of mind. He was about to bid him good evening, when his father assailed him with an outburst of scorn and insult such as he had never undergone before. There was no chance for explanation; words of entreaty for pardon, for forgiveness, would have been in vain, and Frank meekly bowed his head. Suddenly stopping and pointing toward the door, his father exclaimed: "Since home is not good enough for you, go to your companions, to your friends. Leave this instant, and never again set foot in Kenwood Hall."

Knowing too well the stern and inexorable character of his father, poor Frank realized that this decree of banishment was final, that Kenwood Hall was no longer a home for him. With blanched cheeks, and with consternation depicted in every feature, he turned hurriedly toward the door, without one word for his mother or sister, to be an exile from home—perhaps, forevermore.

Down the gravel walk he went, dazed, dejected and forlorn. As he reached the gate and unlatched it, he took one parting glance at his boyhood home. It stood out like a great shadow against the lowering night; its lamps were just lighting. Eagerly he turned his eyes toward the eastern corner, where stood Mary's rooms. At that moment she was closing the shutters, and it seemed that she too would shut him out from home and heart.

He walked slowly down the street, neither knowing nor caring whither he was going. Suddenly he bethought himself of his helplessness. What was he to do? Where was he to go? For he knew that Springton was no longer an abode of peace for him. His brothers were in the West, but he knew they could do little for him. It was useless to apply to them. But leave Springton, he must. Accordingly he made up his mind to do so as soon as he could settle all his little affairs. That night he spent in the Alton, but slept little. By the fifth of

May, he had arranged everything, and taking a last farewell of the old town, he set out, alone and unbefriended, to brave the battles of the world.

During the preparations for departure, it occurred to him that there was, in a large eastern city, a house engaged in a business similar to that of his father's. To this house he resolved to go and to apply for a position. It was a long journey eastward, and poor Frank, worn out with travel and sleeplessness, presented a sorry sight as he stepped from the train in Philadelphia. He went straight to the house engaged in the original trade and after much earnest petition on his part, a temporary position was given him.

His first care after this was to write to Mary, telling her of his position and asking her to pray earnestly for his welfare. But Mary never received the letter. Her father knew Frank's handwriting, and opened the letter. This was the occasion of his commanding his daughter to write to Frank—to write that forced letter which cut as deeply into the childlike modest heart of Mary as into the heart of her outcast brother.

Frank had been two weeks at his new duty, when Mary's letter arrived. He seized it eagerly when the servant handed it to him. As he caught sight of the well-known writing of his sister, his heart leaped for joy. "She at least," he thought, "loves me yet." He tore open the envelope in his eager desire to read those words of love from Mary. But, oh! that cold solitary word "Brother," standing out in bold relief, sent a tremor through his frame. That single word told him that all was changed; that Mary was no longer the loving confiding sister whom he knew and loved. But no; Mary was not to blame. This fact became evident to him as he read onward. The letter was dictated by his father, word for word; this he realized. He read it through once, twice—then tore it in two and flung the pieces into the basket by his desk.

Leaning back in his chair, he gazed in utter dismay at the fluttering gas-jet that shed a yellow light over the room. Thoughts upon thoughts rushed through his seething brain. "An outcast, a

friendless exile from home, all because his father had been angered to his expulsion by an untoward incident of life." "Honor thy father and thy mother," came the words of the good priest's sermon. "What! honor such a father? Should he not rather hate him, curse him for his unfatherly treatment? Was not his father wholly to blame? Why would he not listen to an explanation? What honor and love did such a father deserve?" Like a flash, a thousand such thoughts rushed through Frank's dazed brain. But with a true filial love, he banished them as quickly as they came, and uttered a fervent prayer that God would ever give him strength and grace to love and pray for his father in spite of all that father's faults. What good would it do him after all to hate one who had done so much for him? Did he not pray for mercy, and should he not render it to others? Yes, he could and must do so, if he uttered in spirit and truth those holy words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Before lying down that night, he spent twice his usual time in prayer. What those extra prayers were offered for, I need not say. In the sequel we shall see that they were heard.

Five years wore away, and Frank, dutiful son as he was, never allowed one to pass by, without writing to his father; for he had a faint hope that his father would one day relent. But no answer ever came. Mr. Williams never relented; he was too stubborn for that, even though he should realize his mistake. Thus the one consolation of Frank was his Holy Religion. The more he had to suffer, the more evident did it become to him that God is all, and man, nothing.

He remained but a short time in Philadelphia. Then he went north to Albany, where he obtained a permanent position in a large wholesale house. At first, he had but an inferior position, but by his industry and carefulness, he rose to the second highest position in the house.

In the fifth year of his exile, his manager came to him and requested him to go west to look after some pressing

business of the firm. The manager did this because he knew that Frank could conduct the business with due satisfaction. Having consented to go, he was told that he might, after completing the business, spend a week or so in the West. On December the twelfth, he set out on the journey—the journey that was destined to bring him home again.

* * * * *

Five years can make great changes in human affairs; and great changes had these five wrought in Kenwood Hall.

Mary, a little loving and innocent girl of seventeen when Frank left home, was now a woman, but as good and child-like as ever. Time had only made her pure soul expand from a tender bud into a pure white flower of virtue that shed joy and fragrance on all around. But there was one sorrow hanging over her life—a sorrow that seasoned all her joys with aloes. Frequent and devout were the prayers which ascended from her sisterly heart as she knelt by her bedside at night. Many and fervent were the communions she offered up to the Sacred Heart to change the hard heart of her unforgiving father. But no prayers were more heartfelt, more devout, more sincere, than those she offered up to the Blessed Mother of God that she might take care of her "dearest" brother.

Mrs. Williams was now a grey-haired mother—grey with grief at her husband's anger and at the loss of her son. It was in vain for her to plead with Mr. Williams, and she knew it. In silence and in sorrow, her fond motherly heart was wearing away. She had felt that she would not last much longer, and she longed to see, even once, her banished son.

To Cecilia Cossen, her bosom friend, she used to tell her sorrow. Cecilia was good and loving like Mary, and deeply felt her companion's grief. They were, indeed sisters, one sharing the other's joys and sorrows. They had made many novenas for Frank's return, and as Christmas drew nigh for the fifth time since his departure, they had just finished the most fervent of them all; for now no obstacle stood in the way of his return. Mr. Williams was dead.

Mr. Williams was in his forty-ninth year when he turned Frank adrift. Since that time his health had rapidly failed. Something seemed to be resting heavily upon his soul ; but no word of sorrow, no word of forgiveness, ever passed his lips. At length, he was taken seriously ill; overwork and exhaustion had brought on an attack of typhoid, and he realized that his end was near. At first he refused all proffers of spiritual aid on the part of the priest, and his heart-broken wife was alarmed lest he should die before being reconciled to God. In vain did she beseech, entreat, implore him to make his confession. Finally, when every means was exhausted, he one day asked, of his own accord, for a priest. Mrs. Williams was overjoyed, as were Mary and Cecilia.

The priest came and remained with Mr. Williams a considerable time. When he came out of his room he called Mrs. Williams and said, "Your husband wishes to see you. I shall bring Holy Communion, and anoint him, to-morrow." At these words, the good mother's face kindled; she knew that her husband had repented.

She went quickly to his room, and there knelt by his bedside crying for joy. Hardhearted as, he was, the sick man could not but join his tears of sorrow to hers of joy. They continued this for some time, till at length Mr. Williams spoke. He asked her to look in his waste basket for a letter from Frank which he had received a few days before falling sick. She did so but the basket was empty: the servant had burned its contents a few days before. He then sent for a lawyer and settled all his affairs. Though the impossibility of sending immediately for Frank cast a gloom over all, you can well imagine how joyous Mary and Cecilia were that evening.

After receiving the sacraments, next morning, Mr. Williams suddenly grew worse, and before the end of the day had passed into eternity. On December the fifth, the funeral took place, and was attended by all members of the family, Frank alone excepted.

When matters were somewhat ordered at Kenwood Hall, steps were taken to find Frank. Advertisements were sent

to the Philadelphia papers and also to those of several other large eastern cities. None of these, however came to the notice of Frank.

* * * * *

On the twenty-third of December, Frank finished his business. On Christmas eve, he set out for Springton, determined to see at least the outside of his old home, and to catch a glimpse, if possible, of those dear ones whom he still loved as of yore. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when he arrived, and a cold wintry day it was. Closely muffled up in his overcoat, he went directly to the Alton, the house in which he had passed his last night in Springton. There it stood, as familiar as ever, but the management had changed hands. It's proprietor did not know him; and when he registered as Frank Williams, it was never suspected that he was the outcast son who was so eagerly sought. He retired to his room and at six ate his supper.

As the storm had now abated, he resolved to go to the parish church which he so loved to attend as a boy. To the same place a great number of people were wending their way to go to confession as they were wont to do on Christmas eve. He entered the church by the side door.

As he knelt down, about half way up the church, before the Blessed Virgin's Altar, he looked around at the interior of the old familiar church. Before him stood the beautiful white and blue altar of the Mother of God. Her kind motherly look was the same as ever. She was now crowned for the morrow's feast, and at her feet lay the crib of Bethlehem. In it the tiny Holy infant stretched forth his tiny hands to Mary and Joseph who knelt in silent adoration. The ox and the ass looked on in mute wonder, and the shepherds were hastening down the hillsides of Judea to adore their King. "How beautiful," he thought, "how our dear Lord loves us to become a babe and to suffer for us! Oh that I could be home to-morrow and that our family could be united as is this Holy Family of Bethlehem."

Then he glanced toward the high altar. It was now one mass of gorgeous flow-

ers. On each side a large Egyptian lily bowed its head toward the tabernacle as if in silent adoration, and at the ends of the altar, huge palms spread out their leafy tops in joyous profusion.

On the right of the high altar stood the altar of St. Joseph, which was decorated as that of the Blessed Virgin, for the morrow's feast.

From one side of the chancel to the other, hung, in large festoons, a garland of woven laurel. Thus the whole sanctuary betokened the splendor of the coming feast, and the deep feeling of love that all Catholics bear toward this festival of Christmas.

Turning slightly to the right, he saw a crowd of people waiting patiently to enter the Confessional. As he looked towards these good people, the door of the Confessional opened, and a young woman dressed in black came forth. The light from the gas jet in the front of the church fell full upon her face. Frank started, he looked upon it again. There could be no mistake. It was Mary! She walked across the church, genuflected to the Blessed Sacrament, and knelt several pews in front of him, before the Blessed Virgin's altar. Frank could not take his eyes off her, so surprised and joyed was he.

She was dressed in black. For whom? For father or mother? Oh! the agony of his soul as he knelt there in awful suspense? Was it his father! Had he forgiven him? Had he repented? Was it his mother? Had she died of grief at his father's cruel conduct? He could hardly restrain himself from rushing up to where Mary knelt and asking her

these questions. He overcame himself, however, and resolved to ask her as soon as she would leave the church.

Having finished her prayer, she arose, went down the middle aisle, stopped at a pew near the lower end to get the prayer book and to accompany her mother. No sooner did Frank see the grey-haired old mother than tears well-ed forth from his eyes. It was his father then, who had died, and oh! how? He followed his mother and sister as they left the church, and so great was his haste that he overtook them at the foot of the steps.

Stepping alongside his mother he exclaimed, "mother! sister!" Both drew back in alarm, but as the light shone in his face, Mary instantly recognized him, and in a moment was in his arms. How lovingly he kissed his dear mother! Oh! the joy of that pure and patient soul as she beheld her long-lost boy. As they walked home together, Mary related how repentently their father had died. Frank was overjoyed at these good tidings. Late did they talk, that Christmas eve, of the past five years, and all agreed that they should go to Holy Communion on Christmas morning in thanksgiving for the blessings God had bestowed upon them.

* * * * *

Ever afterwards when speaking of that happy Christmas day, Mary would insist on calling it "Frank's Christmas," and so "Frank's Christmas" do they call it unto this day.

C. G. A.

Chicago.

A FRAGMENT.

Our dear ones in Heaven are like golden harps before the throne of God, and the needs, aspirations, etc., we manifest to them by prayer, sweep over those mystic strings awaiting celestial vibrations.

Yet their sympathy has not the plaintiveness of exile; it has gained the sweeter tone of "Patria," where all spirit, music breathes eternal gladness.

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's)

Summary and General Declaration

—OF THE—

RULE OF THE THIRD ORDER

—OF THE—

MOST BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD, V. M. OF MOUNT CARMEL;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PRIVILEGES AND INDULGENCES GRANTED TO SAID ORDER,
TOGETHER WITH MANY OTHER THINGS CONCERNING THE SAME.

Issued by order of Most Reverend Prior Luigi Maria Galli, General of the Carmelite Order.

LIST.

Of the Solemn Occasions, on which the
Papal Benediction and the General
Absolution shall be given to the
Tertiary Brothers and Sisters
of Mount Carmel, accord-
ing to the Pontifical
Rescript of July
9, 1896.

THE PAPAL BENEDICTION.

On the day of the Blessed Virgin of
Mount Carmel and on the Feast of the
Immaculate Conception of the Virgin
Mary.

THE GENERAL ABSOLUTION.

On the following days : the Nativity
of our Lord Jesus Christ, Easter, Penti-
cost, Corpus Domini, Purification of the
Blessed Virgin, Assumption of the Bless-
ed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Teresa, All
the Saints of the Order.

NOTICE OF INTEREST.

In order to determine better the var-
ious points and prescriptions of the Rule,
the Directors of the Third Order should
not fail to consult the more extended
Manual, soon to be issued by the Most
Reverend Prior-General of the Order of
the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel.

INDEX.

PrefacePage 121
Chap. 1. Of the persons who have fac-
ulty to receive others into the Third Or-
der of Mount Carmel and of the neces-
sary requisites in those who desire to
embrace this state 121
Chap. 2. Of the Reception of Members
. 123

Chap. 3. Of the Professions . . . 124
Chap. 4. On the subjection to the Or-
der and on Obedience 124
Chap. 5. On Chastity 126
Chap. 6. Of the form of the Habit 159
Chap. 7. On Virtue 160
Chap. 8. Of their dwelling Places and
of the Flight from the World . . . 161
Chap. 9. On the Divine Office . . . 162
Chap. 10. On frequenting the Sacra-
ments and hearing Mass 163
Chap. 11. Of Abstinence and Fasting
. 176
Chap. 12. Of Silence and of the good
use of Time 176
Chap. 13. Of Peace and Concord . 177
Chap. 14. Of the Conferences and
Meeting 178
Chap. 15. Of the Government of the
Confraternity and of its various Offices
. 179
Chap. 16. Of the Charity towards Sick
Brothers and Sisters and towards the
departed 251
Chap. 17. Of the advantages to be
gained by choosing a Patron Saint, etc.
. 251
Chap. 18. That this Rule does not
bind under sin, of the Dispensations, etc.
. 252
Catalogue of the Saints of the Order 253
Advantages and Privileges enjoyed by
those who observe the Rule . . . 281
Cereinonies at the Taking of the Habit
. 327
Ceremonies at the Profession . . . 328
Form of the General Absolution . . 284
Form of the Papal Benediction . . 286
Mode of Conducting the Meetings 178
Novena of the Blessed Virgin of Mount
Carmel 290

Prayer to the Blessed Virgin of Carmel
on the day of her Feast . . . 348
Other Prayers to the Virgin Mary . 324
Septenary of the Blessed Virgin of Carmel 349
Five Meditations in honor of St. Mary
Magdalen of Pazzi 350
Mode of Reciting the Holy Rosary 350
Prayer for the Sisters 351
Mode of serving Mass according to the
Rite of Carmel 352
List of solem occasions on which the
Papal Benediction and the General Absolution shall be given to the Tertiary Brothers and Sisters of Mount Carmel.

CERTIFICATE OF HAVING TAKEN
THE HABIT.

N Registrar ...
Church of
On day of
I hereby certify that I have this day
invested with the habit of the Third Order of the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel
.
.
.
This is in Faith, etc.,
...
(L. S.) THE DIRECTOR.

N. B. — The relatives of the person above mentioned, in the event of her death, are requested to separate the present page from this book and present it at the church where the deceased was vested or professed, that the prayers may be offered to which he or she had a right.

CERTIFICATE OF PROFESSION.

Curch of
The day of
I hereby certify that I have this day admitted to the Profession of the Third Order of the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel
.
.
.
And through faith, etc.
THE DIRECTOR.

(L. S.)
N. B. — The relatives of the person above mentioned, in the event of her death, are requested to separate the present page from this book and present it at the Church where the deceased was vested or professed, that the prayers may be offered to which he or she had a right.

OUR LADY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

"CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM."

(Souvenir of her 'autumnal month) of May." — October, 1901.

Towards the tranquil star-gemmed heavens, in this Autumn-eventide,
Let us raise our thoughts to Mary, chosen Daughter, Mother, Bride !
Hail thou gentle Queen and Virgin ! this our vesperal for thee,
"Consolatrix afflictorum !" Lady of the Rosary
Thou hast holy consolation, and most soothing mystic balm,
For thy children wending onward, towards the Kingdom of the Lamb.
Oft the scent of snow-white petals, like fair blossoms in the May,
Wafts a blest celestial gladness, gently through our sun-lit day.
Or, when from the clouds of sorrow, fall our tears like glistening rain,
O what sympathetic music, echoes from thy own heart's pain !
"Sursum corda" ! List ! o'er harp-strings, on a blissful golden shore,
Thrills triumphantly the anthem : "Christ our Lord dies no more !"
Glorious Queen of Holy Angels ! in the light land far away,
Fades the crimsoned month autumnal, * of thy sweet rose-scented May.
Midst the countless variations, of earth's prayerful melody,
In my theme is 'eer vibrating : 'Lady of the Rosary."

* Pope Leo XIII has given us, as it were, an autumnal month of May, fragrant with her mystic floral chaplets. ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's)

For Love's Own Sake.

BY J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

I

"The rose is fairest, when 'tis budding
new,
The hope is brightest when it dawns
from fears ;
The rose is sweetest washed with morn-
ing dew
And love is loveliest when embalmed in
tears."

Scott (Lady of the Lake, Canto IV)

A cool breeze swept lightly through the drawing-room windows of the St. George mansion on Champlain street, and the twilight shadows were already creeping around the streets, when Beatrice St. George — a fair maid of twenty summers—rejoiced that the lonely day was nearly at an end, as she sat running her nimble fingers over the ivory keys of her new Steinway piano. She was an only child, and her father, the Hon. Harvey St. George fairly idolized her, and no wonder, for she was indeed an ideal picture of Canadian womanhood and as she sat there in the dusk in her dress of silk, with its many tasty gatherings of ribbons and lace, one could not but admire her rare beauty. Beatrice had been rather gloomy all day, yet never before had she played Mendelssohn with so much expression as now. Her very soul was in her music and the clear, ringing notes of the "Spring Song," stole into every corner of that magnificently furnished room, the air of which was redolent with the breath of fresh roses. And now she rose from the piano, a slender, though graceful figure—her mouth

"with steady sweetness set
And eyes conveying unaware,
The distant hint of some regret
That harbored there."

Slowly she crossed the room to stir the fire, which was almost out, and then her eyes wandered to the picture of a woman, which hung in its deep gilt frame above the mantel-piece. Long she stood there, gazing into the beloved counten-

ance of her poor, dead mother, and almost unconsciously she whispered to herself: "Poor, dear mother! would that you were with me now. O, my heart is heavy with its dregs of sorrow. Ten long years have passed since the night your fevered lips kissed me their last good-bye. O! how cruel it was that you were taken from me at a time when I needed your counsel most? But no, it was not cruel—no, I dare not speak thus. God knew what was best and happiness and peace will surely come to me again. O, mother, would that you were near to advise me now. I am sorely distressed. Father is bound to have me marry Count Albertini, an Italian nobleman, and a Protestant, and the thought of it nearly drives me mad. I do not, cannot, love him. He asks me to forsake my religion, your religion, mother, for wealth, distinction and an empty title, and, when I mention Francois Fortier's name, father drifts into a violent fit of anger. But I am resolved, I will never forsake the Catholic Church for a hundred Italian Counts like Albertini. I will marry Francois Fortier—the man I love. He is only a poor book-keeper, mother, but he has a heart of gold. He has been very reckless of late and he has not seen the inside of a Catholic Church for years, but I love him, and I will make a man of him. Poor mother! poor Francois —"

She could not speak another word. Her feelings got the better of her and she sank down upon the sofa near by, exhausted and powerless, and wept like a child. A few minutes later, she was on her feet again, and her face was as white as that of the carved ivory figure of the Madonna that stood upon the piano. With heavy heart she walked to the large open window, facing the busy lighted streets, and as she stood there, her thoughts wrestled with a great and mighty problem. The city clock had just struck eight, and sadly she gazed out into the night, while the heart of

the city was vibrant with life. The band was playing on the island near by and crowds of people were walking in that direction. And now it struck up the overture of Mascagni's famous opera, and when the solo cornetist played the "Ave Maria," Beatrice listened with both ears. Oh, it was so beautiful ; it just suited her present state of mind and the tears were again gathering under her soft eyelids. To her it sounded like the voice of some longing and desolate heart, telling forth its tale of sorrow into the darkness of night. It touched a tender chord in her heart and almost dreamingly, she whispered to the busy night winds :

"Oh, for that sweet, untroubled rest

That poets oft have sung ! :—

The babe upon its mother's breast,

The bird upon its young.

The heart asleep without a pain,

When shall I know that sleep again?"

Just then, she felt a light tap on her shoulders. She turned her head nervously, like a frightened bird, and her father stood before her.

"Ah, Beatrice darling !" he began, as he kissed her cheeks tenderly. "Don't be frightened, it is only papa. Why, how tired and worn you look, dear ! I suppose you were wondering what had happened me. And is it really nine o'clock ? Well, I was so busy at the office this afternoon, closing a few bargains in real-estate, and those blundering fellows held me fast until now. But Beatrice ! Child ! You look troubled. What has happened ? Your eyes are red — you were weeping, child ! Come, what is the matter, darling ?" and, saying this, he sat down beside her.

"Nothing very much," answered Beatrice. "The band in the park yonder played some beautiful selections and, as I listened, my heart grew so lonesome. And then, too, I thought of mother ! poor dead mother ! Oh how happy I would be, could I only hear her voice ! Do you know father, that this is the anniversary of her death ?" There was silence and the Hon. Harvey St. George gazed sorrowfully at the woman in oil above the mantel-piece, and, when Beatrice turned slightly, she saw that his eyes were filling up with tears.

"Come, father," she said, "Constance awaits you for supper in the dining room. The bell sounded ten minutes ago." And together they rose and, arm in arm, left the drawing room.

The Hon. Harvey St. George was one of the leading real-estate dealers in the city, and was considered by some, as being very wealthy, while others again asserted that he was on the downward path—on his last legs, as the saying goes—and that before many moons the beautiful St. George mansion would be in the hands of his creditors. A man of very distinguished appearance, he moved in the best circles of society. His wife was a daughter of the late Senator Smith, and, three years after her marriage, she became a convert to the Catholic faith and after her death, St. George made up his mind never to marry again. He was a large-hearted, good-natured sort of a fellow, and gave freely to the poor, but he had one great fault; he had an ungovernable, bad temper, and, when he made up his mind to do a thing, he generally did it. He loved his daughter almost too much, and, as her father, he sought her obedience in all things. St. George, himself, was not a Catholic. At present he was one of the pillars of Grace Church, the beautiful Anglican edifice. Mrs. St. George had been a good Catholic and Beatrice was also brought up in her mother's faith, and it had been a rare thing to hear a word of ridicule from St. George's lips. But now, in his flights of temper, he would say distressing and cutting things, that pierced Beatrice's very soul, but she always forgave him. The other member of the household was Constance Burke, the trusty old Catholic servant, who, ever since the night of Beatrice's mother's death, had made the St. George mansion her home. She was the best friend Beatrice had in all this world and, to her example and timely instructions, Beatrice owed in part, her strong grounding in the Catholic faith.

Silence reigned in the dining room. Beatrice was looking over the daily papers and her father was taking his supper rather quietly. Something was troubling him, and it left its shadow on his handsome face. His brow was

wrinkled and his eyes were set. Something was worrying him and Beatrice knew it. Just then, Constance opened the door and said : "Mr. St. George, the clerk has just brought the mail, and here, Beatrice, is a letter for you." With her back to Mr. St. George, the good-natured woman kissed the perfumed envelope and handed it to Beatrice, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Thank you, Constance. From Francois ! my Francois," whispered Beatrice to herself, as she quickly opened the letter. Then she closed it again ; her face turned pale, and the letter with the odor of crushed violets, fell to the floor. Nervously she snatched it up again, and read it, her hands shaking with fear.

Room 45, Hotel Lafayette.
(Sydenham Street)

Monday evening.

Dear Beatrice,

I could not resist writing you again. Your resolution came as a thunderbolt to me. Do reconsider the matter, Beatrice, for my sake, do ! I ask once more. I love you, and will give you wealth, distinction and happiness, and a beautiful home in Naples, if you consent to become my wife. By doing this you will save your father from utter ruin. Think well ! You may some day regret this hasty act.

Yours —

NICCOLA ALBERTINI.

Beatrice St. George's face paled when she had finished the letter ; she was seized with an almost superhuman dread of some impending calamity and the name of Niccola Albertini brought a new terror to her soul. Again this man, whom she hated so, had dared to thrust himself into her very existence. Only yesterday, she had written him a burning letter, that she could never become his wife—but without avail. "By doing this, you will save your father from utter ruin." What did he mean ? Ah ! these were the words that pained her deeply and, for a minute, she stared into space, almost wildly, the vessels in her temples throbbing visibly. Poor girl !

During all this time, St. George was eyeing his daughter critically, and a cynical smile stole round his eyes, as he ex-

claimed : "Why Beatrice, what has happened ? The letter seems to have brought you distressing news. Let me read it, child !" Beatrice raised her drooping head and stared wildly at her father, and rising, obeyed and handed him the Count's letter.

Mr. St. George threw himself back in his easy chair and, quickly, his eyes scanned the letter ; then he raised his head, and the furrows on his face deepened. Beatrice could not sit it out ; she rose and walked the floor with an impetuous tread, an expression of deep anguish in her girlish eyes. Her father watched her, as a cat watches a mouse, and at last he exclaimed somewhat hoarsely :

"Well, Beatrice ! What have you to say ?"

The girl stood still and heaved a deep sigh and, raising her misty eyes to his, she exclaimed almost abruptly : "Father ! it is impossible. Utterly impossible. Why do you persist in this marriage with this man, whom I hate and can never love ? I cannot give up Francois Fortier, for I love him with all my heart."

"And you prefer," he exclaimed angrily, "that low-bred, pup-of-a-man, that good-for-nothing scamp of a quill-driver, to a wealthy and refined man like Count Albertini ? For a girl of your bringing up, Beatrice, I must say, your taste is remarkable." Just then his foot came to the floor with a loud noise.

"Oh, Father ! how can you speak so of Francois ? He may not have the wealth of an Albertini, but if the word gentleman has any meaning, father, then he is a gentleman. I have known him all these years and many a time mother ran her fingers through his golden hair, when we two were playmates ; but that was long ago. To-day he is the self-same fellow, a trifle careless, I know, —but he can hardly be blamed for that. Left an orphan at eight, and adopted by a Protestant aunt, he gradually drifted away from the Catholic Church, and now—well, he is nothing. If I give him up now, he will go to utter ruin, but father, I cannot do it ; I love him and I will marry him ; I will help him to save his soul and lead him back into the em-

brace of the true Catholic faith, which his poor, dead parents loved so tenderly. Father! I have a duty to perform—the salvation of the soul of Francois Fortier."

"Francois Fortier," that miserable worm of the street, that regenerate Catholic, to be married to the daughter of the Hon. Harvey St. George—impossible! Curse him! Well, after all, this is what a father can expect for sending his daughter to a Convent for a liberal education; this, then, is the sort of rubbish, those pale-faced nuns instil into the hearts of their scholars. They make them idolize their very church—set their idolatrous faith above wealth, distinction, honor and fame. Oh, what folly!"

Beatrice, weak and despairing, sank down on the couch, near the fire place. There was a momentary silence and she began: "Father! how can you speak so insultingly of the good Sisters? How dare you stigmatize my faith, my mother's faith, your wife's faith, as idolatrous? Oh, father, it breaks my poor heart. You must be going mad. I prize my faith, and I am not ashamed to say it, above anything earthly—above wealth, distinction, honor and fame, and as long as I hold the power of speech, I will never sell my soul for the love of that scheming Italian villain. To live with him would be to me but a lingering death. Oh, father! be merciful to me and I will bless you all my life." And Beatrice wept bitterly.

A groan burst from St. George's lips; he wrung his hands, the color left his cheeks, and, rising from his chair, he walked over to where Beatrice was sitting and answered somewhat calmly, as his temper was gradually abating: "Beatrice, child, listen! I am a prisoner in the Count's hands. The letter reads you see—"by doing this you will save your father from utter ruin." Again these words burned into Beatrice's very soul. She had forgotten them in the hasty discussion that had followed, but now again they stood black and staring before her tearful eyes.

"Beatrice," continued her father, "I have never told you anything concerning my business relations with Albertini, but now the hour has come, and

your marriage is the only means of sparing me from the ignominy of disgrace. The Count holds a large mortgage, on all my possessions, which he will overlook if you consent to become his wife. I met him at the Hotel Lafayette this morning, and he told me that, if you refuse, I—I—the Hon. Harvey St. George—will be a pauper in the streets of the city, ere to-morrow's sun has coursed the blue canopy to its western home. Will you then persist in your answer and see your father publicly disgraced, before your very eyes? Think again, child, and I will await your answer on the morrow." And then Harvey St. George left the dining-room with the day's mail under his arm, while Beatrice buried her head in a silk cushion on the sofa and sobbed aloud in the extremity of her anguish.

Constance Burke soon knelt at her side whispering sweet and consoling words, and her kind voice and bright cheerful smile soon made Beatrice feel better.

"Oh, Constance, I came near forgetting. Will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, dear," came the answer, clear and distinct, like a silver bell.

"To-day is the anniversary of mother's death, and I must have a mass read for her in the morning. Here is the money. Bring it at once to Father Stanislaus, as it is getting late and to-morrow morning we will go to confession."

"Good-bye, Beatrice!"

"Good-bye, dear!" and in a minute Constance was gone.

Beatrice went to her room that night sadder than ever. She sank down on her knees in front of the large white statue of the Virgin, which her mother had given her on her tenth birthday, and wept and prayed convulsively. "O Queen of Mercy! be my stay in this darkened hour of trial. I seek thy advice—what shall I do? Would that mother were only here. Poor, poor mother! And my poor Francois, what will become of him? I am helpless in my father's hands. Must I obey him, when my conscience says—no? but I will have to yield, I am sure of it—I feel it. O, my poor, poor Francois!"

and, at an early hour, Beatrice and Constance returned from Mass. They had both received the "Bread of Angels" and Beatrice was prepared to face the worst and yet she was happy as the birds, flying through the air. She had made her peace with God and she had nothing to fear.

That morning after breakfast, a stormy scene followed. St. George's temper grew violent. "Well, Beatrice," he asked, coolly, "I await your answer. Will you, for your father's sake, consent to marry Count Albertini?"

"You have my decision, father," came the answer, clear and distinct, and the girl's lips trembled. "I will not, cannot consent to become his wife."

"Then, ungrateful girl!" he thundered out viciously, as he pounded his fist on the table, "do your worst. You are no longer a child of mine. Your disobedience and stubbornness has turned me to hate you with all the hatred of a once loving heart. Go, where you will—drift away to the hospital or alms house, but never, never again look up to me as your father. In your direst extremity, expect not even a word of pity from me. I would not even spare thee, ungrateful child, and give a single penny to save thee from a pauper's grave. I swear it. Go marry your Francois! Go, go to your Catholic Church and see what she will do for you."

The Hon. Harvey St. George left the table and paced the room, with the fury of a caged lion. Beatrice ran up to him and threw her arms about him and cried out in the fulness of her pure, young heart: "O, father! Spare me; save me! Don't throw me out into the cold streets!"

"Go! go! I know you not," he cried, as he ran out of the room.

Beatrice, powerless as an autumn leaf, fell to the floor, sobbing as if her young heart would break. There was a slight noise—the front door closed with a bang and, in an instant, the Hon. Harvey St. George was lost in the black, surging crowds, that filled Champlain street.

That afternoon, two deeply veiled women entered the humble little Franciscan church, near the city park. They were

Beatrice St. George and Constance Burke. They had left the beautiful St. George mansion—forever, and at Constance's invitation, Beatrice was now going to make her home with the Burkes."

II.

Francois Fortier sat on the balcony of the Hotel Frontenac, idly puffing away at his cigarette. It was the hour of four in the afternoon and his work at the office was finished, and there he sat gazing down sadly into the street, busy with excitement. He was a man of fine appearance, and on his young face, there lurked a tender smile. His large, black eyes, bright and dancing with almost childish gladness, held a singular fascination and on his broad and full forehead, there was not a wrinkle of care. His complexion was fair and healthy, and the cool north-wind had rouged his cheeks until they matched the brilliant hue of his red neck-tie. A few feet away sat a rather strange-looking man, who eyed Francois almost continually. He was dressed in a rich black suit, and he wore a heavy dark moustache and beard. A pair of deep colored glasses were fastened to his rather stubby nose. He was one of the latest arrivals at the Frontenac—a foreigner, in fact, they said—and, only a few hours since, Francois had met this strange man, at the bar, whose card read:

Prof. Herman Von Klingfeld,

Director Theatre Royal.

20 Potsdam Place Berlin, Germany.

Francois did not know that the distinguished visitor was so near until he heard his slight cough, and, turning, he greeted the Professor with a cheery "good afternoon" and motioned him to his side. The Professor obeyed and in a second began to talk vociferously.

"Well, this is a delightful afternoon," he went on. "This Canadian air makes me feel like a new man. This morning I called in to see Dr. Hutchinson, the renowned eye-specialist. You know I heard of this man away over in Germany and he made some wonderful cures. My eyesight had been failing rapidly for the past few months and I decided to give him a trial—and this is why I am here. The doctor intends op-

erating in a few days and gives me great hopes."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fortier, as he lit another cigarette, "he is a great man, and he has a wonderful practice; if anybody can help you, then Hutchinson is the man to do it."

A cold wind was now blowing from the north, and the strange man in black rose and said: "Come Fortier. It is getting rather chilly out here. Let us go in. Come to my room—it is right on this flat, and let us have a game of cards." And, when they reached the room, Von Klingfeld handed Francois a chair near the table, that stood facing the large open window.

"Well, what shall it be, Professor, euche or pedro?" questioned Francois.

"Neither," answered Von Klingfeld, "those are old maids' games. They go at five o'clock teas and the like, but then we only laugh at them over in Berlin. What say you to a game of poker?"

"Poker?" asked Francois, "well really Professor, I don't know a great deal about the game, as I have played it so little; let it be poker, then, but remember, I am only a green-horn at the game." An eager smile lit up the German's face, as he shuffled the cards.

They had now been playing several hours and the air of the room was heavy with clouds of strong smelling smoke. On the table stood several empty bottles of champagne; the bell-boy had evidently been kept busy running the stairs. There was a slight rap on the door.

"Come in," shouted out Von Klingfeld.

"Ah, it is you Sims. Walk right in and make yourself miserable, partner!" chuckled he lustily.

"How do you do, Harry?"

"Hello, there, Francois."

"Won't you take a hand in the game?" asked the black-headed professor. "No, thank you, Von Klingfeld," answered Harry Sims, "I will only look on."

Thirty minutes later Francois rose from the table, after he had counted up his winnings on the tally-card, that lay at his elbow.

"And do you really want to go, Fort-

ier," mumbled forth Von Klingfeld, with the accent on the "really."

"I must, Professor. I must have a draught of fresh air. The smoke in here is so oppressive," answered Francois.

"Oh, it is not the fault of the smoke, young man. Ha! ha! You are anxious to leave me, now that fortune has favored you—or is it perhaps, that some modern Venus is awaiting you in some part of the city?"

There was a slight turn of sarcasm in this and Herr Von Klingfeld laughed vigorously, when he had finished speaking.

Francois colored. His eyes had a look of anger in them, and for a moment he thought that he had recognized the voice of the strange man in black. He had heard it before—somewhere. He was sure of it; But no! he must have been dreaming and, just as quickly as the thought had come to him, he banished it again.

"Well," Francois went on, "since you persist so, I will play a little longer. But, sir! it was wrong of me to put my hand in this sort of a game at all. Go on! shuffle the cards." And again, with a heavy sigh, Francois Fortier dealt the cards, while the strange man in black eyed him furtively.

Just as he finished, the bell-boy entered with a letter for Francois. Eagerly he opened the envelop and read it. It was a note from Beatrice St. George. My Dear Francois,

Meet me to-night at 8 o'clock at the old Carmelite Church near the city park. I have something to tell you. This afternoon I bade farewell to my home on Champlain street. I am staying at Burke's. Dear old Constance is with me. Father has discovered me. May God bless you!

With love, your own
BEATRICE.

A merry smile stole round Francois' curved lips, and in his happiness, he did not notice the searching look the strange man directed on the contents of that mysterious letter. A few words alone were readable:—"Your own Beatrice"—and they were plain as day and when Von Klingfeld read the name, his eyes sparkled, the furrows on his forehead

deepened, and a look of disappointment crept into his wild face.

"Pardon me, Von Klingfeld," began Francois, for having kept you waiting. Whose play is it?" "Yours, partner," answered the uneasy Herr Von, from Berlin.

One hour passed. Two! three! four!

The German professor was in excellent spirits; he swore and laughed alternately, but not so with Francois Fortier. He poor boy, was almost despairing, for his losses were heavy and the tell-tale was clearly stamped on his clean-shaven countenance. His face was even redder now than the tie that shone from underneath his coat. It seemed as if almost every drop of blood in his body had suddenly run to his head to stimulate his brain to activity. The hour had arrived and it was of vital moment to the lonely, troubled heart of poor Francois. What was he to do? All the money, which he had deposited in the bank—the hard-earned money, which some day was to make Beatrice happy—nearly all of it was drifting, by degrees, into the greedy hands of the strange man in black. And what would Beatrice say? Oh! he could never return to her, almost penniless. The thought of it nearly paralyzed him and he raised himself up in his chair and his brain was battling with a lofty and a mighty purpose.

Just then, Harry Sims, the wine-clerk of the Frontenac, rose, and, laying his hand on Fortier's shoulder, said: "Old boy! take a friend's advice. Quit the game, for it will cripple you financially."

"Let me play," interposed Fortier, "and if I lose all I have in the world, on this merciless, black devil!"

A spiteful look stole over Von Klingfeld's ugly, black face, the door closed—Harry Sims was gone, and now the two men were alone.

Just then a card fell to the floor and Francois got on his knees to look for it. An opportune moment now presented itself for the cowardly act, and with wonderful rapidity, Von Klingfeld's fingers dropped a white powder into the empty glass, that Francois had been using, as he said: "Well, Francois, while you are

looking for the card, I may as well open another bottle. I suppose you can stand another champagne." Then the strange man in black opened another bottle and poured the foaming, hissing liquid into the glass containing the poison, and, when Fortier placed the last card on the table, he was busy filling his own glass. Then both drank heartily, and a devilish look of triumph was visible on Von Klingfeld's black face and, under his breath, he again cursed his partner.

Fifteen minutes later Francois Fortier rose from the table, for a strange numb feeling was creeping into every muscle of his whole anatomy. Some strange force was overpowering him, and he threw his cards to the table and said: "Enough, I play no more. Von Klingfeld count up your card. How much do I owe you?"

A deep silence followed. There was an almost superhuman look of anguish on Fortier's troubled, pale face.

"Only a small matter," answered the elegantly dressed German. "Only six hundred dollars—which, mark you, have to be paid by to-morrow afternoon. Are you prepared, sir?"

Herr Von Klingfeld expected strange things would happen, and little did he dream that Francois Fortier was prepared to meet his demands and, when two, trembling fingers pulled forth a blank cheque from a well-nigh empty purse, his wild eyes looked fiercer and stranger than ever.

"Six hundred dollars," stammered forth Francois, "it is just the amount to my credit in the bank. "In a minute the cheque was filled out and in the hands of the strange man in black.

"Well, the game is over, and you are the loser, Francois. Ha! ha! cheer up! broke forth Von Klingfeld loudly, "You seem heart-broken, but don't let small things like this trouble you. When do you desire revenge?" The Professor's loud, unbearable laugh again sounded through the smoke-filled room, and every muscle in Francois' body trembled strangely.

"Revenge, did you say?" questioned he. "Never! never!"

"Good! Then this day brings me a

double victory," shouted the strange man triumphantly, but little did Francois dream what these words meant. With a sudden turn Francois Fortier sprang to the door, like a pursued hare. There was a slight noise and then he was gone.

A few minutes, later the strange man in black boarded the car, bound for Sydenham street. In another hour he was in the Lafayette Hotel and entered room 45. A moment later the heavy black moustache and beard, and deep-colored glasses fell to the floor and the man was no longer Prof. Herman Von Klingfeld—but Count Albertini—the rival of Francois Fortier, for the hand of Beatrice St. George.

Albertini was restless, and hyena-like paced the floor of his handsomely furnished room, while he cursed and swore, by all that was holy, that he would sooner see Francois Fortier dead than married to Beatrice St. George and, in a maniacal fit of excitement, he cried out: "Ah, Beatrice St. George, I will yet bend your haughty young head. The mortgage scheme—false though it be—is sure to work, and you will marry me to save your father from disgrace. Ha! Ha! St. George, this was a capital idea of yours—this mortgage affair! But, should the scheme fail after all, what then? Ah, then, there is still hope; there is something that will not fail. The poison—the poison will work and to-morrow's sun will shine upon the form of Beatrice's lover in some lonely, forsaken street. Bravo! Revenge—revenge is sweet! But what if the poison should not take effect? Well, then, Fortier will do away with himself. The thought of having to return to Beatrice, poorer than the poorest rag-man in the street, will overwhelm him in his distress. He can never again face the girl he loves—never! Beatrice! Beatrice St. George! You shall yet be mine—mine in body and soul!" And again the Count swore desperately. Then he walked to his desk. A letter was lying there. He opened it and read it. It was from the office of the Hon. Harvey St. George. Count Albertini's eyes eagerly scanned the contents. His face turned white, his jaws chattered and again a fierce vol-

ley of curses rang through the room, as he tore the letter into a hundred little pieces.

Then, weak and exhausted, he sank into his chair; his fists were clenched and an agonizing cry of despair filled the room.

"Too late! too late!" he groaned, as he buried his miserable face in his hands.

III.

The clock on the tower of the little quaint Carmelite Church had just struck the hour of ten and for two long hours Beatrice St. George had now been waiting in the darkness for Francois. And still he did not come. She was sure something had happened and her poor heart trembled with fear, and now for the fifth time she entered the dear, little church, and knelt in front of the humble statue of "Our Lady of Perpetual Help," above which several pale lights were burning—clear and suspended in the darkness, like fiery stars. And again her fingers wandered sadly over her cherished beads.

Shortly afterwards, there were footsteps on the pavement; the distant sound became clearer and clearer, and presently, a staggering man passed the Carmelite Church. It was Francois. His face was pale, his lips were bloodless, and he was raving in a mad delirium. The drug was doing its deadly work.

"Beatrice! Beatrice!" he cried out sorrowfully, but the gentle breeze, blowing through the lonely avenue of maples alone made answer. On he stumbled, into the park near by, little knowing whither he was going. The whole earth was swimming before his eyes and he was hurrying on blindly and his mind was being tossed about madly by merciless winds of thought. Poor, poor man! He was unconscious of everything about him and on he ran, muttering inaudible words to the spectral night, that lay over the city like some evil, brooding spirit—dark and unfathomable.

Presently a woman descended the steps of the old church, and, wrapping her warm woollen shawl about her, she halted on the pavement and listened eagerly for a moment. It was Beatrice. The winds were now beginning to set-

tle and the night was getting brighter, for through a dark mass of clouds, the moon was peeping serenely and, presently, she burst forth in all her splendor, flooding the whole city with her sombre gleams of silver light. Beatrice was happy, for a new hope had suddenly risen on the darkened border of her wild despair, as her eyes fell upon some white object on the pavement directly ahead of her. In a minute she was there and she picked it up. It was a handkerchief, and, on raising it to the light, she read upon it the name of Francois Fortier. Her blood almost stood still in her veins ; a feeling of weakness came upon her, as she stood there motionless, her eyes fixed upon the moon and the glorious, blue sky, gemmed with fiery stars.

There was an almost wild look of suffering on her face as she hastened through the park, her little glass beads dangling down at her side and her bloodless lips, turned to some sweet prayer.

Francois Fortier was now wandering through the dense willow groves in the park, that boarded the banks of the foaming and splashing waters, that thundered loudly into the bright, moonlight around.

"The sea was all a boiling, seething froth,

And God Almighty's guns were going off

And the land trembled"—

but Francois heard and saw nothing. He was now walking along the very edge of the bank and, had not the strong arm of a woman pulled him back, he would have stumbled into that deep, hissing, wild abyss of angry waters below. Just then the moon peered through the willows, and one could see the pale face of the frightened woman. It was Beatrice.

"O God ! 'tis Francois," she exclaimed as fresh tears trickled into her sunless eyes. "But how strange he looks ! Speak ! Speak Francois ! 'Tis Beatrice who calls thee."

But not a word passed his trembling lips. His tired, blood-shot eyes wandered aimlessly to the woman's face ; he sighed deeply, and that was all, and mechanically Beatrice led him to a bench

near by, and, sitting him down, held his drooping head in her strong arms, and slowly his eyes closed, while he drifted into a sound, healthful sleep, which lasted some hours. The warm rose color gradually returned to his cheeks ; his face was getting brighter, and, when he opened his eyes again, Beatrice's heart gave one wild throb of joy. At first he seemed dazed, but, when his eyes wandered to that dear face, bending over him, he said : "Ah, Beatrice, it is you ; how good of you !" Then he told her of all that had happened in that smoke-filled room at the Hotel Frontenac ; but she only smiled, and, raising herself proudly, placed her hand on his young shoulder and said, somewhat softly : "Is that all ? Ah ! what is money, after all ? Francois you have brains and an honest heart, and I—I have two strong arms, that can work for Life's bitter crust of bread. Let the past take care of itself ; there is a future awaiting us, in which we may yet taste the sweets of a new born happiness."

Francois Fortier raised his fresh, young face to hers and, trembling with emotion said : "Beatrice, I will throw all my wasted years behind me and, by the grace of God, from this night on, I will live a better and a purer life. To-morrow I will call in to see good Father Stanislaus for I feel, that this night, my soul has been saved from deep ruin. To thy far-seeing guidance, O heavenly Father, I now commit my future." Then his voice grew hoarse, the tears rolled down his ruddy cheeks and there was an expression of sadness on his young and handsome face as he said :

Ah ! who am I that God hath saved
Me from the doom, I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved.

To let me higher ?

What have I done that He should bow
From Heaven to choose a wife for me ?

And what deserved, he should endow,
My home with THEE."

Then he took Beatrice's warm hand in his own, and there was a look of determination in his sparkling eyes as he said, somewhat sadly : "Forgive me, Beatrice, for my waywardness. This

week I will make a general confession, and I will seek the Saviour, in his tabernacle, from whom I have been estranged so many years. I swear it!" And he raised his eyes to the blue sky above him and piously made the sign of the Cross.

It had been a happy night for Beatrice after all, and, as they passed the little Carmelite Church, she could not help repeating to herself, the poet's tender lines:—

"Manlike is it to fall into sin,
 Friendlike is it to dwell therein;
 Christlike is it for sin to grieve,
 Godlike is it all sin to leave."

Then her lips moved and an angel in heaven recorded another prayer of thanksgiving, from a grateful, noble heart.

The next evening Francois Portier knelt in the confessional, and good old Father Stanislaus, the venerable old Carmelite Father, spoke tenderly to him. "The sacred blood of Jesus," he said, "will wash out all the stains that sin has made upon your soul. It was on Calvary's Cross that a merciful Saviour suffered for just such sins as yours, dear child. The good Lord is always pleased to welcome back his erring children. He is a kind and merciful Father and, again, he speaks his words of love and sympathy to you, dear child:—"Come unto Me, all ye, who are weary and sorrow-laden, and I will give ye rest." Kneel, my son, with penitent heart, in the shadow of the Cross of Calvary, and He will forgive you. Bury your past here to-night in this very confessional, and face the morning of your rosy future, with new ambitions, new hopes and a pure heart. God bless you! Remember me in your prayers, my son!"

That evening as Francois knelt in the light of the lamp of the sanctuary there were tears of joy in his blushing cheeks, while his lips whispered to his grateful soul: "Dearest Saviour! Oh! what a weight you have lifted from my heart. Oh! I am so happy."

Two weeks later the bells of the old Franciscan church rang out their silver peals of gladness over the sunny, thatched roofs of the city. That morning Beatrice St. George and Francois Fortier

hearted Father Stanislaus.

Fifteen years have passed since that happy day. Francois Fortier, just in the prime of life, is now proprietor of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in New York city and never, since that memorable night in the Hotel Frontenac, has he held a card in his hand again.

Mrs. Fortier is as happy as a lark in her home on West Sixteenth Street. Her two children, a boy and a girl, are all in all to her, and she is never so happy, as when in the presence of her darlings. The only sorrows that darken her bright future, are thoughts of her dear father, in that far-off Canadian city. In all these fifteen years, she has never neglected writing him—but never a line comes back to cheer her longing and troubled heart.

Christmas was drawing near, and one evening, she said to her husband, "Francois, will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly, dear. I will be only too happy."

"Well, then, let us make a novena to 'Our Lady of Perpetual Help'; offer up your prayers for my intention; I cannot tell you what it is at present but, some day, you shall know, dear—some day!"

The nine days ended on Christmas morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Fortier both received Holy Communion, in the Dominican Church of Lexington avenue, while the air was ringing with jubilant gloria's of praise.

On their return from Mass, Mrs. St. George found several letters in the Christmas mail. One of them bore a Canadian postmark and, somewhat nervously, she opened it first. Imagine her surprise when she read the following: "My own dear child:

Forgive your poor father for all his coldness of heart. Fifteen long years have passed, since last I saw your dear face and, in all these fifteen years, I have been so unhappy. Dear Beatrice, I received all your many kind, affectionate letters and often I wept for hours after I had read them, and when I tried to answer them, I could not write a single line. As the cruel and relentless

The next evening Francois Fortier

father, that I had been, I felt unworthy even to write a single word to you. I know that I treated you shamefully, nay, disgracefully, Beatrice, but oh ! it was my pride and my bad temper that drove me to it all. Now, I realize, when it is too late, how sinful it was of me. Count Albertini is dead ; shortly after your marriage he returned to Italy and, several months later I read of his having been murdered, in a gambling den in Naples. Thus ended this miserable man, who brought, into this world, the bitter cross, upon which the last fifteen years of my life have been crucified. Forgive me, dear child ! Forgive me, Francois—for God knows I have suffered enough !

And now, my dear children, I must tell you something, which no doubt will surprise you, and I am sure you will be delighted. Yesterday morning at eight o'clock, I was baptized a Catholic by Father Stanislaus, in the very church you were married in just fifteen years ago, and, this morning, I received my first Holy Communion. Constance Barke knelt at my side. Oh ! rejoice with me, for this has been the happiest

day in all my life. This, then, is my Christmas surprise for you—but there is still another in store. To-night I leave for New York. I am coming to spend the remainder of my days with you and the children. Father Stanislaus and good old Constance Burke accompany me, and they will spend their holidays with you. Again, then, dear children, I entreat you, forgive and forget !

Your penitent father,

HARVEY ST. GEORGE.

When Mrs. Fortier finished reading the letter, she cried out gladly, while tears of joy were rolling down her soft cheeks: "O, God be praised ! Our novena was heard. The prayer is answered. Oh ! my heart breaks with joy. Read ! Francois read !" and she handed him the letter.

And, together they stood on that bright Christmas morning, under the beautifully moulded arches of the drawing room, decorated with holly and mistletoe—their lives turned to a new joy, and their eyes, gazing, far beyond the frosty gates of the morning, into the golden heart of the future.

THE END.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY REV. STEPHEN McDONALD, O. C. C.

NOT being gifted with the penetrating genius of the inspired writer, I must dear reader, at the very off-set, disabuse in your mind, the notion that these "Observations," are a continuation of the Book of Wisdom. Nevertheless, my mind, such as it is, has concluded from experiences, sad and sweet, and impressions casually received, that there are a number of varieties in this world of ours. A thorough, unbiased, analysis of the mind's workings for a single day will reveal deceits and hypocrisies beyond number, and will dispose us to hurry from the subject, lest we discover too much and conceive a hatred for ourselves.

There is but one thing to console us whilst making these discoveries, and it is

the fact that this untruthfulness is by no means confined to ourselves, but is spread through all the sons and daughters of Eve. (True, some assert that the daughters have the disease in a more virulent form ; but we shall not enter into that psychological hair-splitting contest.) It is, indeed, impossible to see the extent of another's mendaciousness ; but some is always evident, and we can, with a slight breach of charity, conclude to a lot more.

Let us take for instance, friendships. Among a number of other things, these numberless so-called friendships are most fitly adapted to embitter us against the world and its vanities. Oh, how many different and conflicting feelings are covered by that name, friendship ! We

read of some man high in life being welcomed or congratulated by hosts of friends. Hosts, forsooth, were there, but they were not hosts of friends. Among the hundreds who grasped his hand on that day, a meagre dozen, perhaps, were friends in the world's true meaning. In the hearts of the others we might find revenge, hatred, envy, or even indifference—but not friendship. The ordinary mortal may esteem himself fortunate if he can count among his acquaintances, six true friends—men, who would, if necessary, make his interests their own, and who would be willing to bear some sacrifice for his sake; men to whom he could turn when heart-sore and depressed and speak heart to heart and unreserved. Even those who are exalted in the eyes of the world are scarcely better off in this respect. Genius has its adorers beyond number, talent has its thousands of admirers, and money its train of cringing parasites. But adorers and admirers and parasites are not friends; they are inferiors, and to be a friend, one must be an equal. Besides this, these hangers-on might be changer in an instant into a mob of howling revilers. Just as we learn from the Gospel narrative, cries of "Hosanna," may have for an echo "Crucify Him, crucify Him."

Philanthropy is another word that is stretched over a number of ideas, and I cannot but number it among my vanities.' It is a word taken bodily from the Greek, and to the majority of so-called philanthropists, its true meaning

will ever remain buried in its etymology. A philanthropist need not necessarily be a saint, but if his philanthropy is genuine, his charity must need be higher than the ordinary. The present prevailing sentiment among the uniformed is that a philanthropist is a man who has made millions, say in the steel business, and now uses a few of those millions in founding public libraries and indulging in other fanciful whims. This is an idea sired by that noble institution of modern days, the press. Whereas in truth, a philanthropist need not be rich, nor need he be the author of any great public benefactions. He may be some humble laborer who spends his life's few leisure moments in extinguishing flames of discord, in comforting the dying or the oppressed, or in prayer for that consummation of Christianity—that men may love one another.

True to give millions to charity purposes is philanthropic, but it need not of necessity make a philanthropist; and to think so is simply another of those vanities which make us tired of ourselves and the world we live in. Well, dear reader, these are a few of the vanities that have fallen under my observant eye; but only a few. The complete record on which I am now at work would fill volumes. But we shall let these suffice for the present occasion lest you might begin to doubt the whole human race, and Diogenes-like seize a lantern and search through the earth for a man.

Saturday Dedicated.

IN God's Holy Church, Saturday is dedicated to His Immaculate Mother and there are few indeed, who are not aware of this, although, perhaps, there are many who do not understand the reasons of its being chosen. We trust it may be of interest if some light is thrown on the subject, and that it may increase devotion in hearts already fervent with love.

We shall follow, as guide, a holy and learned writer, Fr. Rohner, I.S.B., who, in his beautiful work, "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," gives us most interesting details regarding her festivals, and the various devotions whereby she is honored. Saturday is the day on which God Himself rested from creation, and our author says: "Mary is the delight of the Adorable Trinity." The Holy Spirit rested in her soul at the first instant of its creation, and Jesus dwelt in her for nine months as in a living Tabernacle. Saturday is, as it were, the portal of Sunday, and she is the "gate of Heaven" by whom we hope to enter everlasting rest.

Again, Saturday intervenes between Friday, a day of Atonement, and Sunday, one of gladness and triumph in the Resurrection; and Mary intervenes between sin and grace. At the foot of Jesus' cross, she pleaded for sinners, and tradition tells us she was the first to rejoice when the golden Easter grace shone from her Divine Son risen from the dead.

This last consideration suggests another, namely that her desolation on that Holy Saturday was unspeakable, and instinctively after the Passion is over and we contemplate Jesus laid in the sepulchre, we turn to His mourning Mother, with deep sympathy. With her we went and watched for His Paschal rising, and greet Him as the "Morning Star, who, returning from the grave, serenely shone on us."*

If this applies especially to Holy Week, it also affects every Saturday of the

year—at least to those who love the dolors.

In Rome, centre of the Catholic world, Saturday is indeed illumined by this gentle Madonna. There is solemn Mass in several churches, and in that of St. Mary Margor, the litany of Loretto is most devotionally chanted. Lamps gleam like stars before her wayside shrines, and the beautiful Italian flowers breathe around them as incense from living hearts. This air land has been styled "the land of the Madonna," and to it was translated by Angelic Ministry, the Holy House where she became Mother of God. How many historic monuments, how many master-pieces of art, how many miraculous shrines, pictures, etc., we might dwell on, did space permit. But most of them are now lived, and venerated through the Holy Church. Loretto, Genazzano, Campocavallo and other holy names as like melodies to the hearts who love Mary.

In the devotions widely extended through the Christian world, Saturday shines with undimmed, rather with increasing lustre, as time flows onward. We need only specify the "Sabbatine Privilege" peculiar to Carmel, and the "Fifteen Saturdays" fragrant with associations from St. Dominics great Order. Of these, we hope to speak more at length in future numbers of our Lady's "Review."

Many Saints and good Christians have never failed to offer some tribute of love to this Most Holy Mother on each Saturday of the year. Let us emulate these bright examples, and keep, as it were, a weekly festival of her who is the "Gate of Heaven," and by whom we confidently trust to enter at last that land of rest where "death shall be no more, nor mourning nor crying," etc.

"Ave Maris Stella,
Dei Mater alma,
Atque semper Virgo,
Felix coeli porta,"

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's.)

* Morning Fire of Holy Saturday.

Catholic Progress in the Last Century.

NO doubt all Catholics will be interested in knowing exactly how the Church has progressed during the nineteenth century. The Society of Propagation of the Faith gives the desired information. In 1800 about 1,000 missionaries were distributed throughout the missions of the world. In 1900 there were 13,500 missionary priests, and 4,500 lay brothers working in the various missions, and this is only part of the staff that modern apostolate has created. The other sex has also claimed its part, and it is the best part, and what was mostly unknown to the former century. We see it now, that is, 50,000 Europeans and 10,000 natives of the mission districts employed everywhere in relieving the poor and the afflicted. But how is that immense apostolate maintained? Through the alms of the poor, collected and distributed by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Infancy Society to the amount of \$2,000,000 per annum. Two millions is very little compared to \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000 of the other creeds, yet with its \$2,000,000 only the Catholic apostolate covers the whole world, and succeeds where other denominations have often failed.

In the Chinese Empire in 1800 there were only 187,000 Catholics. There are 2,000,000 of them in 1900. Indio-China numbered 320,000 Catholics in 1800; she counts 700,000 in 1900. India from Afghanistan to China had in 1800, 475,000 Catholics, and only 22 missionaries; in 1,900 there are 2,000 missionaries and 2,000,000. Australia and New Zealand, where not a Catholic was known in 1800 have 1,000,000 in 1900, with an organized hierarchy. In the numberless islands of Oceanica, Catholic missions date only from 1860, yet in 1900 they number 100-

000 faithful. No priest could enter Japan until 1850; there are now 5 Bishops, 130 priests and 45,000 Catholics. Algeria and Tunisia had only 7,000 Catholics in 1830, and Egypt 7,000 more; in 1900 these countries number 500,000 Catholics 400,000 in Algeria alone. South Africa counts 40,000 Catholics in eight dioceses. South America in 1900 contains more than 40,000,000 of Catholics.

In the United States in 1800, there were only 1 Bishop, 30 priests and 30,000 Catholics; there are in 1900, 13 Archbishops, 82 Bishops, 9,000 priests and over 10,000,000 Catholics. In 1800 there were in Canada 63,000 Catholics; in 1900 there were 2,000,000. In Newfoundland the Catholic Church did not exist in 1800; in 1900 there are 78,800 Catholics. England and Scotland had in 1800, 6 Vicars-Apostolic and 120,000 Catholics; in 1900, over 2,000,000 Catholics and over 3,000 priests. Germany numbered in 1800, 6,000,000 of Catholics, dispersed throughout the country; in 1900 she numbers in a compact mass, 18,000,000 of Catholics. In 1800, in Holland, no priest could celebrate Mass except in a guarded room. There were only 300,000 Catholics without a Bishop, administered by the Apostolic Delegate. There are now in the same country 1,488,000 Catholics, governed by 5 Bishops and 2,800 priests, enjoying the most perfect freedom. In Switzerland, in 1800, the number of Catholics was only 422,000; in 1900, there are 1,233,000, with 6,000 priests and 5 Bishops. In 1800 there were only 200 Catholics dispersed throughout Denmark, Sweden and Norway. In 1865 there were in Denmark 4,000 Catholics, with a Jesuit college, 1,145 Catholics in Sweden and 875 in Norway. In 1800 the total of Catholics in Roumania, Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria and Greece was only 60,000; in 1900 it is 530,000. Under the barbarous government of the Turks, the Catholic communities have increased fourfold. There were in 1800, 146,000; there are in 1900, 421,000.—The Catholic News.

A Little Crown for *The* Most Sacred Heart of Jesus

ST. JOHN, EVANGELIST.—First Friday, December, 1901.

How many bright thoughts flow through our souls on this first Friday of the year! What need of reparation and of gratitude for the past, of prayer, confidence, abandonment for the future! Again, the wintry snow-flakes remind us of that Immaculate Mother of whose purity they are but a faint image, and the Advent officers are sighing for "Emmanuel," "the Prince of peace," so soon to come as "the little Babe of Bethlehem."

We are at no loss for sweet thoughts and feelings to illuminate still more these suggestions; we look up to the beloved disciple," and ask him for an increase of purity and love. At the last Supper, St. John leaned on the breast of Jesus and felt the pulsations of His infinite love, on Calvary he saw the last drops of Precious Blood flowing from the wounded Heart, and who can doubt that this virgin-disciple favors in a very particular manner, all who love

the Most Sacred Heart of his beloved Master? The saint we selected last month was particularly devoted to him, and it was from St John she learned that Jesus had reserved for these last ages, the full revelations of His Heart.

Let us ask him for an adoring, reverential love, for he soared up in spirit to lofty contemplation of the Divinity. Let us also ask for an increased love of our Blessed Immaculate Mother, in this her beautiful novena. Finally, remembering the aged Saint's favorite exhortation, the monotone of a heart moulded on the Heart of Jesus, let us ask that we may "love one another."

By this shall know we are also beloved disciples of Him who died for love and is living forever." O, Sacred Heart! May this little wreath be acceptable to Thy love; I lay it on Thy holy altar the first Friday of the closing year. Be Thou our only loving refuge in life, and above all at the hour of death."

SKETCH FROM PARKMAN.

One is struck very forcibly in Parkman's Works by the hearty and spontaneous tributes which he pays to the early Catholic Missionaries on this Continent.

In drawing the characters of a Lalemant, a Brebeuf, a Jogues; and many others of that faithful and devoted band of Martyred heroes, he succeeds in bringing out in strong relief their individual characteristics.

Brebeuf's saintly character, linked with leonine constitution and courage, which filled with awe and admiration, the fearless savages themselves. Jogues and Garnier, of more delicate and sensitive constitution, but with a courageous spirit, upheld by an ardent faith, that enabled them to bear all the hardships and trials of the wilderness without a murmur. And so with the other members of that glorious band of Martyrs, who dyed the soil of this country red with the best blood of old France, in order that the seeds of Catholic Faith should flourish in the New World.

Nor was Parkman ill-fitted for the task of depicting these times and scenes. He himself, though in another sphere, toiled on and accomplished his life work in the midst of physical and mental sufferings and trials worthy of the Heroes whom he is depicting.

Despite the fact that Parkman is not in sympathy with his characters in regard to their religious faith, this does not prevent him from striving to be just in his attitude in that regard, towards them, and he succeeds in giving a very fair picture of their spiritual aspirations. Mr. Parkman's eulogies are all the more valuable and authoritative, coming from one not of their own faith, and whose only desire is to accord them what he believes to be their just due.

It is interesting to note that the beautiful stone church in course of erection at Penetanguishene, and which is designed to commemorate the labors of the Missionaries, is now nearing completion.

It stands on the spot where Brebeuf and Lalemant were tortured to death by the savage Iroquois, in the Huron village of St. Ignace.

W. M. W.

Notes on Books and Other Things.

A merry, merry Christmas to all our friends.

May the first Christmas of the century bring hundreds of blessings to all.

Some men have tried to do away with Xmas. The Christmas tree, the Holy Crib of Bethlehem and the joys in the young and old on the Holy night, no man can destroy, for, a Child was born for us, and a Child is given to us.

The Babe born on the cold night of December 25 in the stable, is God and man. He is born for us. For us men and for our Salvation, He descended from Heaven and the Word was made flesh.

Give Christmas boxes to all your friends. Giving is better than receiving, Especially now should we be generous to the Church, to the poor, to our own friends, because the Giver of all has come to us.

We all feel touched with a poetical, musical spirit in these holy days. The angel of peace, who sang the Glory be to God in the Highest and peace to men of good will, sounds the key-note to our song. Remember, though, the thousand of poor wretched sick ones, the many afflicted. Look at dark Africa and the darkened homes of thousands of widows and orphans in Africa and the British Dominions, and see what a spirit of barbarity is this, and pray for peace, and the uplifting of the brave and innocent.

The oppression of the innocent and the success and prosperity of the sinner show to us the Eternity of God in which He will reward all according to their deserts. In this life we are tried by the fire of tribulation. Often the evil thrive for a time, just as a malignant vegetable growth increases abnormally to destruction sometimes of other plants, but always to its own destruction, so Herodian spirited souls increase to their own utter ruin.

Assistant General.—Rev. P. Pius R. Mayer, O.C.C., has been appointed Assistant to the General of the Carmelite Order for the English and German provinces. He was born in Riedlingen, Suabia. He was ordained in June, 1871. He joined the Carmelites in 1874. He was Prior of Niagara Falls, Canada, in 1878 and left there for the missions in October, 1882. He was made Prior of Pittsburgh in February, 1883, and appointed Commissary General in August, 1886. The Commissariate was erected into a Province in 1890, and he was appointed the first Provincial. He was re-elected Provincial in May, 1894. He was chosen Prior to New Baltimore at the Chapter of 1897. Since the last Chapter, held in September, 1900, he was on the missions. His new appointment as assistant will take him to reside in Rome, for which city he will sail from New York on December 28.

General Intention of the S. Heart League is the Church Militant. How is the Church Militant attacked on all sides by enemies. Now, especially, there is a wave of perfidiousness dashing against the City of the Mount. A secret order of the evil one has gone forth to attack the Church on all sides. The spirit of darkness is busy in these days; he knows that the blood of the martyrs is the seed which brings forth a hundred-fold increase to the Church, hence he is solicitous to ruin the souls of men, to destroy Christian education, to expel the Catholic educators of men, and to put out of sight all thought of God and Religion. Like the Turks of old, the modern infidels steal the bread of truth from the souls of the little ones and under false notion of liberty and patriotism infuse into their hearts and intense hatred for the true Church and for true virtue. Hence we have the fruits of such teaching in the wholesale legalized divorce, paraded immorality, respectable dishonesty and licensed insubordination, which will end in sheer anarchy. We should pray that our Holy Church may

emies, and remember that at Holy Confirmation we members of Holy Church, became Soldiers of Christ and we should fight till death against the enemies of Christ.

We are encouraged by the kindness of our many friends who with kind words and hearty assistance help to make our Review a success.

The Review is published in honor of our Blessed Lady of the Scapular. We cannot be thankful enough to our Blessed Lady for the life of the Review so far. Many kind friends have used their pens well and often for us. We wish to see the Review increase and circulate more and more throughout the land. We beg our friends to continue in love to Mary, their kind efforts in our favor.

Now is a good time to renew subscriptions. A new subscription will be a happy Christmas gift to our poor editor, who must live by his writing.

The Review goes to every city in the United States and Canada. It will pay to advertise in it.

Cut out the coupon in the advertising pages and send it to us with your subscription.

The Catholic Home Annual for 1902 is up to and above its usual standard. It is sent free to all subscribers who ask for it when renewing their subscriptions.

The Immaculate Conception:—Well does this Feast of Our Blessed Lady bring its consolation at the end of the first week of advent. Its novena brings to our minds the long 4000 years in which the prophets and patriarchs the oppressed and afflicted were sighing and crying out: "Drop down, dew, ye heavens, from above and let the clouds rain the just. Let the earth be opened and bud forth a Saviour." Mary was seen in vision by the Prophet Elias, as a cloud free from all the defilements and weakness and sin of the human race. She is the master-piece of the Omnipotent Hand of God. There is no stain in her. She was not for an instant under the power of the evil one, but on the con-

trary, she crushed the infernal serpent for as God promised, the devil should lay in wait for her heel to be crushed forever. Mary was immaculate, and so beautiful that God would rest in her as His Tabernacle. The seers of old saw the beauty of this tabernacle, and they rejoiced at its splendor. Now the Saints could rejoice, for she who was to be the Mother of the Lord, was already in this desert of a world. All the nations of the world could now glory in the coming of their Queen. Men could lift up their heads and free themselves from the seductions of false love and passion, when they beheld the gorgeous beauty of her who was all pure and spotless. They would understand how to love purity and chastity and to reverence and love and protect weak womanhood. Woman who had been the menial slave of man, trampled in the mire of contempt and every low passion and whim of her master, would now arise and be venerated, and the pure virgin and the holy widow and chaste wives and loving mothers, would through Mary's exaltation, lift up the race of man to lives of purity, strength and love. Mary was like the rosy dawn, going before the sun of justice.

If, in these materialistic days, men would look more towards the beauties of our Immaculate Queen, they would despise all false passing beauties of this world. No evil ones, as Eve of old, would lead them away from goodness. Manly and strong they would be, in their true devotion to Mary. False notions and baneful passions would be put aside as beneath them, as dirt trampled under their feet. The fascinations of the lying Sirens of this world would not draw them away from their virtue. So great would be their love for innocence, and justice, knowing that such alone would insure them the right to be called the sons of God, that above all things, they would reverence and love, and hold sacred the purity and dignity of their own souls and that of their neighbor. The lesson would be well taught that without purity of love, manliness, and strenuousness in well doing and true success, are impossible. Nothing would cure

the fads and flimsy fancies and fashions of many modern women, as deep love to our Immaculate Lady. They would have no time for worldly follies ; life is too short, and the way is long and much to do.

Mary is the most exalted of all creatures ; she is above the Cherubim and Seraphim in beauty and excellence. Considering her greatness and that the reason thereof lies in her purity and virtue, women would find in her the solution of their difficulties and would aim to clothe their souls with all virtues and by their strong, but womanly ways, be a light diffusing consolation and peace to the passion-swept mass of mankind. In our weakness and miseries, we are consoled by looking to our Queen, who is made strong and beautiful for our sakes and cry out. "Thou art all beautiful and there is no spot in Thee."

The Cry of the Innocents of Bethlehem and the lamentation of their mothers, softened not the heart of Herod, and held not back the sword of the executioner. However, these murdered babes were given crowns of glory, and Herod surfeited on the blood and ruin of his victim, was eaten up alive and died in agony and fell into the hands of the living God to be punished for his crimes.

Many are to-day without mercy, cruel to the lowly and oppressed ; many flaunt in gorgeous robes and are merry, while they eat and drink. Cruel parents who kill their children's souls, by scandal and the lack of proper instruction.

Our friend, John J. O'Rourke, Secretary of the American Federation of the Catholic Societies of the United States, Room 34, 1305 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., at the jubilee celebration of our Very Rev. Father Provincial, gave to the guests assembled, a clear, concise elucidation of this Catholic Federation. Certainly it is time that Catholics should unite and stand together in solid phalanx, and first look well to it that irreligion and anarchy and weak-kneed liberalism is stamped out ; that the evils attacking society ; the devastating divorce laws, the labor question, the edu-

cation of our youth, the upholding of right authority, should be practically considered. Holy and learned Bishops approve of this federation and, no doubt if rightfully built upon the rock of true religious authority, which is Apostolic and Catholic, this society will flourish. The federation must be first, and above all Catholic. The trouble with many religious societies, which have been formed during the ages, is that they were not truly Catholic in spirit ; they became national and local, and since the ballot is the might, the most worldly, liberal spirited, gained their way at times, and ignorance and prejudice wrought destruction to everything Catholic in aim. In union there is strength and with their sincere, sterling faith as voiced by Mr. O'Rourke, no doubt leaning on the advice of their Bishops, this Federation will grow and extend itself far and wide. We have as Catholics, been, on the whole, too shabby in the development of united action. Some degenerates are really ashamed of their religion, and ever try to curry favor with those whom they confess in their hearts have gone astray from the truth. What have we in the world worth anything in comparison with our Faith ? The Catholic Church needs no apologies. She stands forth as the noble, spotless Bride of Christ. She has faced the world for two thousand years. Attacked from the world and not by the sword but by the spirit she has overcome the world ; betrayed often by her own children, she, the mother, brings forth new children of promise. As at the time of Luther and his confreres in iniquity, God raised up many great Saints, and the Church gained elsewhere what was lost by the so-called reformation, so in these days should not our Catholic laymen come together and fight for the light, and help to strengthen the palsied Catholic, and enlighten the souls of our non-Catholic Brethren. If all Catholics knew their Religion as they ought and loved it, what an influence for good would they have. Each Catholic gentleman has a harvest of work among his own little world of friends, and often no one else, priest or layman, can influence and instruct as he can and ought. Nowadays, men are

desirous of knowledge, and if each individual Catholic would be able and willing to instruct and assist his neighbor along the proper lines, how differently things would look.

America is looking ahead to the effects of the Convention which will be held at Cincinnati, Ohio, on Dec. 10. May the spirit of Columbus, and the protection of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, be with them and prosper the work of these sincere workers for unity in Catholic labor.

The Masons try very much to uphold in this country their entire sincere purpose in their dealings. The fact is though, that the whole trend of Masonry is materialistic. Even a Darwinian mind can read the nature of Masonry and kindred societies. All have read the Masonic manifesto demanding the expulsion of the religious from the Philippines. We read of the betrayals of Spain during her recent humiliations. France has driven from her soil hundreds of religious, the teachers of her children. She could not stand the name of God even on her coins, she wishes to take care of herself without God. The age of materialism has struck France, and now her public ministers are proposing laws for the dress of women and bemoaning the decrease of population, and they know not that God alone makes nations to rise and prosper. Now, Commandant of Masonry, is about also to expel from its tax overlaid territory, all the religious, and why, because they wish to confiscate the property of these persons, and they hate innocence, and they wish to see religion killed, but they find that anarchy will live.

CHRISTMAS.

The heart and minds of all Christians naturally turn to the lovely Crib of Bethlehem, and see the King of Kings resting there on the cold straw of the stable, or nestled in Mary's arms. His arms are stretched out for all men. The

cold, the misery and all the privations of the new born King, speak to us of love and of suffering, borne for love of us sinners. All the light and glory of Heaven rest in that cold stable. "Glory to God in the Highest, and Praise to men of good will," sings the Angel on that night. Simple in our faith as the poor shepherds, let us kneel in adoration at the feet of the God-child, and with Mary, His Blessed Mother, learn to say our humble, contrite prayers to Him and to learn that love to Him makes all our sufferings easy and our burdens light. Jesus, the Child who is born for us, the Child who is given to us, is the Most High God, but comes as a darling Child to coo us from the world and sin to His love and service. He offers us the liberty of the children of God, which we receive by keeping His commandments. Through Mary we received Jesus, also through her let us offer ourselves to His service. Jesus, Mary and Joseph in the stable of Bethlehem! May their love be in hearts and their names our last sigh.

Now, we should rejoice and be glad at Christmas, as Christians. As Catholics we have the ineffable joy of assisting at a real Christmas, for Jesus comes on our altars, and we can receive Him on that blessed morn. The angels are envious of our privilege. Let us prepare His way before His coming.

Bound volumes of Review for 1902 at \$1.50 each.

Write us if in need of Brown Scapulars.

Not what he knows, but what he wills, determines a man's worth.

The root of sanctity is sanity. A man must be healthy before he can be holy. we bath first, then perfume—Mme. Surtehin.

The vulgar keep no account of your hits, but your misses.

The woman and the soldier who do not defend the first pass, will never defend the last—Fielding.

BOOK REVIEW.

1. JUVENILE ROUND TABLE.— By Catholic writers. Benziger Bros., \$1.00. The well known firm of Benziger Bros., Cincinnati, made it a special business to supply good Catholic literature to families, or rather children, on the occasion of Christmas. And no doubt, such books has a great desideratum in order to stem the pernicious flood of immoral or infidel fiction, which causes so great a havoc amongst our young people.

The collection here published under the title, "Juvenile Round Table," is from the pen of our best writer of belle lettres of varied scope, excellent language, beautiful delineation of character, and calculated to impress children deeply with a love of virtue and hatred of vice. We therefore hope that this book will be found in the Christmas boxes of thousands of children.

2. "BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE," by Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. The back-ground of this pen-picture is a charity bazaar, the heroine a factory girl, who in humble circumstances, gives examples of heroic virtue, and this contains a necessary lesson for thousands of wage workers. The booklet is written in the masterful style for which the author is so well known and so well liked. For sale by Benziger Bros. \$1.00.

3. THE FATHER'S DAUGHTER, by Catherine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Bros., \$1.25. The novel is true to feminine nature. The language is graphic, and the development of the plot leaves nothing to be desired. The two sisters, who form the principal character of the story, different as they are from one another, are ever and again blending into an harmonious picture of sisterly affection. The book is to be recommended to the reading public.

4. SPIRAGO'S METHOD OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE by Bishop Messmer. Benziger Bros., \$1.50. By translating into English this book of 589 pages, 7v, Bishop Messmer furnished a most valuable manual to teachers of Catechism. Spirago, an Austrian priest and pro-

fessor, some years ago published a popular catechism, which had an unprecedented sale was soon translated into nearly all the European languages. But not satisfied with thus furnishing the matter to be taught, he supplemented his catechism by the above work, the object of which is to teach the teachers, how to bring the theological matter before the pupils so as to obtain the best possible results. Unlike many of the modern writers who seek notoriety by springing something never before heard, upon the readers, and draw more from imagination than experience, the author emphasizes the necessity of utilizing the combined experience of old and modern educators, who were actuated by pure love of God and their neighbors, and foreigners to vain glory and ambition.

Hence he embodies the respective maxims of a S. Vincent de Paul, S. Francis de Sales, Canisius, and no doubt his own into the well-digested treatise. We hope, that hundreds of priests, brothers and sisters engaged in schools, etc., will provide themselves with a copy, study it well and apply its principles practically. For a thorough study of catechisms is one of the greatest desideratums of our age and country.

5. LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL. Benziger Bros., \$0.05 cts.

This is a little almanac with short stories for young children. The question, is, however, debatable, whether such literature for children is desirable and useful. We think otherwise.

We also received for review the following books from B. HERDER, ; ST. LOUIS, 17 S. Broadway.

6. THE LITTLE IMPERFECTIONS. translated from the French by Rev. F. P. Garesche, S.J., (\$0.60.). It is a collection of short conferences on faults, which often are accounted virtues by unthinking people, and yet exercise a very sinister influence upon the character of a man. Matters like following : Self-love, Indolence, Irritability, Inconsistency, Levity, Obstinacy, etc., are critically analyzed, their effects shown and remedies suggested. For one who wishes to

roughly get acquainted with himself, the little book will be a valuable guide, productive of good fruit.

7. THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS, by G. Savanarola. (1.35.) 213 pages.

This book, composed by the famous Dominican in Florence and translated by an English Dominican, was written in self defence against the imputation of heresy therein, and rebellion against the Church. The thoughts and arguments advanced contain nothing new or very striking, the book therefore is of value, more on account of the personality of the author, which has given occasion for so many scientific wrangles among historians and theologians. As Savanarola was more a preacher than a writer, the book shows traces of the pulpit style of oratory. However, it is an interesting volume and a welcome addition to the Savanarola literature.

8. A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA, by A. Geggenberger S.J. Vol. II, (\$1.50), 472 pages. History ever since the Madgeburg Centurians commenced its falsification, has gradually, in Protestant hands, become such a tissue of calumnies, exaggerations and gross misinterpretations, that the face of fair truth is buried out of sight. But within the last forty years a critical rehearsal took place, the Catholic writers emancipated themselves from the polluted Protestant services, and history is re-written. A popular history, intended not for the academic student, but for simple college and self-instruction is a great benefactor at the present day and it fills a real want in our book market.

This II volume embraces the most stirring events of profane and church history, from the beginning of the 14th to the beginning of the 18th century. Unnecessary details are avoided; the salient features given tersely, concisely and truthfully. We recommend this history highly to educated laymen.

9. LUCIUS FLAVUS, by J. Spillmann, S. J., (\$1.50) 619 pages. Pure fiction in our days has been largely supplanted by the historical novel. People are tired of living in imaginary

realms and our matter of fact generation wants to have foundation for its fiction. This, in our opinion, is a great step in the right direction and an easy means of bringing some special episode of history before man's mind in a comprehensive view. It is only in detailed personal features, that fiction predominates. The bulk is history, pure and simple. Such is also the case in Lucius Flavus, which treats of that overpowering catastrophe in the world, the extermination of the Jewish nation and the fall of Jerusalem in 70. The manners, habits and views of both Jews and Romans are pictured in lifelike colors and the importance of this episode, is fully brought out. We congratulate the gifted author of this masterpiece and hope it will find its way into the homes of thousands of Catholics.

"Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," by Rev'd B. Rohner, O.S.B. (Benziger.)

We desire to call the attention of all who love the Blessed Virgin to this beautiful and interesting work, most worthy of perusal. It cannot fail to increase the flame already enkindled in their hearts. The learned writer shows us many reasons for venerating our sweet Mother, and securing her powerful aid, indeed, spiritual writers have styled it "omnipotent intercession."

God, Himself, honored Her by the immaculate conception by the Divine maternity and all those sublime graces included in it—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary, Ephesus—all were illumined by Mary's radiance, and in all was she the recipient of unspeakable honor from God. Then the death, Assumption and glorious Coronation as Queen of Angels and of men, made her the master-piece of creative power, wisdom and love. Holy Church through all ages has called her "Blessed," in fulfilment of that sublime, prophetic outburst of Mary's gratitude, the "Magnificent" Science, art, devotion in countless gowns, group round her in admiration of beauties far beyond their skill to portray.

No master-piece of the chisel, no artistic blending of light and shade, no melodies, however sweet, of earthly music, or high conception of poetic idealism; not

even the ecstatic contemplation and praise of God's Saints, can worthily extol this "admirable Virgin.". All must exclaim : "Quibus te laudibus efferam nescio !"

Our author elucidates the various festivals, and the devotions usually practised in Holy Church, also the religious Orders especially consecrated to her and confraternities enriched with indulgence.

Well, indeed, has this son of St. Benedict written of St. Mary, and we are confident the reward awaits him which promises : "They that explain Me shall have life everlasting." Eccl. xxiv.

ENFANT DE MARIE (St. Clare's.)

LETTERS OF THANKSGIVING.

Rev. Fathers :

Brantford

Enclosed please find an offering for the Holy Sacrifice in honor of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, as a thanksgiving for a special favor granted through her intercession. I promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Father :

Evanston, Nov. 21, '01.

Some time ago I made a novena for a very special intention and promised to have it published in the Carmelite Review, if granted, and am very happy to say I have obtained my request. I am truly grateful to our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, for the assistance that she gave me.

MRS. A. A. —
Franklin, Pa.,

Dear Rev. Fathers :

I have been suffering from an injury for a long time past, and I promised our Blessed Lady, and if she would help me, I would improve at such a time, I would have it published in the Carmelite Review. I have improved, and am very grateful for it, and wish as an act of thanksgiving that you would publish it, and hereby render a favor to

ONE OF OUR BLESSED LADY'S
CLIENTS.

OBITUARY.

The prayers of our readers are asked for the following departed.

John Finn, who died on October 7th at Kingsbridge, Ont., in the 84th year of his age.

Robert M. Murphy, who died at Kingston, N.Y.

Mrs. Simon Meyer, who died on Nov. 2nd., at N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

Your pious prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Right Rev. Monsignor Laurent, V.G., who died at Lindsay on Thursday, October 31st., 1901. The funeral will take place from St. Mary's Church, Lindsay, Tuesday morning, at 10 o'clock.

Joseph F. Krumholz, who died on Sun-

Scapular names have been received for registration at our Monastery.

At Falls View from, St. Pauls Ch., Toronto, Ont. ; St. Leo Military College St. Leo, Florida ; St. Stephen's Church, Cayuga, Ont. ; St. Peter's Church, San Francisco, Cal. ; Richilinch, N.B. ; Sarnia: St. Columbus Church, Buffalo, N.Y. ; Brantford, Ont., Sacred Heart church, Kammis, P.O., Ohio ; Notre Dame, Ont.: Munising, Mich. ; St. Thomas, Ont. ; Johnville, N. B., Williamstown, Ont., North Sydney, C. B., St. Mary's Training School, Des Plaines, P.O., Ill., Lucinda, Pa.

At Scipio, Kans., St. Joseph church St. Joseph, Kans. ; St. Peter's Church, St. Charles, Mo. ; Centrelville, Kans. ; St. Aloysius Church, Kansas City, Mo.

At New Baltimore, Pa., Dane, Wisconsin., Ridgley, Md.

Sparta, Wis., Fenimore, Wis., Wanaker Wis., Uniontown, Ky., St. Vincents, Abbey, Beatty, Pa.

The wronged side is always the safest. Airs of importance are the credentials of impotence.

All mischief comes from our inability to be alone.

All strong souls are related.—Schiller. A man of pleasure is a man of pain.

"And is this all," cried Caesar at his height, disgusted.

Anxiety is the poison of life.

